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# PILGRIMAGE

TO

# EL MEDINAH AND MECCAH.

VOL. I.

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# PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF A

# PILGRIMAGE

TO

# EL MEDINAH AND MECCAH.

BY

RICHARD F. BURTON,

CAPTAIN BOMBAY ARMY.

"Our notions of Mecca must be drawn from the Arabians; as no unbeliever is permitted to enter the city, our travellers are silent."—GIBBON, chap. 50.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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وَالسَّيْفُ وَالرُّمْحُ وَالْقِرْطَاسُ وَالْقَلَمُ

TO

# COLONEL WILLIAM SYKES,

F. R. SOC., M. R. G. SOC., M. R. A. SOC.,

AND LORD RECTOR OF THE MARISCHAL COLLEGE,

ABERDEEN.

STOCK VERIFIED 1905

I DO not parade your name, my dear Colonel, in the van of this volume, after the manner of that acute tactician who stuck a Koran upon his lance in order to win a battle. Believe me it is not my object to use your orthodoxy as a cover to my heresies of sentiment and science, in politics, political economy and—what not?

But whatever I have done on this occasion,—if I have done any thing,—has been by the assistance of a host of friends, amongst whom you were ever the foremost. And the highest privilege I aim at is this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the multitude of obligations owed to you and to them. Accept, my dear Colonel, this humble return for your kindness, and ever believe me,

The sincerest of your well wishers,

RICHARD F. BURTON.

# PREFACE.

THE interest now felt in everything that relates to the East would alone be sufficient to ensure to the author of "El Medinah and Meccah" the favourable consideration of the Reading Public. But when it is borne in mind that since the days of William Pitts of Exeter (A. D. 1678—1688) no European travellers, with the exception of Burckhardt* and Lieut. Burton†, have been able to send us back an account of their travels there, it cannot be doubted but that the present work will be hailed as a welcome addition to our knowledge of these hitherto mysterious *penetralia* of Mohammedan superstition. In fact, El Medinah may be considered almost a virgin theme; for as Burckhardt was prostrated by sickness throughout the period of his stay in the Northern Hejaz, he was not able to describe it as satisfactorily or minutely as he did the southern country,—he could not send a plan of the mosque, or correct the popular but erroneous ideas which prevail concerning it and the surrounding city.

* In 1811.

† Captain Sadlier is not mentioned, as his Frankish dress prevented his entering the city.

The reader may question the propriety of introducing in a work of description, anecdotes which may appear open to the charge of triviality. The author's object, however, seems to be to illustrate the peculiarities of the people,—to dramatise, as it were, the dry journal of a journey,—and to preserve the tone of the adventures, together with that local colouring in which mainly consists "*l'éducation d'un voyage.*" For the same reason, the prayers of the "Visitation" ceremony have been translated at length, despite the danger of inducing tedium; they are an essential part of the subject, and cannot be omitted, nor be represented by "specimens."

The extent of the Appendix requires some explanation. Few but literati are aware of the existence of Lodovico Bartema's naïve recital, of the quaint narrative of Jos. Pitts, or of the wild journal of Giovanni Finati. Such extracts have been now made from these writers that the general reader can become acquainted with the adventures and opinions of the different travellers who have visited El Hejaz during a space of 350 years. Thus, with the second volume of Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia, the geographer, curious concerning this portion of the Moslem's Holy Land, possesses all that has as yet been written upon the subject.

Mr. Burton is already known by his "History of Sindh." As as if to mark their sense of the spirit of observation and daring evinced by him

when in that country, and still more during his late journeyings in Arabia and East Africa, the Geographical Society, through their learned Secretary, Dr. Norton Shaw, have given valuable aid to this work in its progress through the press, supplying maps where necessary to complete the illustrations supplied by the author, — who, it will be perceived, is himself no mean draughtsman.

It was during a residence of many years in India that Mr. Burton had fitted himself for his late undertaking, by acquiring, through his peculiar aptitude for such studies, a thorough acquaintance with various dialects of Arabia and Persia; and, indeed, his Eastern cast of features seemed already to point him out as the very person of all others best suited for an expedition like that described in the following pages.

It will be observed that in writing Arabic, Hindoostannee, Persian, or Turkish words, the author has generally adopted the system proposed by Sir William Jones and modified by later Orientalists. But when a word has been "stamped" by general popular use, the conversational form has been preferred; and the same, too, may be said of the common corruptions, Cairo, Mohammed, &c., which, in any other form, would appear to us pedantic and ridiculous.

Let us hope that the proofs now furnished of untiring energy and capacity for observation and research by our author, as well as his ability to bear fatigue and exposure to the most inclement

climate, will induce the Governments of this country and of India to provide him with men and means (evidently all that is required for the purpose) to pursue his adventurous and useful career in other countries equally difficult of access, and, if possible, of still greater interest, than the eastern shores of the Red Sea.

T. L. W.

*Hampton Court Palace,*
*June*, 1855.

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VIEW OF EL MEDINAH

TAKEN FROM THE HARRAH [illegible]

# A PILGRIMAGE

TO

# EL MEDINAH AND MECCAH.

## CHAPTER I.

### TO ALEXANDRIA.

A FEW WORDS CONCERNING WHAT INDUCED ME TO A PILGRIMAGE.

In the autumn of 1852, through the medium of General Monteith, I offered my services to the Royal Geographical Society of London, for the purpose of removing that opprobrium to modern adventure, the huge white blot which in our maps still notes the Eastern and the Central regions of Arabia. Sir Roderick Murchison, Colonel P. Yorke and Dr. Shaw, a deputation from that distinguished body, with their usual zeal for discovery and readiness to encourage the discoverer, honored me by warmly supporting, in a personal interview with the chairman of the Court of Directors to the Honorable East India Company, my application for three years' leave of absence on special duty from India to Muscat. But they were unable to prevail upon Sir James Hogg, who, remembering the fatalities which of late years have befallen sundry soldier-travellers in the East, refused his sanction, alleging as a

reason that the contemplated journey was of too dangerous a nature. In compensation, however, for the disappointment, I was graciously allowed by my honorable masters the additional furlough of a year, in order to pursue my Arabic studies in lands where the language is best learned.

What remained for me but to prove, by trial, that what might be perilous to other travellers is safe to me? The "experimentum crucis" was a visit to El Hejaz, at once the most difficult and the most dangerous point by which a European can enter Arabia. I had intended, had the period of leave originally applied for been granted, to land at Muscat — a favourable starting-place — and there to apply myself, slowly and surely, to the task of spanning the deserts. But now I was to hurry, in the midst of summer, after a four years' sojourn in Europe, during which many things Oriental had fallen away from my memory, and — after passing through the ordeal of Egypt, a country where the police is curious as in Rome or Milan — to begin with the Moslem's Holy Land, the jealously guarded and exclusive Haram. However, being liberally supplied with the sinews of travel by the Royal Geographical Society; thoroughly tired of "progress" and of "civilisation;" curious to see with my eyes what others are content to "hear with ears," namely, Moslem inner life in a really Mohammedan country; and longing, if truth be told, to set foot on that mysterious spot which no tourist has yet described, measured, sketched and daguerreotyped, I resolved to resume my old character of a Persian wanderer, and to make the attempt.

The principal object with which I started was this:— To cross the unknown Arabian Peninsula, in a direct line from either El Medinah to Muscat, or diagonally from Meccah to Makallah on the Indian Ocean. By what "circumstance the miscreator" my plans were defeated, the reader will discover in the course of these volumes.

The secondary objects were numerous. I was desirous to find out if any market for horses could be opened between Central Arabia and India, where the studs are beginning to excite general dissatisfaction; to obtain information concerning the Great Eastern wilderness, the vast expanse marked Ruba el Khali (the Empty Abode) in our maps; to inquire into the hydrography of the Hejaz, its water-shed, the disputed slope of the country, and the existence or non-existence of perennial streams; and finally, to try, by actual observation, the truth of a theory proposed by the learned Orientalist, Colonel W. Sykes, namely, that if history speak truth, in the population of the vast Peninsula there must exist certain physiological differences sufficient to warrant our questioning the common origin of the Arab family. As regards horses, I am satisfied that from the Eastern coast something might be done,—nothing on the Western, where the animals, though thorough-bred, are mere "weeds," of a foolish price and procurable only by chance. Of the Ruba el Khali I have heard enough, from credible relators, to conclude that its horrid depths swarm with a large and half-starving population; that it abounds in Wadys, valleys, gullies and ravines, partially fertilised by intermittent torrents; and therefore, that the land is open only to the adventurous traveller. Moreover, I am satisfied, that in spite of all geographers, from Ptolemy to Jomard, Arabia, which abounds in Fiumaras*, possesses not a single perennial stream worthy the name of river†; and the

* In a communication made to the Royal Geographical Society, and published in the 24th vol. of the Journal, I have given my reasons for naturalising this word. It will be used in the following pages to express a "hill water-course, which rolls a torrent after rain, and is either partially or wholly dry during the drought season." It is in fact the Indian "Nullah."

† "In provinciis Arabum, ait Ibn Haukal, nullus dignoscitur fluvius, aut

testimony of the natives induces me to think, with Wallin, contrary to Ritter and others, that the Peninsula falls instead of rising towards the south. Finally, I have found proof, to be produced in a future part of this publication, for believing in three distinct races. 1. The aborigines of the country, driven, like the Bheels and other autochthonic Indians, into the eastern and south-eastern wilds bordering upon the ocean. 2. A Syrian or Mesopotamian stock, typified by Shem and Joktan, that drove the Indigenæ from the choicest tracts of country; these invaders still enjoy their conquests, representing the great Arabian people. And 3. An impure Egypto-Arab clan—we personify it by Ishmael, his son Nebajoth and Edom (Esau, the son of Isaac)—that populated and still populates the Sinaitic Peninsula. And in most places, even in the heart of Meccah, I met with debris of heathenry, proscribed by Mohammed, yet still popular, though the ignorant observers of the old customs assign to them a modern and a rationalistic origin.

I have entitled this account of my summer's tour through El Hejaz, a Personal Narrative, and I have laboured to make its nature correspond with its name, simply because "it is the personal that interests mankind." Many may not follow my example †; but some perchance will be curious to see what measures I adopted,

mare quod navigia ferat." This truth has been disputed, but now it is generally acknowledged.

† A well-known French traveller, M. le Comte d'Escayrac de Lauture, was living at Cairo as a native of the East, and preparing for a pilgrimage when I was similarly engaged. Unfortunately he went to Damascus, where some disturbance compelled him to resume his nationality.

The only European I have met with who visited Meccah without apostatising, is M. Bertolucci, Swedish Consul at Cairo. This gentleman persuaded the Bedouin camel men who were accompanying him to Taif, to introduce him in disguise: he naïvely owns that his terror of discovery

in order to appear suddenly as an Eastern upon the stage of Oriental life; and as the recital may be found useful by future adventurers, I make no apology for the egotistical semblance of the narrative. Those who have felt the want of some "silent friend" to aid them with advice, when it must not be asked, will appreciate what may appear to the uninterested critic mere outpourings of a mind full of self.*

On the evening of April 3. 1853, I left London for Southampton. By the advice of a brother officer—little thought at that time the adviser or the advised how valuable was the suggestion!—my Eastern dress was called into requisition before leaving town, and all my "impedimenta" were taught to look exceedingly Oriental. Early the next day a "Persian Prince" embarked on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's magnificent screw steamer "Bengal."

A fortnight was profitably spent in getting into the train of Oriental manners. For what polite Chesterfield says of the difference between a gentleman and his reverse,—namely, that both perform the same offices of life, but

prevented his making any observations. Dr. George A. Wallin, of Finland, performed the Hajj in 1845; but his "somewhat perilous position, and the filthy company of Persians," were effectual obstacles to his taking notes.

* No one felt the want of this "silent friend" more than myself; for though Eastern Arabia would not have been strange to me, the Western regions were a terra incognita.

Through Dr. Norton Shaw, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, I addressed a paper full of questions to Dr. Wallin, professor of Arabic at the University of Helsingfors. But that adventurous traveller and industrious Orientalist was then, as we afterwards heard with sorrow, no more; so the queries remained unanswered. In these pages I have been careful to solve all the little financial and domestic difficulties, so perplexing to the "Freshman," whom circumstances compel to conceal his freshness from the prying eyes of friends.

each in a several and widely different way—is notably as applicable to the manners of the Eastern as of the Western man. Look, for instance, at an Indian Moslem drinking a glass of water. With us the operation is simple enough, but his performance includes no less than five novelties. In the first place, he clutches his tumbler as though it were the throat of a foe; secondly, he ejaculates, "In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful!" before wetting his lips; thirdly, he imbibes the contents, swallowing them, not drinking, and ending with a satisfied grunt; fourthly, before setting down the cup, he sighs forth, "Praise be to Allah!"—of which you will understand the full meaning in the Desert; and, fifthly, he replies, "May Allah make it pleasant to thee!" in answer to his friend's polite "Pleasurably and health!" Also he is careful to avoid the irreligious action of drinking the pure element in a standing position, mindful, however, of the three recognised exceptions, the fluid of the Holy Well, Zem Zem, water distributed in charity, and that which remains after Wuzu, the lesser ablution. Moreover, in Europe one forgets the use of the right hand, the manipulation of the rosary, the abuse of the chair,—your genuine Oriental looks almost as comfortable in it as a sailor upon the back of a high-trotting horse—the rolling gait with the toes straight to the front, the grave look and the habit of pious ejaculations.

Our voyage over the "summer sea" was eventless. In a steamer of two or three thousand tons you discover the once dreaded, now contemptible, "stormy waters" only by the band—a standing nuisance be it remarked—performing

> "There we lay
> All the day,
> In the Bay of Biscay, O!"

The sight of glorious Trafalgar* excites none of the sentiments with which a tedious sail used to invest it. "Gib," the familiar name of Gibraltar, is, probably, better known to you, by Gautier and Warburton, than the regions about Cornhill; besides which, you anchor under the Rock exactly long enough to land and to breakfast. Malta, too, wears an old familiar face, which bids you order a dinner and superintend the icing of claret (beginning of Oriental barbarism), instead of galloping about on donkey-back through fiery air in memory of St. Paul and White-Cross Knights. But though our journey was monotonous, there was nothing to complain of. The ship was in every way comfortable; the cook, strange to say, was good, and the voyage lasted long enough, and not too long. On the evening of the thirteenth day after our start, the big-trowsered pilot, so lovely in his deformities to western eyes, made his appearance, and the good screw "Bengal" found herself at anchor off the Headland of Figs.†

Having been invited to start from the house of a kind friend, John Larking, I disembarked with him, and rejoiced to see that by dint of a beard and a shaven head I had succeeded, like the Lord of Geesh, in "misleading the inquisitive spirit of the populace." The mingled herd of spectators before whom we passed in review on the landing-place, hearing an audible "Alhamdulillah‡ whis-

* "Then came Trafalgar: would that Nelson had known the meaning of that name! it would have fixed a smile upon his dying lips!" so says the rider through the Nubian Desert, giving us in a foot-note the curious information that "Trafalgar" is an Arabic word, which means the "*Cape of Laurels.*" Trafalgar is nothing but a corruption of Taraf el Gharb—the side or skirt of the West; it being the most occidental point then reached by Arab conquest.

† In Arabic "Ras el Tin," the promontory upon which immortal Pharos once stood.

‡ "Praise be to Allah, Lord of the (three) worlds!" a pious ejaculation,

pered "Muslim!" The infant population spared me the compliments usually addressed to hatted heads; and when a little boy, presuming that the occasion might possibly open the hand of generosity, looked in my face and exclaimed "Bakhshish,"* he obtained in reply a "Mafish,"† which convinced the bystanders that the sheep-skin contained a real sheep. We then mounted a carriage, fought our way through the donkeys, and in half an hour found ourselves, chibouque in mouth and coffee-cup in hand, seated on divans in my friend's hospitable house.

Wonderful was the contrast between the steamer and that villa on the Mahmudiyah canal! Startling the sudden change from presto to adagio life! In thirteen days we had passed from the clammy grey fog, that atmosphere of industry which kept us at anchor off the Isle of Wight, through the liveliest air of the inland sea, whose sparkling blue and purple haze spread charms even on Africa's beldame features, and now we are sitting silent and still, listening to the monotonous melody of the East—the soft

which leaves the lips of the True Believer on all occasions of concluding actions.

* "*Bakhshish,*" says a modern writer, "is a fee or present which the Arabs (he here means the Egyptians, who took the word from the Persians through the Turks,) claim on all occasions for services you render them, as well as for services they have rendered you. A doctor visits a patient gratis,—the patient or his servant will ask for a *bakhshish* (largesse); you employ, pay, clothe, and feed a child—the father will demand his *bakhshish*; you may save the life of an Arab, at the risk of your own, and he will certainly claim a *bakhshish*. This bakhshish, in fact, is a sort of alms or tribute, which the poor Arab believes himself entitled to claim from every respectable-looking person."

† Mafish, "there is none," equivalent to, "I have left my purse at home." Nothing takes the oriental mind so much as a retort alliterative or jingling. An officer in the Bombay army once saved himself from assault and battery by informing a furious band of natives, that under British rule "*harakat* na hui, *barakat* hui," "*blessing* hath there been to you; *bane* there hath been none."

night-breeze wandering through starlit skies and tufted trees, with a voice of melancholy meaning.

And this is the Arab's Kayf. The savouring of animal existence; the passive enjoyment of mere sense; the pleasant languor, the dreamy tranquillity, the airy castle-building, which in Asia stand in lieu of the vigorous, intensive, passionate life of Europe. It is the result of a lively, impressible, excitable nature, and exquisite sensibility of nerve,—a facility for voluptuousness unknown to northern regions; where happiness is placed in the exertion of mental and physical powers; where "Ernst ist das Leben;" where niggard earth commands ceaseless sweat of brow, and damp chill air demands perpetual excitement, exercise, or change, or adventure, or dissipation, for want of something better. In the East, man requires but rest and shade: upon the bank of a bubbling stream, or under the cool shelter of a perfumed tree, he is perfectly happy, smoking a pipe, or sipping a cup of coffee, or drinking a glass of sherbet, but above all things deranging body and mind as little as possible; the trouble of conversations, the displeasures of memory, and the vanity of thought being the most unpleasant interruptions to his Kayf. No wonder that Kayf is a word untranslatable in our mother-tongue! *

* * * * * *

"Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mitylenem."

Let others describe this once famous capital of Egypt, the city of misnomers, whose dry docks are ever wet, and whose marble fountain is eternally dry, whose "Cleo-

* In a coarser sense "kayf" is applied to all manner of intoxication. Sonnini is not wrong when he says, "the Arabs give the name of Kayf to the voluptuous relaxation, the delicious stupor, produced by the smoking of hemp."

patra's Needle"* is not Cleopatra's; whose "Pompey's Pillar" never had any connection with Pompey; and whose Cleopatra's Baths are, according to veracious travellers, no baths at all. Yet is it a wonderful place, this "Libyan suburb" of our day, this outpost of civilisation planted upon the skirts of barbarism, this Osiris seated side by side with Typho, his great old enemy. Still may be said of it, "it ever beareth something new;"† and Alexandria, a threadbare subject in Bruce's time, is even yet, from its perpetual changes, a fit field for modern description.‡

* Cleopatra's Needle is called by native Ciceroni "Masallat Firaun," Pharaoh's packing needle. What Solomon, and the genii and Sikandar zu'l karnayn (Alexander of Macedon), are to other Moslem lands, such is Pharaoh to Egypt, the "Cæsar aut Diabolus" of the Nile. The ichneumon becomes "Pharaoh's cat,"—even the French were bitten and named it, le rat de Pharaon; the prickly pear, "Pharaoh's fig;" the guinea-worm, "Pharaoh's worm;" certain unapproachable sulphur springs, "Pharaoh's bath;" a mausoleum at Petra, "Pharaoh's place;" the mongrel race now inhabiting the valley of the Nile, is contemptuously named by Turks and Arabs "Jins Firaun," or "Pharaoh's breed;" and a foul kind of vulture (vultur percnopterus, ak baba of the Turks, and ukab of Sindh), "Pharaoh's hen."

This abhorrence of Pharaoh is, however, confined to the vulgar and the religious. The philosophers and mystics of El Islam, in their admiration of his impious daring, make him equal, and even superior, to Moses. Sahil, a celebrated Sufi, declares that the secret of the soul (*i. e.* its emanation) was first revealed when Pharaoh declared himself a god. And El Ghazali sees in such temerity nothing but the most noble aspiration to the divine, innate in the human spirit. (Dabistan, vol. iii.)

† Ἀεί φερεί τι καίνον. "Quid novi fert Africa?" said the Romans. "In the same season Fayoles, tetrarch of Numidia, sent from the land of Africa to Grangousier, the most hideously great mare that was ever seen; for you know well enough how it is said, that 'Africa always is productive of some new thing.'"

‡ Alexandria, moreover, is an interesting place to Moslems, on account of the prophecy that it will succeed to the honors of Meccah, when the holy city falls into the hands of the infidel. In its turn Alexandria will be followed by Kairawan (in the Regency of Tunis); and this by Rashid or Rosetta, which last endures to the end of time.

The better to blind the inquisitive eyes of servants and visitors, my friend lodged me in an outhouse, where I could revel in the utmost freedom of life and manners. And although some Armenian Dragoman, a restless spy like all his race, occasionally remarked that "voilà un Persan diablement dégagé," none, except those who were entrusted with the secret, had any idea of the part I was playing. The domestics, devout Moslems, pronounced me to be an Ajami*, a kind of Mohammedan, not a good one like themselves, but, still, better than nothing. I lost no time in securing the assistance of a Shaykh †, and plunged once more into the intricacies of the Faith, revived my recollections of religious ablution, read the Koran, and again became an adept in the art of prostration. My leisure hours were employed in visiting the baths, and coffee-houses, in attending the bazars, and in shopping,—an operation which hereabouts consists of sitting upon a chapman's counter, smoking, sipping coffee, and telling your beads the while, to show that you are not of the slaves for whom time is made; in fact, in pitting your patience against that of your adversary, the shopman. I found time for a short excursion to a country village on the banks of the canal; nor was an opportunity of seeing "El-nahl" neglected, for it would be some months before my eyes might dwell on such pleasant spectacle again.

"Delicias videam, Nile jocosa, tuas!"

Careful also of graver matters, I attended the mosque, and visited the venerable localities in which modern Alexandria abounds. Pilgrimaging Moslems are here shown the tomb of El-nabi Daniyal (Daniel the Prophet), discovered upon a spot where the late Sultan Mahmud dreamed that

* A Persian opposed to an Arab.

† A priest, elder, chieftain, language-master, &c. &c.

he saw an ancient man at prayer.* Sikandar El-Rumi, a Moslem Alexander the Great, of course left his bones in the place bearing his name, or — as he ought to have done so — bones have been found for him. Alexandria also boasts of two celebrated Walis — holy men. One is Mohammed El-Busiri, the author of a poem called El-Burdah, universally read throughout the world of Islam, and locally recited at funerals, and on other solemn occasions. The other is Abu Abbas El-Andalusi, a sage and saint of the first water, at whose tomb prayer is never breathed in vain.

It is not to be supposed that the people of Alexandria could look upon my phials and pill-boxes, without a yearning for their contents. An Indian doctor, too, was a novelty to them; Franks they despised, but a man who had come so far from the West! Then there was something infinitely seducing in the character of a magician, doctor, and fakir, each admirable of itself, thus combined to make "great medicine." Men, women, and children besieged my door, by which means I could see the people face to face, and especially the fair sex, of which Europeans, generally speaking, know only the worst specimens. Even respectable natives, after witnessing a performance of "Mandal" and the Magic mirror †, opined that the stranger

* The Persians place the Prophet's tomb at Susan or Sus, described by Ibn Haukal (p. 76.).

The readers of Ibn Batutah may think it strange that the learned and pious traveller in his account of Alexandria (chap. 2.) makes no allusion to the present holy deceased that distinguish the city. All the saints are now clear forgotten. For it is the fate of saints, like distinguished sinners, to die twice.

† The Mandal is that form of Oriental divination which owes its present celebrity in Europe to Mr. Lane. Both it and the magic mirror are hackneyed subjects, but I have been tempted to a few words concerning them in another part of these volumes. Meanwhile I request the reader not to set me down as a mere charlatan; medicine in the East is so essentially

was a holy man, gifted with supernatural powers, and knowing everything. One old person sent to offer me his daughter in marriage;—he said nothing about dowry,—but on this occasion I thought proper to decline the honor. And a middle-aged lady proffered me the sum of 100 piastres, nearly one pound sterling, if I would stay at Alexandria, and superintend the restoration of her blind eye.

But the reader must not be led to suppose that I acted "Carabin," or "Sangrado" without any knowledge of my trade. From youth I have always been a dabbler in medical and mystical study. Moreover, the practice of physic is comparatively easy amongst dwellers in warm latitudes, uncivilised people, where there is not that complication of maladies which troubles more polished nations. And further, what simplifies extremely the treatment of the sick in these parts is, the undoubted periodicity of disease, reducing almost all to one type—ague.* Many of the complaints of tropical climates, as medical men well know, display palpably intermittent symptoms unknown to colder countries; and speaking from individual experience, I may safely assert that in all cases of suffering, from a wound to ophthalmia, this phenomenon has forced itself into my notice. So much by way of excuse. I therefore considered myself as well qualified for the work as if I had taken out a "buono per l'estero" diploma at Padua, and not more likely to do active harm than most of the regularly graduated young surgeons who start to "finish themselves" upon the frame of the British soldier.

After a month's hard work at Alexandria, I prepared to assume the character of a wandering Dervish, after

united with superstitious practices, that he who would pass for an expert practitioner, must necessarily represent himself an "adept."

* Hence the origin of the chronothermal practice, a discovery which physic owes to Dr. Samuel Dickson.

reforming my title from "Mirza"* to "Shaykh" Abdullah.† A reverend man, whose name I do not care to quote, some time ago initiated me into his order, the Kadiriyah, under the high-sounding name of Bismillah-Shah‡: and, after a due period of probation, he graciously elevated me to the proud position of a Murshid§ in the mystic craft. I was therefore sufficiently well acquainted with the tenets and practices of these Oriental Freemasons. No character in the Moslem world is so proper for disguise as that of the Dervish. It is assumed by all ranks, ages, and creeds; by the nobleman who has been disgraced at court, and by the peasant who is too idle to till the ground; by Dives, who is weary of life, and by Lazarus, who begs bread from door to door. Further, the Dervish is allowed to ignore ceremony and politeness, as one who ceases to appear upon the stage of life; he may pray or not, marry or remain single as he pleases, be respectable in cloth of frieze as in cloth of gold, and no one asks him — the chartered vagabond — Why he comes here? or Wherefore he goes there? He may wend

* The Persian "Mister." In future chapters the reader will see the uncomfortable consequences of my having appeared in Egypt as a Persian. Although I found out the mistake, and worked hard to correct it, the bad name stuck to me; bazar reports fly quicker and hit harder than newspaper paragraphs.

† Arab Christians sometimes take the name of "Abdullah," servant of God—"which," as a modern traveller observes, "all sects and religions might be equally proud to adopt." The Moslem Prophet said, "the names most approved of God are, Abdullah, Abd-el-rahman (slave of the compassionate), and such like."

‡ "King in-the-name-of-Allah," a kind of Oriental "Praise-God-Barebones." When a man appears as a Fakir or Dervish, he casts off, in process of regeneration, together with other worldly sloughs, his laical name for some brilliant coat of nomenclature rich in religious promise.

§ A Murshid is one allowed to admit Murids or apprentices into the order. *As the form of the diploma conferred upon this occasion may* be new to many European Orientalists, I have translated it in Appendix I.

his way on foot or alone, or ride his Arab steed followed by a dozen servants; he is equally feared without weapons, as swaggering through the streets armed to the teeth. The more haughty and offensive he is to the people, the more they respect him; a decided advantage to the traveller of choleric temperament. In the hour of imminent danger, he has only to become a maniac, and he is safe; a madman in the East, like a notably eccentric character in the West, is allowed to say or do whatever the spirit directs. Add to this character a little knowledge of medicine, a "moderate skill in magic and a reputation for caring for nothing but study and books," together with capital sufficient to save you from the chance of starving, and you appear in the East to peculiar advantage. The only danger of the "Path"* is, that the Dervish's ragged coat not unfrequently covers the cut-throat, and, if seized in the society of such a "brother," you may reluctantly become his companion, under the stick or on the stake. For be it known, Dervishes are of two orders, the Sharai, or those who conform to religion, and the Be-Sharai, or Luti, whose practices are hinted at by their own tradition that "he we daurna name" once joined them for a week, but at the end of that time left them in dismay, and returned to whence he came.

* The Tarikat or Path which leads, or is supposed to lead, to heaven.

## CHAP. II.

### I LEAVE ALEXANDRIA.

THE thorough-bred wanderer's idiosyncrasy I presume to be a composition of what phrenologists call "inhabitiveness" and "locality" equally and largely developed. After a long and toilsome march, weary of the way, he drops into the nearest place of rest to become the most domestic of men. For awhile he smokes the "pipe of permanence" with an infinite zest; he delights in various siestas during the day, relishing withal a long sleep at night; he enjoys dining at a fixed dinner-hour, and wonders at the demoralisation of the mind which cannot find means of excitement in chit-chat or small talk, in a novel or a newspaper. But soon the passive fit has passed away; again a paroxysm of ennui coming on by slow degrees, Viator loses appetite, he walks about his room all night, he yawns at conversations, and a book acts upon him as a narcotic. The man wants to wander, and he must do so or he shall die.

After about a month most pleasantly spent at Alexandria, I perceived the approach of the enemy, and as nothing hampered my incomings and outgoings, I surrendered. The world was "all before me," and there was pleasant excitement in plunging single-handed into its chilling depths. My Alexandrian Shaykh, whose heart fell victim to a new "jubbeh," which I had given in exchange for his tattered zaabut* offered me, in consider-

* The jubbeh is a long outer garment, generally of cloth, worn by learned and respectable men. The zaabut is a large bag-sleeved black or

ation of a certain monthly stipend, the affections of a brother and religious refreshment, proposing to send his wife back to her papa, and to accompany me, in the capacity of private chaplain, to the other side of Kaf.* I politely accepted the "Bruderschaft," but many reasons induced me to decline his society and services. In the first place, he spoke the detestable Egyptian jargon. Secondly, it was but prudent to lose the "spoor" between Alexandria and Suez. And, thirdly, my "brother" had shifting eyes (symptoms of fickleness), close together (indices of cunning); a flat-crowned head, and large ill-fitting lips; signs which led me to think lightly of his honesty, firmness, and courage. Phrenology and physiognomy, be it observed, disappoint you often amongst civilised people, the proper action of whose brains and features is impeded by the external pressure of education, accident, example, habit, and necessity. But they are tolerably safe guides when groping your way through the mind of man in his natural state, a being of impulse in that chrysalis state of mental development which is rather instinct than reason.

Before my departure, however, there was much to be done.

The land of the Pharaohs is becoming civilised, and unpleasantly so: nothing can be more uncomfortable than its present middle-state between barbarism and the reverse. The prohibition against carrying arms is rigid as in Italy; all "violence" is violently denounced, and beheading being deemed cruel, the most atrocious crimes, as well as those small political offences, which in the days of

brown coloured robe, made of home-spun woollen, the garb of the peasant, the hedge-priest, and the dervish.

* The mountain which encircles the globe, according to the sacred geography of the Moslems. To "go to Kaf" is equivalent to our "go to Jericho," or — somewhere else.

the Mamelukes would have led to a beyship or a bow-string, receive fourfold punishment by deportation to Faizoghli, the local Cayenne. If you order your peasant to be flogged, his friends gather in threatening hundreds at your gates; when you curse your boatman, he complains to your consul; the dragomans afflict you with strange wild notions about honesty; a government order prevents you from using vituperative language to the "Natives" in general; and the very donkey boys are becoming cognisant of the right of man to remain unbastinadoed. Still the old leaven remains behind: here, as elsewhere in "Morning-Land," you cannot hold your own without employing your fists. The passport system, now dying out of Europe, has sprung up, or rather revived in Egypt, with peculiar vigour.* Its good effects claim for it our respect; still we cannot but lament its inconvenience. *We*, I mean real Easterns. As strangers — even those whose beards have whitened in the land — know absolutely nothing of what unfortunate natives must endure, I am tempted to subjoin a short sketch of my adventures in search of a Tezkireh at Alexandria.†

* Sir G. Wilkinson, referring his readers to Strabo, remarks that the "troublesome system of passports seems to have been adopted by the Egyptians at a very early period." Its present rigors, which have lasted since the European troubles in 1848 and 1849, have a two-fold object; in the first place, to act as a clog upon the dangerous emigrants which Germany and Italy have sent out into the world; and secondly, to confine the subjects of the present Pacha of Egypt to their fatherland and the habit of paying taxes. The enlightened ruler (this was written during the rule of Abbas Pacha) knows his own interests, and never willingly parts with a subject liable to cess, at times objecting even to their obeying the pilgrimage law. We, on the other hand, in India, allow a freedom of emigration, in my humble opinion, highly injurious to us. For not only does this exodus thin the population, and tend to impoverish the land, it also serves to bring our rule into disrepute in foreign lands. At another time I shall discuss this subject more fully.

† A passport in this country is called a Tezkireh.

Through ignorance which might have cost me dear but for my friend Larking's weight with the local authorities, I had neglected to provide myself with a passport in England, and it was not without difficulty, involving much unclean dressing and an unlimited expenditure of broken English, that I obtained from the consul at Alexandria a certificate, declaring me to be an Indo-British subject named Abdullah, by profession a doctor, aged thirty, and not distinguished—at least so the frequent blanks seemed to denote—by any remarkable conformation of eyes, nose, or cheek. For this I disbursed a dollar. And here let me record the indignation with which I did it. That mighty Britain—the mistress of the seas—the ruler of one-sixth of mankind—should charge five shillings to pay for the shadow of her protecting wing! That I cannot speak my modernised "civis sum Romanus" without putting my hand into my pocket, in order that these officers of the Great Queen may not take too ruinously from a revenue of 56 millions! O the meanness of our magnificence! the littleness of our greatness!

My new passport would not carry me without the Zabit or Police Magistrate's counter-signature, said the consul. Next day I went to the Zabit, who referred me to the Muhafiz (Governor) of Alexandria, at whose gate I had the honor of squatting at least three hours, till a more compassionate clerk vouchsafed the information that the proper place to apply to was the Diwan Kharijiyeh (the Foreign-Office). Thus a second day was utterly lost. On the morning of the third I started, as directed, for the palace, which crowns the Headland of Figs. It is a huge and couthless shell of building in parallelogrammic form containing all kinds of public offices in glorious confusion, looking with their glaring white-washed faces upon a central court, where a few leafless wind-wrung trees seem

struggling for the breath of life in an eternal atmosphere of clay, dust, and sun-blaze.*

The first person I addressed was a Kawwas† or police officer, who, coiled comfortably up in a bit of shade fitting his person like a robe, was in full enjoyment of the Asiatic "Kayf." Having presented the consular certificate and briefly stated the nature of my business, I ventured to inquire what was the right course to pursue for a visá.

They have little respect for Dervishes, it appears, at Alexandria!

M'adri—"Don't know," growled the man of authority without moving any thing but the quantity of tongue necessary for articulation.

Now there are three ways of treating Asiatic officials, —by bribe, by bullying, or by bothering them with a dogged perseverance into attending to you and your concerns. The latter is the peculiar province of the poor; moreover, this time I resolved, for other reasons, to be patient. I repeated my question in almost the same words. Ruh! "Be off," was what I obtained for all reply. But this time the questioned went so far as to open his eyes. Still I stood twirling the paper in my hands, and looking very humble and very persevering, till a loud Ruh ya Kalb! "Go O dog!" converted into a responsive curse the little speech I was preparing about the brotherhood of El-Islam and the mutual duties obligatory on true believers. I then turned away slowly and fiercely, for the next thing might have been a cut with the

* The glare of Alexandria has become a matter of fable in the East. The stucco employed in overlaying its walls erected by Zulkarnayn, was so exquisitely tempered and so beautifully polished, that the inhabitants, in order to protect themselves from blindness, were constrained to wear masks.

† The word literally means an "archer," reminding us of "les archers de la sainte Hermandade," in the most delicious of modern fictions.

Kurbaj*, and, by the hammer of Thor! British flesh and blood could never have stood that.

After which satisfactory scene,—for satisfactory it was in one sense, proving the complete fitness of the Dervish's dress,—I tried a dozen other promiscuous sources of information,—policemen, grooms, scribes, donkey boys, and idlers in general. At length, wearied of patience, I offered a soldier some pinches of tobacco, and promised him an oriental sixpence if he would manage the business for me. The man was interested by the tobacco and the pence; he took my hand, and inquiring the while he went along, led me from place to place, till, mounting a grand staircase, I stood in the presence of Abbas Effendi, the governor's Naib or deputy.

It was a little, whey-faced, black-bearded Turk, coiled up in the usual conglomerate posture upon a calico-covered divan, at the end of a long bare large-windowed room. Without deigning even to nod the head, which hung over his shoulder with transcendent listlessness and affectation of pride, in answer to my salams and benedictions, he eyed me with wicked eyes, and faintly ejaculated "Min ent!"† Then hearing that I was a Dervish and doctor—he must be an Osmanli Voltairian, that little Turk—the official snorted a contemptuous snort. He condescendingly added, however, that the proper source to seek was "Taht," which meaning simply "below," conveyed rather imperfect information in a topographical point of view to a stranger.

At length, however, my soldier guide found out that a room in the custom-house bore the honorable appellation of "Foreign Office." Accordingly I went there, and, after sitting at least a couple of hours at the bolted door

* A whip of dried and twisted hippopotamus hide, the ferule, horsewhip, and "cat' o' nine tails" of Egypt.

† For "man anta"? who art thou?

in the noon-day sun, was told, with a fury which made me think I had sinned, that the officer in whose charge the department was, had been presented with an olive branch in the morning, and consequently that business was not to be done that day. The angry-faced official communicated the intelligence to a large group of Anadolian, Caramanian, Boshniac, and Roumelian Turks,—sturdy, undersized, broad-shouldered, bare-legged, splay-footed, horny-fisted, dark-browed, honest-looking mountaineers, who were lounging about with long pistols and yataghans stuck in their broad sashes, head-gear composed of immense tarbooshes with proportionate turbans coiled round them, and two or three suits of substantial clothes, even at this season of the year, upon their shoulders. Like myself they had waited some hours, but they were not patient under disappointment: they bluntly told the angry official that he and his master were a pair of idlers, and the curses that rumbled and gurgled in their hairy throats as they strode towards the door, sounded like the growling of wild beasts.

Thus was another day truly orientally lost. On the morrow, however, I obtained permission, in the character of Dr. Abdullah, to visit any part of Egypt I pleased, and to retain possession of my dagger and pistols.

And now I must explain what induced me to take so much trouble about a passport. The home reader naturally inquires, why not travel under your English name?

For this reason. In the generality of barbarous countries you must either proceed, like Bruce, preserving the "dignity of manhood," and carrying matters with a high hand, or you must worm your way by timidity and subservience; in fact, by becoming an animal too contemptible for man to let or injure. But to pass through the Holy Land, you must either be a born believer, or have become one; in the former case you may demean

yourself as you please, in the latter a path is ready prepared for you. My spirit could not bend to own myself a Burma*, a renegade—to be pointed at and shunned and catechised, an object of suspicion to the many and of contempt to all. Moreover, it would have obstructed the aim of my wanderings. The convert is always watched with Argus eyes, and men do not willingly give information to a "new Moslem," especially a Frank: they suspect his conversion to be feigned or forced, look upon him as a spy, and let him see as little of life as possible. Firmly as was my heart set upon travelling in Arabia, by Heaven! I would have given up the dear project rather than purchase a doubtful and partial success at such a price. Consequently, I had no choice but to appear as a born believer, and part of my birthright in that respectable character was toil and trouble in obtaining a Tezkireh.†

Then I had to provide myself with certain necessaries for the way. These were not numerous. The silver-mounted dressing-case is here supplied by a rag containing a Miswak‡, a bit of soap and a comb, wooden, for bone and tortoiseshell are not, religiously speaking, correct. Equally simple was my wardrobe; a change or two of clothing.§ The only article of canteen description was a

* An opprobrious name given by the Turks to their Christian converts The word is derived from Burmak, "to twist," "to turn."

† During my journey, and since my return, some Indian papers conducted by jocose editors made merry upon an Englishman "turning Turk." Once for all, I beg leave to point above for the facts of the case; it must serve as a general answer to any pleasant little fictions which may hereafter appear.

‡ A stick of soft wood chewed at one end. It is generally used throughout the East, where brushes should be avoided, as the natives always suspect hogs' bristles.

§ It is a great mistake to carry too few clothes, and those who travel as Orientals should always have at least one very grand suit on critical occasions. Throughout the East a badly dressed man is a pauper, and a pauper—unless he belongs to an order having a right to be poor—is a scoundrel.

Zemzemiyah, a goat-skin water-bag, which, especially when new, communicates to its contents a ferruginous aspect and a wholesome, though hardly an attractive, flavour of tanno-gelatine. This was a necessary; to drink out of a tumbler, possibly fresh from pig-eating lips, would have entailed a certain loss of reputation. For bedding and furniture I had a coarse Persian rug — which, besides being couch, acted as chair, table, and oratory — a cotton-stuffed chintz-covered pillow, a blanket in case of cold, and a sheet, which did duty for tent and mosquito curtains in nights of heat.* As shade is a convenience not always procurable, another necessary was a huge cotton umbrella of Eastern make, brightly yellow, suggesting the idea of an overgrown marigold. I had also a substantial housewife, the gift of a kind friend; it was a roll of canvas, carefully soiled, and garnished with needles and thread, cobblers'-wax, buttons, and other such articles. These things were most useful in lands where tailors abound not; besides which, the sight of a man darning his coat or patching his slippers teems with pleasing ideas of humility. A dagger†, a brass inkstand and pen-holder stuck in the belt, and a mighty rosary, which on occasion might have been converted into a weapon of offence, completed my equipment. I must not omit to mention the proper method of carrying money, which in these lands should never be entrusted to box or bag. A common cotton

* Almost all Easterns sleep under a sheet, which becomes a kind of respirator, defending them from the dews and musquitoes by night and the flies by day. The "rough and ready" traveller will learn to follow the example, remembering that "Nature is founder of Customs in savage countries;" whereas, amongst the soi-disant civilised, Nature has no deadlier enemy than Custom.

† It is strictly forbidden to carry arms in Egypt. This, however, does not prevent their being as necessary — especially in places like Alexandria, where Greek and Italian ruffians abound — as they ever were in Rome or Leghorn during the glorious times of Italian "liberty."

purse secured in a breast pocket, (for Egypt now abounds in that civilised animal the pickpocket*,) contained silver pieces and small change.† My gold, of which I carried twenty-five sovereigns, and papers, were committed to a substantial leathern belt of Maghrabi manufacture, made to be strapped round the waist under the dress. This is the Asiatic method of concealing valuables, and one more civilised than ours in the last century, when Roderic Random and his companion, "sewed their money between the lining and the waistband of their breeches, except some loose silver for immediate expense on the road." The great inconvenience of the belt is its weight, especially where dollars must be carried, as in Arabia, causing chafes and discomfort at night. Moreover, it can scarcely be called safe. In dangerous countries wary travellers will adopt surer precautions.‡

* In the Azhar Mosque, immediately after Friday service, a fellow once put his hand into my pocket, which fact alone is ample evidence of "progress."

† As a general rule, always produce, when travelling, the minutest bit of coin. At present, however, small change is dear in Egypt; the Sayrafis, or money-changers, create the dearth in order to claim a high agio. The traveller must prepare himself for a most unpleasant task in learning the different varieties of currency, which appear all but endless, the result of deficiency in the national circulating medium. There are, however, few copper coins, the pieces of 10 or 5 Faddah (or Parahs), whereas silver and gold abound. As regards the latter metal, strangers should mistrust all small pieces, Turkish as well as Egyptian. "The greater part are either cut or cracked, or perhaps both, and worn down to mere spangles: after taking them, it will not be possible to pass them without considerable loss."

Above all things, the traveller must be careful never to change gold except in large towns, where such a display of wealth would not arouse suspicion or cupidity; and on no occasion when travelling, even to pronounce the ill-omened word "Kis" (purse). Many have lost their lives by neglecting these simple precautions.

‡ Some prefer a long chain of pure gold divided into links and covered with leather, so as to resemble the twisted girdle which the Arab fastens round his waist. It is a precaution well known to the wandering knights

A pair of common native Khurjin or saddle-bags contained my wardrobe, the bed was readily rolled up into a bundle, and for a medicine chest* I bought a pea-green box with red and yellow flowers, capable of standing falls from a camel twice a day.

The next step was to find out when the local steamer would start for Cairo, and accordingly I betook myself to the Transit Office. No vessel was advertised; I was directed to call every evening till satisfied. At last the fortunate event took place: a "weekly departure," which, by the by, occurred once every fortnight or so, was in orders for the next day. I hurried to the office, but did not reach it till past noon — the hour of idleness. A

of old. Others, again, in very critical situations, open with a lancet the shoulder, or any other fleshy part of the body, and insert a precious stone, which does not show in its novel purse.

* Any "Companion to the Medicine Chest" will give, to those that require such information, the names of drugs and instruments necessary for a journey: but it must be borne in mind that hot countries require double quantities of tonics, and half the allowance of cathartics, necessary in cold climates. Sonnini, however, is right when he says of the Egyptian Fellahs, that their stomachs, accustomed to digest bread badly baked, acrid and raw vegetables, and other green and unwholesome nourishment, require doses only fit for horses.

Advisable precautions are, in the first place, to avoid, if travelling as a native, any signs of European manufacture in knives, scissors, weights, scales, and other such articles. Secondly, glass bottles are useless: the drugs should be stowed away in tin or wooden boxes, such as the natives of the country use, and when a vial is required, it must be fitted into an étui of some kind. By this means, ground glass stoppers and plentiful cotton stuffing, the most volatile essences may be carried about without great waste. After six months of the driest heat, in Egypt and Arabia, not more than about one-fourth of my Prussic acid and chloroform had evaporated. And, thirdly, if you travel in the East, a few bottles of tincture of cantharides — highly useful as a rubefacient, excitant, et cetera — must never be omitted.

I made the mistake of buying my drugs in England, and had the useless trouble of looking after them during the journey. Both at Alexandria and Cairo they are to be found in abundance, cheaper than in London, and good enough for practical purposes.

little, dark gentleman, so formed and dressed as exactly to resemble a liver-and-tan bull-terrier, who with his heels on the table was dosing, cigar in mouth, over the last "Galignani," positively refused, after a time, — for at first he would not speak at all, — to let me take my passage till three in the afternoon. I inquired when the boat started, upon which he referred me, as I had spoken bad Italian, to the advertisement. I pleaded inability to read or write, whereupon he testily cried "Alle nove! alle nove!" — at nine! at nine! Still appearing uncertain, I drove him out of his chair, when he rose with a curse and read 8 A. M. An unhappy Eastern, depending upon what he said, would have been precisely one hour too late.

Thus were we lapsing into the real good old Indian style of doing business. Thus Indicus orders his first clerk to execute some commission; the senior, having "work" upon his hands, sends a junior; the junior finds the sun hot, and passes on the word to a "peon;" the "peon" charges a porter with the errand, and the porter quietly sits or doses in his place, trusting that Fate will bring him out of the scrape, but firmly resolved, though the shattered globe fall, not to stir an inch.

The reader, I must again express a hope, will pardon the egotism of these descriptions, — my object is to show him how business is carried on in these hot countries — business generally. For had I, instead of being Abdullah the Dervish, been a rich native merchant, it would have been the same. How many complaints of similar treatment have I heard in different parts of the Eastern world! and how little can one realise them without having actually experienced the evil! For the future I shall never see a "nigger" squatting away half a dozen mortal hours in a broiling sun patiently waiting for something or for some

one, without a lively remembrance of my own cooling of the calces at the custom-house of Alexandria.

At length, about the end of May all was ready. Not without a feeling of regret I left my little room among the white myrtle blossoms and the oleander flowers. I kissed with humble ostentation my kind host's hand in presence of his servants, bade adieu to my patients, who now amounted to about fifty, shaking hands with all meekly and with religious equality of attention, and, mounted in a "trap" which looked like a cross between a wheel-barrow and a dog-cart, drawn by a kicking, jibbing, and biting mule, I set out for the steamer.

## CHAP. III.

### THE NILE STEAM BOAT.

In the days of the Pitts we have invariably a "Relation" of Egyptian travellers who embark for a place called "Roseet" on the "River Nilus." Wanderers of the Brucian age were wont to record their impressions of voyage upon land subjects observed between Alexandria and Cairo. A little later we find every one inditing rhapsodies about, and descriptions of, his or her Dahabiyeh (barge) on the canal. After this came the steamer. And after the steamer will come the railroad, which may disappoint the author tourist, but will be delightful to that sensible class of men who wish to get over the greatest extent of ground with the least inconvenience to themselves and others. Then shall the Mahmudiyah — ugliest and most wearisome of canals — be given up to cotton boats and grain barges, and then will note-books and the headings of chapters clean ignore its existence.

I saw the canal at its worst, when the water was low, and have not one syllable to say in its favour. Instead of thirty hours, we took three mortal days and nights to reach Cairo, and we grounded with painful regularity four or five times between sunrise and sunset. In the scenery on the banks sketchers and describers have left you nought to see. From Pompey's Pillar to the Maison Carrée, Kariom and its potteries, el Birkah* of the night birds,

* Villages notorious for the peculiar Egyptian revelry, an undoubted relic of the good old times, when "the most religious of men" debauched with an ardent piety in honor of Isis and Osiris.

Bastarah with the alleys of trees, even unto Atfeh, all things are perfectly familiar to us, and have been so years before the traveller actually sees them. The Nil El Mubarak itself—the Blessed Nile,—as notably fails too at this season to arouse enthusiasm. You see nothing but muddy waters, dusty banks, a sand mist, a milky sky, and a glaring sun: you feel nothing but a breeze like the flues from a potter's furnace. You can only just distinguish through a veil of reeking vapours Shibr Katt from Kafr el Zayyat, and you steam too far from Wardan to enjoy the Timonic satisfaction of enraging its male population with "Haykal! ya ibn Haykal!"—O Haykal! O son of Haykal!* You are nearly wrecked, as a matter of course, at the Barrage †; and as certainly dumb-foundered by the sight of its ugly little Gothic crenelles. The Pyramids of Cheops and Cephren, "rearing their majestic heads above the margin of the desert," only suggest the

* "Haykal" was a pleasant fellow, who, having basely abused the confidence of the fair ones of Wardan, described their charms in sarcastic verse, and stuck his scroll upon the door of the village mosque, taking at the same time the wise precaution to change his lodgings without delay. The very mention of his name affronts the brave Wardanenses to the last extent, making them savage as Oxford bargees.

† The Barrage is a handsome bridge,—putting the style of architecture out of consideration,—the work of French engineers, originally projected by Napoleon the First. It was intended to act as a dam, raising the waters of the Nile and conducting them to Suez, the Salt Lakes, and a variety of other places, through a number of canals, which, however, have not yet been opened. Meanwhile, it acts upon the river's trunk as did the sea of old upon its embouchures, blocking it up and converting the land around it to the condition of a swamp. Moreover, it would have cleaned out the bed by means of sluice gates, forming an artificial increase of current to draw off the deposit; but the gates are wanting, so the piers, serving only to raise the soil by increasing the deposit of silt, collect and detain suspended matter, which otherwise would not settle. Briefly, by a trifling expenditure the Barrage might be made a blessing to Egypt; in its present state it is a calamity, an "enormous, cruel wonder," more crushing to the people than were the pyramids and sphinxes of old.

remark that they have been remarkably well-sketched; and thus you proceed till with a real feeling of satisfaction you moor alongside of the tumble-down old suburb Bulak.

To me there was double dulness in the scenery: it seemed to be Sindh over again — the same morning mist and noon-tide glare; the same hot-wind and heat clouds, and fiery sunset, and evening glow; the same pillars of dust and "devils" of sand sweeping like giants over the plain; the same turbid waters of a broad, shallow stream studded with sand-banks and silt-isles, with crashing earth slips and ruins nodding over a kind of cliff, whose base the stream gnaws with noisy tooth. On the banks, saline ground sparkled and glittered like hoar-frost in the sun; and here and there mud villages, solitary huts, pigeon-towers, or watch turrets, whence little brown boys shouted and slung stones at the birds, peeped out from among bright green patches of palm-tree, tamarisk, and mimosa, maize, tobacco, and sugar-cane. Beyond the narrow tongue of land on the river banks lay the glaring, yellow desert, with its low hills and sand slopes bounded by innumerable pyramids of nature's architecture. The boats, with their sharp bows, preposterous sterns, and lateen sails, might have belonged to the Indus. So might the chocolate-skinned, blue-robed peasantry; the women carrying progeny on their hips, with the eternal waterpot on their heads; and the men sleeping in the shade, or following the plough, to which probably Osiris first put hand. The lower animals, like the higher, are the same; gaunt, mange-stained camels, muddy buffaloes, donkeys, sneaking jackals, and fox-like dogs. Even the feathered creatures were perfectly familiar to my eye—paddy birds, pelicans, giant cranes, kites, and wild water-fowl.

I had taken a third-class or deck passage, whereby the evils of the journey were exasperated. A roasting sun pierced the canvas awning like hot water through a gauze

veil, and by night the cold dews fell raw and thick as a Scotch mist. The cooking was abominable, and the dignity of Dervish-hood did not allow me to sit at meat with infidels or to eat the food they had polluted. So the Dervish squatted apart, smoking perpetually, with occasional interruptions to say his prayers and to tell his beads upon the mighty rosary, and he drank the muddy water of the canal out of a leathern bucket, and he munched his bread and garlic* with a desperate sanctimoniousness.

The "Little Asthmatic," as the steamer is called, was crowded, and discipline not daring to mark out particular places, the scene on board of her was motley enough. There were two Indian officers, who naturally spoke to none but each other, drank bad tea, and smoked their cigars like Britons. A troop of Kurd Kawwas, escorting treasure, was surrounded by a group of noisy Greeks; these men's gross practical jokes sounding anything but pleasant to the solemn Moslems, whose saddle-bags and furniture were at every moment in danger of being defiled by abominable drinks and the ejected juices of tobacco. There was one pretty woman on board, a

* Those skilled in simples, Eastern as well as Western, praise garlic highly, declaring that it "strengthens the body, prepares the constitution for fatigue, brightens the sight, and, by increasing the digestive power, obviates the ill effects arising from sudden change of air and water." The traveller inserts it into his dietary in some pleasant form, as "Provence-butter," because he observes that, wherever fever and ague abound, the people, ignorant of cause but observant of effect, make it a common article of food. The old Egyptians highly esteemed this vegetable, which, with onions and leeks, enters into the list of articles so much regretted by the Hebrews (Numbers, xi. 5.; Koran, chap. 2.). The modern people of the Nile, like the Spaniards, delight in onions, which, as they contain between 25 and 30 per cent. of gluten, are highly nutritive. In Arabia, however, the stranger must use this vegetable sparingly. The city people despise it as the food of a Fellah — a boor. The Wahhabis have a prejudice against onions, leeks, and garlic, because the Prophet disliked their strong smell, and all strict Moslems refuse to eat them immediately before visiting the mosque or meeting for public prayer.

Spanish girl, who looked strangely misplaced — a rose in a field of thistles. Some silent Italians, with noisy interpreters, sat staidly upon the benches. It was soon found out, through the communicative dragoman, that their business was to buy horses for H. M. of Sardinia: they were exposed to a volley of questions delivered by a party of French tradesmen returning to Cairo, but they shielded themselves and fought shy with Machiavellian dexterity. Besides these was a German—a "beer-bottle in the morning and a bottle of beer in the evening," to borrow a simile from his own nation—a Syrian merchant, the richest and ugliest of Alexandria, and a few French house-painters going to decorate the Pacha's palace at Shoobra. These last were the happiest of our voyagers, —veritable children of Paris, Montagnards, Voltairiens, and thorough-bred Sans-Soucis. All day they sat upon deck chattering as only their lively nation can chatter, indulging in ultra-gallic maxims, such as "on ne vieillit jamais à table;" now playing écarté for love or nothing, then composing "des ponches un peu chiques;" now reciting adventures of the category "Mirabolant," then singing, then dancing, then sleeping and rising to play, to drink, talk, dance, and sing again. They being new comers, free from the western morgue so soon caught by Oriental Europeans, were particularly civil to me, even wishing to mix me a strong draught; but I was not so fortunate with all on board. A large shopkeeper threatened to "briser" my "figure" for putting my pipe near his pantaloons; but seeing me finger my dagger curiously, though I did not shift my pipe, he forgot to remember his threat. I had taken charge of a parcel for one M. P——, a student of Coptic, and remitted it to him on board; of this little service the only acknowledgment was a stare and a petulant inquiry why I had not given it to him before. And one of the Englishmen,

half publicly, half privily, as though communing wit himself, condemned my organs of vision because I hap pened to touch his elbow. He was a man in my ow service; I pardoned him in consideration of the compliment paid to my disguise.

Two fellow-passengers were destined to play an important part in my comedy of Cairo. Just after we had started, a little event afforded us some amusement. On the bank appeared a short, fat, pursy kind of man, whose efforts to board the steamer were notably ridiculous. With attention divided between the vessel and a carpet-bag carried by his donkey boy, he ran along the sides of the canal, now stumbling into hollows, then climbing heights, then standing shouting upon the projections with the fierce sun upon his back, till every one thought his breath was completely gone. But no! game to the back-bone, he would have perished miserably rather than lose his fare: "perseverance," say the copy-books, "accomplishes great things:" at last he was taken on board, and presently he lay down to sleep. His sooty complexion, lank black hair, features in which appeared beaucoup de finesse, that is to say, abundant rascality, an eternal smile and treacherous eyes, his gold* ring, dress of showy colours, fleshy stomach, fat legs, round back and a peculiar manner of frowning and fawning simultaneously, marked him an Indian. When he awoke he introduced himself to me as Miyan Khudabakhsh Namdar, a native of Lahore: he had carried on the trade of a shawl merchant in London and Paris, where he lived two years, and after a pilgrimage intended to purge away the sins of civilised lands, had settled at Cairo.

My second friend, Haji Wali, I will introduce to the reader in a future chapter.

* The stricter sort of Moslems, such as the Arabs, will not wear gold ornaments, which are forbidden by their law.

Long conversations in Persian and Hindostani abridged the tediousness of the voyage, and when we arrived at Bulak, the polite Khudabakhsh insisted upon my making his house my home. I was unwilling to accept the man's civility, disliking his looks, but he advanced cogent reasons for changing my mind. His servants cleared my luggage through the custom-house, and a few minutes after our arrival I found myself in his abode near the Ezbekiyeh Gardens, sitting in a cool Mashrabiyah* that gracefully projected over a garden, and sipping the favourite glass of pomegranate syrup.

As the Wakalehs or caravanserais were at that time full of pilgrims, I remained with Khudabakhsh ten days or a fortnight. But at the end of that time my patience was thoroughly exhausted. My host had become a civilised man, who sat on chairs, ate with a fork, talked European politics, and had learned to admire, if not to understand liberty—liberal ideas! and was I not flying from such things? Besides which, we English have a peculiar national quality, which the Indians, with their characteristic acuteness, soon perceived, and described by an opprobrious name. Observing our solitary habits, that we could not, and would not, sit and talk and sip sherbet and smoke with them, they called us "Jungli"—wild men, fresh caught in the jungle and sent to rule over the land of Hind.† Certainly nothing suits us less than perpetual society, an utter want of solitude, when one cannot retire

* The projecting latticed window, made of wood richly carved, for which Cairo was once so famous.

† Caste in India arises from the peculiarly sociable nature of the native mind, for which reason "it is found existing among sects whose creeds are as different and as opposite as those of the Hindoo and the Christian." (B. A. Irving's Prize Essay on the Theory and Practice of Caste.) Hence, nothing can be more terrible to a man than expulsion from caste; the excommunication of our feudal times was not a more dreadful form of living death.

into oneself an instant without being asked some puerile question by a friend, or look into a book without a servant peering over one's shoulder; when from the hour you rise to the time you rest, you must ever be talking or listening, you must converse yourself to sleep in a public dormitory, and give ear to your companions' snores and mutterings at midnight.*

The very essence of Oriental hospitality, however, is this family style of reception, which costs your host neither coin nor trouble. You make one more at his eating tray, and an additional mattress appears in the sleeping-room. When you depart, you leave if you like a little present, merely for a memorial, with your entertainer; he would be offended if you offered it him openly as a remuneration†, and you give some trifling sums to the servants. Thus you will be welcome wherever you go. If perchance you are detained perforce in such a situation, — which may easily happen to you, medical man, — you have only to make yourself as disagreeable as possible, by calling for all manner of impossible things. Shame is a passion with Eastern nations. Your host would blush to point out to you the indecorum of your conduct; and the laws of hospitality oblige him to supply the every want of a guest, even though he be a détènu.

But of all orientals, the most antipathetical companion to an Englishman is, I believe, an Indian. Like the fox in the fable, fulsomely flattering at first, he gradually becomes easily friendly, disagreeably familiar, offensively rude, which

* With us, every man's house is his castle. But caste divides a people into huge families, each member of which has a right to know every thing about his "caste-brother," because a whole body might be polluted and degraded by the act of an individual. Hence, there is no such thing as domestic privacy, and no system of espionnage devised by rulers could be so complete as that self-imposed by the Hindoos.

† I speak of the rare tracts in which the old barbarous hospitality still lingers.

ends by rousing the "spirit of the British lion." Nothing delights the Indian so much as an opportunity of safely venting the spleen with which he regards his victors.* He will sit in the presence of a magistrate, or an officer, the very picture of cringing submissiveness. But after leaving the room, he is as different from his former self as a counsel in court from a counsel at a concert, a sea captain at a hunt dinner from a sea captain on his quarter deck. Then he will discover that the English are not brave, nor clever, nor generous, nor civilised, nor anything but surpassing rogues; that every official takes bribes, that their manners are utterly offensive, and that they are rank infidels. Then he will descant complacently upon the probability of a general Bartholomew's day in the East, and look forward to the hour when enlightened young India

* The Calcutta Review (No. 41.), noticing "L'Inde sous la Domination Anglaise," by the Baron Barchou de Penhoën, delivers the following sentiment: "Whoever states, as the Baron B. de P. states and repeats again and again, that the natives generally entertain a bad opinion of the Europeans generally, states what is decidedly untrue."

The reader will observe that I differ as decidedly from the Reviewer's opinion.

Popular feeling towards the English in India was "at first one of fear, afterwards of horror: Hindoos and Moslems considered the strangers a set of cow-eaters and fire-drinkers, tetræ belluæ ac molossis suis ferociores, who would fight like Eblis, cheat their own fathers, and exchange with the same readiness a broadside of shots and thrusts of boarding-pikes, or a bale of goods and a bag of rupees." (The English in Western India.) We have risen in a degree above such low standard of estimation; still, incredible as it may appear to the Frank himself, it is no less true, that the Frank everywhere in the East is considered a contemptible being, and dangerous withal. As regards Indian opinion concerning our government, my belief is, that in and immediately about the three presidencies, where the people owe every thing to and hold every thing by our rule, it is most popular. At the same time I am convinced that in other places the people would most willingly hail any change. And how can we hope it to be otherwise, — we, a nation of strangers, aliens to the country's customs and creed, who, even while resident in India, act the part which absentees do in other lands? Where, in the history of the world, do we read that such foreign dominion ever made itself popular?

will arise and drive the "foul invader" from the land. Then he will submit his political opinions nakedly, that India should be wrested from the Company and given to the Queen, or taken from the Queen and given to the French. If the Indian has been a European traveller, so much the worse for you. He has blushed to own,—explaining, however, conquest by bribery,—that 50,000 Englishmen hold 150,000,000 of his compatriots in thrall, and for aught you know, republicanism may have become his idol. He has lost all fear of the white face, and having been accustomed to unburden his mind in

"The land where, girt by friend or foe,
A may man speak the thing he will,"—

he pursues the same course in other lands where it is exceedingly misplaced. His doctrines of liberty and inequality he applies to you personally and practically, by not rising when you enter or leave the room,—at first you could scarcely induce him to sit down,—by not offering you his pipe, by turning away when you address him,—in fact, by a variety of similar small affronts which none know better to manage skilfully and with almost impalpable gradations. If,—and how he prays for it!—an opportunity of refusing you any thing presents itself, he does it with an air.

"In rice strength,
In an Indian manliness,"*

say the Arabs. And the Persians apply the following pithy tale to their neighbours. "Brother," said the leopard to the jackal, "I crave a few of thy cast-off hairs; I want them for medicine†; where can I find them?" "Wallah!" replied the jackal, "I don't exactly know—I

* In the Arabic "Murruwwat," generosity, the noble part of human nature, the qualities which make a man.

† "For medicine" means for an especial purpose, an urgent occasion.

seldom change my coat — I wander about the hills. Allah is bounteous*, brother! hairs are not so easily shed."

Woe to the unhappy Englishman, Pacha, or private soldier, who must serve an Eastern lord! Worst of all, if the master be an Indian who, hating all Europeans†, adds an especial spite to oriental coarseness, treachery, and tyranny. Even the experiment of associating with them is almost too hard to bear. But a useful deduction may be drawn from such observations; and as few have had greater experience than myself, I venture to express my opinion with confidence, however unpopular or unfashionable it may be.

I am convinced that the natives of India cannot respect a European who mixes with them familiarly, or especially who imitates their customs, manners, and dress. The tight pantaloons, the authoritative voice, the pococurante manner, and the broken Hindostani impose upon them — have a weight which learning and honesty, which wit and courage, have not. This is to them the master's attitude: they bend to it like those Scythian slaves that faced the sword but fled from the horsewhip. Such would never be the case amongst a brave people, the Afghan for instance. And for the same reason it is not so, we read, with the North American tribes. "The free trapper combines in the eye of an Indian (American) girl, all that is dashing

* "Allah Karim!" said to a beggar when you do not intend to be bountiful.

† Read an account of Tippoo Sahib's treatment of his French employés. If Runjeet Singh behaved better to his European officers, it was only on account of his paramount fear and hatred of the British. The Panjabi story of the old lion's death is amusing enough, contrasted with that Anglomania of which so much has been said and written. When the Sikh king, they declare, heard of our success in Afghanistan — he had allowed us a passage through his dominions, as ingress into a deadly trap — his spirits (metaphorically and literally) failed him; he had not the heart to drink, he sickened and died.

and heroic, in a warrior of her own race, whose gait and garb and bravery he emulates, with all that is gallant and glorious in the white man." There is but one cause for this phenomenon; the "imbelles Indi" are still, with few exceptions*, a cowardly and slavish people, who would raise themselves by depreciating those superior to them in the scale of the creation. The Afghans and American aborigines, being chivalrous races, rather exaggerate the valour of their foes, because by so doing they exalt their own.†

* The Rajputs, for instance, "whose land has ever been the focus of Indian chivalry, and the home of Indian heroes."

† As my support against the possible, or rather the probable imputation of "extreme opinions," I hold up the honored name of the late Sir Henry Elliot (Preface to the Biographical Index to the Historians of Mohammedan India).

"These idle vapourers (bombastic Baboos, and other such political ranters) would learn that the sacred spark of patriotism is exotic here, and can never fall on a mine that can explode; for history will show them that certain peculiarities of physical, as well as moral organisation, neither to be strengthened by diet nor improved by education, have hitherto prevented their ever attempting a national independence; which will continue to exist to them but as a name, and as an offscouring of college declamations."

## CHAP. IV.

### LIFE IN THE WAKALEH.

The "Wakaleh," as the Caravanserai or Khan is called in Egypt, combines the offices of hotel, lodging-house, and store. It is at Cairo, as at Constantinople, a massive pile of buildings surrounding a quadrangular "Hosh" or court-yard. On the ground-floor are rooms like caverns for merchandise, and shops of different kinds — tailors, cobblers, bakers, tobacconists, fruiterers, and others. A roofless gallery or a covered verandah, into which all the apartments open, runs round the first and sometimes the second story; the latter, however, is usually exposed to the sun and wind. The accommodations consist of sets of two or three rooms, generally an inner one and an outer; this contains a hearth for cooking, a bathing-place, and similar necessaries. The staircases are high, narrow, and exceedingly dirty, dark at night and often in bad repair; a goat or donkey is tethered upon the different landings; here and there a fresh skin is stretched in process of tanning, and the smell reminds the veteran traveller of those closets in the old French inns where cats used to be prepared for playing the part of jugged hare. The interior is unfurnished; even the pegs upon which clothes are hung have been pulled down for firewood: the walls are bare but for stains, thick cobwebs depend in festoons from the blackened rafters of the ceiling, and the stone floor would disgrace a civilised prison: the windows are huge apertures carefully barred with wood or iron, and in rare places show remains of glass or paper pasted over the

framework. In the court-yard the poorer sort of travellers consort with tethered beasts of burden, beggars howl, and the slaves lie basking and scratching themselves upon mountainous heaps of cotton bales and other merchandise.

This is not a tempting picture, yet is the Wakaleh a most amusing place, presenting a succession of scenes which would delight lovers of the Dutch school — a rich exemplification of the grotesque, and what is called by our artists the "dirty picturesque."

I could find no room in the Wakaleh Khan Khalil (the Long's, or Meurice's, of native Cairo); I was therefore obliged to put up with the Jemaliyeh, a Greek quarter, swarming with drunken Christians, and therefore about as fashionable as Oxford Street or Covent Garden. Even for this I had to wait a week. The pilgrims were flocking to Cairo, and to none other would the prudent hotel keepers open their doors, for the following sufficient reasons. When you enter a Wakaleh, the first thing you have to do is to pay a small sum, varying from two to five shillings, for the Miftah (the key). This is generally equivalent to a month's rent; so the sooner you leave the house the better for it. I was obliged to call myself a Turkish pilgrim in order to get possession of two most comfortless rooms, which I afterwards learned were celebrated for making travellers ill, and I had to pay eighteen piastres for the key and eighteen ditto per mensem for rent, besides five piastres to the man who swept and washed the place. So that for this month my house hire amounted to nearly four-pence a day.

But I was fortunate enough in choosing the Jemaliyeh Wakaleh, for I found a friend there. On board the steamer a fellow-voyager, seeing me sitting alone and therefore as he conceived in discomfort, placed himself by my side and opened a hot fire of kind inquiries. He was a man about forty-five, of middle size, with a large round

head closely shaven, a bull-neck, limbs sturdy as a Saxon's, a thin red beard, and handsome features beaming with benevolence. A curious dry humour he had, delighting in "quizzing," but in so quiet, solemn, and quaint a way that before you knew him you could scarcely divine his drift.

"Thank Allah, we carry a doctor!" said my friend more than once, with apparent fervour of gratitude, after he had discovered my profession. I was fairly taken by the pious ejaculation, and some days elapsed before the drift of his remark became apparent.

"You doctors," he explained when we were more intimate, "what do you do? a man goes to you for ophthalmia. It is a purge, a blister, and a drop on the eye! Is it for fever? well! a purge and Kinakina (quinine). For dysentery? a purge and extract of opium. Wallah! I am as good a physician as the best of you," he would add with a broad grin, "if I only knew the Dirhambirhams*, and a few break-jaw Arabic names of diseases."

Haji Wali† therefore emphatically advised me to make bread by honestly teaching languages. "We are doctor-ridden," said he, and I found it was the case.

When we lived under the same roof, the Haji and I became fast friends. During the day we called on each other frequently, we dined together, and passed the evening in a Mosque, or some other place of public pastime. Coyly at first, but less guardedly as we grew bolder, we smoked the forbidden weed "Hashish‡," conversing

* The second is an imitative word, called in Arabic grammar Tabi, as "Zayd Bayd," "Zayd and others"; so used, it denotes contempt for drachms and similar parts of drug-craft.

† The familiar abbreviation of Wali el din: this was the name assumed by the enterprising traveller Dr. Wallin.

‡ By the Indians called Bhang, the Persians Bang, and the natives of Barbary, I believe, Fasukh. The Hottentots use it, and even the Siberians, we are told, intoxicate themselves by the vapour of this seed thrown upon

lengthily the while about that world of which I had seen so much. Originally from Russia, he also had been a traveller, and in his wanderings had cast off most of the prejudices of his people. "I believe in Allah and his Prophet, and in nothing else," was his sturdy creed; he rejected alchemy, genii and magicians, and truly he had a most unoriental distaste for tales of wonder. When I entered the Wakaleh, he constituted himself my Cicerone, and especially guarded me against the cheating of tradesmen. By his advice I laid aside the Dervish's gown, the large blue pantaloons, and the short shirt, in fact all connection with Persia and the Persians. "If you persist in being an Ajemi," said the Haji, "you will get yourself into trouble; in Egypt you will be cursed, in Arabia you will be beaten because you are a heretic, you will pay the treble of what other travellers do, and if you fall sick you may die by the road-side." After long deliberation about the choice of nations I became a Pathan.* Born in India of Afghan parents, who had settled in the country, educated at Rangoon, and sent out to wander, as men of that race frequently are, from early youth, I was well guarded against the danger of detection by a fellow-countryman. To support the character requires a knowledge of Persian,

red-hot stones. Egypt surpasses all other nations in the variety of compounds into which this fascinating drug enters, and will one day probably supply the Western world with "Indian hemp," when its solid merits are duly appreciated. At present in Europe it is chiefly confined, as cognac and opium used to be, to the apothecary's shelves. Some adventurous individuals at Paris, after the perusal of Monte Christo, attempted an "orgie" in one of the Cafés, but with poor success.

* The Indian name of an Afghan, supposed to be a corruption of the Arabic Fathan (a conqueror), or a derivation from the Hindostani paithna, to penetrate (into the hostile ranks). It is an honorable term in Arabia, where "Khurasani" (a native of Khorassan) leads men to suspect a Persian, and the other generic appellation of the Afghan tribes "Sulaymani" (a descendant from Solomon), reminds the people of their proverb, "Sulaymani harami," "the Afghans are ruffians."

Hindostani, and Arabic, all of which I knew sufficiently well to pass muster; any trifling inaccuracy was charged upon my long residence at Rangoon. This was an important step: the first question at the shop, on the camel, and in the Mosque, is "What is thy name?" the second "Whence comest thou?" This is not generally impertinent, or intended to be annoying; if, however, you see any evil intention in the questioner, you may rather roughly ask him, "What may be his maternal parent's name"— equivalent to inquiring, Anglicè, in what church his mother was married — and escape your difficulties under cover of a storm. But this is rarely necessary. I assumed the polite pliant manners of an Indian physician, and the dress of a small Effendi*, still, however, representing myself to be a Dervish, and frequenting the places where Dervishes congregate. "What business," asked the Haji, "have those reverend men with politics or statistics, or any of the information which you are collecting? Call yourself a religious wanderer if you like, and let those who ask the object of your peregrinations know that you are under a vow to visit all the holy places in Islam. Thus you will persuade them that you are a man of rank under a cloud, and you will receive much more civility than perhaps you deserve," concluded my friend with a dry laugh. The remark proved his sagacity, and after ample experience I had not to repent having been guided by his advice.

Haji Wali, by profession a merchant at Alexandria, had accompanied Khudabakhsh the Indian, to Cairo, on law-business. He soon explained his affairs to me, and as his case brought out certain oriental peculiarities in a striking light, with his permission I offer a few of its details.

My friend was defendant in a suit instituted against

* Gentleman.

him in our Consular court by one Mohammed Shafia, a scoundrel of the first water. This man lived, and lived well, by setting up in business at places where his name was not known; he enticed the unwary by artful displays of capital, and after succeeding in getting credit, he changed residence, carrying off all he could lay hands upon. But swindling is a profession of personal danger in uncivilised countries, where law punishes pauper debtors by a short imprisonment; and the cheated parties prefer to gratify their revenge by the staff or the knife. So Mohammed Shafia, after a few narrow escapes, hit upon a prime expedient. Though known to be a native of Bokhara — he actually signed himself so in his letters — and his appearance at once bespoke his origin, he determined to protect himself by a British passport. Our officials are sometimes careless enough in distributing these documents, and by so doing, they expose themselves to a certain loss of reputation at Eastern courts*; still Mohammed Shafia found some difficulties in effecting his fraud. To recount all his Reynardisms would weary the reader; suffice it to say that by proper management of the subalterns in the consulate, he succeeded without ruining himself. Armed with this new defence, he

* For the simple reason that no Eastern power confers such an obligation except for value received. In old times, when official honor was not so rigorous as it is now, the creditors of Eastern powers and principalities would present high sums to British Residents and others for the privilege of being enrolled in the list of their subjects or servants. This they made profitable; for their claims, however exorbitant, when backed by a name of fear, were certain to be admitted, unless the Resident's conscience would allow of his being persuaded by weightier arguments of a similar nature to abandon his protégé.

It is almost needless to remark that nothing of the kind can occur in the present day, and at the same time that throughout the Eastern world it is firmly believed that such things are of daily occurrence. Ill fame descends to distant generations; whilst good deeds, if they blossom, as we are told, in the dust, are at least as short lived as they are sweet.

started boldly for Jeddah on the Arabian coast. Having entered into partnership with Haji Wali, whose confidence he had won by prayers, fastings, and pilgrimages, he openly trafficked in slaves, sending them to Alexandria for sale, and writing with matchless impudence to his correspondent that he would dispose of them in person, but for fear of losing his passport.

Presently an unlucky adventure embroiled this worthy British subject with Faraj Yusuf, the principal merchant of Jeddah, and also an English protégé. Fearing so powerful an adversary, Mohammed Shafia packed up his spoils and departed for Egypt. Presently he quarrels with his former partner, thinking him a soft man, and claims from him a debt of 165*l.* He supports his pretensions by a document and four witnesses, who are ready to swear that the receipt in question was "signed, sealed, and delivered" by Haji Wali. The latter adduces his books to show that accounts have been settled, and can prove that the witnesses in question are paupers, therefore, not legal, and moreover, that each has received from the plaintiff two dollars, the price of perjury.

Now had such a suit been carried into a Turkish court of justice, it would very sensibly have been settled by the bastinado, for Haji Wali was a respectable merchant, and Mohammed Shafia a notorious swindler. But the latter was a British subject, which notably influenced the question. The more to annoy his adversary, he went up to Cairo, and began proceedings there, hoping by this acute step to receive part payment of his demand.

Arrived at Cairo Mohammed Shafia applied himself stoutly to the task of bribing all who could be useful to him, distributing shawls and piastres with great generosity. He secured the services of an efficient lawyer, and, determining to enlist heaven itself in his cause, he

passed the Ramazan ostentatiously, he fasted, and he slaughtered sheep to feed the poor.

Meanwhile Haji Wali, a simple truth-telling man, who could never master the rudiments of that art, which teaches man to blow hot and to blow cold with the same breath, had been persuaded to visit Cairo by Khudabakhsh, the wily Indian, who promised to introduce him to influential persons, and to receive him in his house till he could provide himself with a lodging at the Wakaleh. But Mohammed Shafia, who had once been in partnership with the Indian, and possibly knew more than was fit to meet the public ear, found this out, and, partly by begging, partly by bullying, persuaded Khudabakhsh to transfer the influential introductions to himself. Then the Hakim Abdullah — your humble servant — appears upon the scene: he has travelled in Feringistan, he has seen many men and their cities, he becomes an intimate and an adviser of the Haji, and he finds out evil passages in Mohammed Shafia's life. Upon which Khudabakhsh ashamed, or rather afraid of his duplicity, collects his Indian friends. The Hakim Abdullah draws up a petition addressed to Mr. Walne, the British consul, by the Indian merchants and others resident at Cairo, informing him of Mohammed Shafia's birth, character, and occupation as a vendor of slaves, offering proof of all assertions, and praying him for the sake of their good name to take away his passport. And all the Indians affix their seals to this paper. Then Mohammed Shafia threatens to waylay and to beat the Haji. The Haji, not loud or hectoringly, but with a composed smile, advises his friends to hold him off.

One would suppose that such a document would have elicited some inquiry.

But Haji Wali was a Persian protégé, and proceedings between the consulates had commenced before the peti-

tion was presented. The pseudo-British subject, having been acknowledged as a real one, must be supported. Consuls, like kings, may err, but must not own to error. No notice was taken of the Indian petition; worse still, no inquiry into the slave-affair was set on foot*, and it was discovered that the passport having been granted by a consul-general could not with official etiquette be resumed by a consul. Yet at the time there was at Alexandria an acting consul-general, to whom the case could with strict propriety have been referred.

Thus matters were destined to proceed as they began. Mohammed Shafia had offered 5,000 piastres to the Persian consul's interpreter; this of course was refused, but still some how or other all the Haji's affairs seemed to go wrong. His statements were mistranslated, his accounts were misunderstood, and the suit was allowed to drag on to a suspicious length. When I left Cairo in July Haji Wali had been kept away nearly two months from his business and family, though both parties — for the plaintiff's purse was rapidly thinning — appeared eager to settle the difference by arbitration; when I returned from Arabia in October matters were almost in statu quo antè, and when I started for India in January, the proceedings had not closed.

* It may be as well to remark that our slave laws require reform throughout the East, their severity, like Draco's Code, defeating their purpose. In Egypt, for instance, they require modification. Constitute the offence a misdemeanour, not a felony, inflict a fine (say 100*l.*), half of which should be given to the informer, and make the imprisonment either a short one, or, what would be better still, let it be done away with, except in cases of non-payment; and finally, let the consul or some other magistrate residing at the place have power to inflict the penalty of the law, instead of being obliged, as at present, to transmit offenders to Malta for trial.

As the law now stands, our officials are unwilling to carry its rigors into effect; they therefore easily lend an ear to the standard excuse — ignorance — in order to have an opportunity of decently dismissing a man, with a warning not to do it again.

Such is a brief history, but too common, of a case in which the subject of an Eastern state has to contend against British influence. It is doubtless a point of honor to defend our protégés from injustice, but the higher principle should rest upon the base of common honesty. The worst part of such a case is, that the injured party has no redress.

> "Fiat *in*justitia, ruat cœlum,"

is the motto of his "natural protectors," who would violate every law to gratify the false pride of a petty English official. And, saving the rare exceptions where rank or wealth command consideration, with what face, to use the native phrase, would a hapless Turk appeal to the higher powers, our ministers or our Parliament?

After lodging myself in the Wakaleh, my first object was to make a certain stir in the world. In Europe your travelling doctor advertises the loss of a diamond ring, the gift of a Russian autocrat, or he monopolises a whole column in a newspaper, feeing perhaps a title for the use of a signature; the large brass plate, the gold-headed cane, the rattling chariot, and the summons from the sermon complete the work. Here, there is no such royal road to medical fame. You must begin by sitting with the porter, who is sure to have blear eyes, into which you drop a little nitrate of silver, whilst you instil into his ear the pleasing intelligence that you never take a fee from the poor. He recovers; his report of you spreads far and wide, crowding your doors with paupers. They come to you as though you were their servant, and when cured, turn their backs upon you for ever. Hence it is that European doctors generally complain of ingratitude on the part of their Oriental patients. It is true that if you save a man's life he naturally asks you for the means of preserving it. Moreover, in none of the Eastern lan-

guages with which I am acquainted, is there a single term conveying the meaning of our "gratitude," and none but the Germans* have ideas unexplainable by words. But you must not condemn this absence of a virtue without considering the cause. An Oriental deems that he has a right to your surplus. "Daily bread is divided" (by heaven), he asserts, and eating yours, he considers it his own. Thus it is with other things. He is thankful to Allah for the gifts of the Creator, but he has a claim to the good offices of a fellow creature. In rendering him a service you have but done your duty, and he would not pay you so poor a compliment as to praise you for the act. He leaves you, his benefactor, with a short prayer for the length of your days. "Thank you," being expressed by "Allah increase thy weal!" or the selfish wish that your shadow (with which you protect him and his fellows) may never be less. And this is probably the last you hear of him.

There is a discomfort in such proceedings, a reasonable, a metaphysical coldness, uglily contrasting in theory with the genial warmth which a little more heart would infuse into them. In theory, I say, not in practice. What can be more troublesome than, when you have obliged a man, to run the gauntlet of his and his family's thanksgivings,—to find yourself become a master from being a friend, a great man when you were an equal; not to be contradicted, where shortly before every one gave his opinion freely? You must be unamiable if these considerations deter you from benefiting your friend, yet, I humbly opine, you still may fear his gratefulness.

To resume. When the mob has raised you to fame,

* Johann Gottlieb Fichte expressly declares that the scope of his system has never been explained by words, and that it even admits not of being so explained. To make his opinions intelligible, he would express them by a system of figures each of which must have a known and positive value.

patients of a better class will slowly appear on the scene. After some coquetting about "etiquette," whether you are to visit them, or they are to call upon you, they make up their minds to see you, and to judge with their eyes whether you are to be trusted or not; whilst you, on your side, set out with the determination that they shall at once cross the Rubicon,—in less classical phrase, swallow your drug. If you visit the house, you insist upon the patient's servants attending you; he must also provide and pay an ass for your conveyance, no matter if it be only to the other side of the street. Your confidential man accompanies you, primed for replies to the "fifty searching questions" of the "servants' hall." You are lifted off the saddle tenderly, as nurses dismount their charges, when you arrive at the gate, and you waddle up stairs with dignity. Arrived at the sick room, you salute those present with a general "peace be upon you!" to which they respond, "and upon thee be the peace and the mercy of Allah, and his blessing!" To the invalid you say, "There is nothing the matter, please Allah, except the health;" to which the proper answer—for here every sign of ceremony has its countersign * — is, "may Allah give thee health!" You then sit down, and acknowledge the presence of the company by raising your right hand to your lips and forehead, bowing the while circularly; each individual returns the civility by a similar gesture. Then inquiry about the state of your health ensues. Then you are asked what refreshment you will take: you studiously mention something not likely to be in the house, but at last you rough it with a pipe and a cup of coffee. Then you proceed to the patient, who extends his wrist, and asks you what his complaint is. Then you examine his tongue, you feel his pulse, you look learned, and — he is

* M. C. de Perceval (Arabic Grammar) and Lane (Mod. Egyptians, Chapter 8. *et passim*) give specimens.

talking all the time — after hearing a detailed list of all his ailments, you gravely discover them, taking for the same as much praise to yourself as does the practising phrenologist, for a similar simple exercise of the reasoning faculties. The disease, to be respectable, must invariably be connected with one of the four temperaments, or the four elements, or the "humors of Hippocrates." Cure is easy, but it will take time, and you, the doctor, require attention; any little rudeness it is in your power to punish by an alteration in the pill, or the powder, and, so unknown is professional honor, that none will brave your displeasure. If you would pass for a native practitioner, you must then proceed to a most uncomfortable part of your visit, bargaining for fees. Nothing more effectually arouses suspicion than disinterestedness in a doctor. I once cured a rich Hazramaut merchant of rheumatism, and neglected to make him pay for treatment; he carried off one of my coffee cups, and was unceasingly wondering where I came from. So I made him produce five piastres, a shilling, which he threw upon the carpet, cursing Indian avarice. "You will bring on another illness," said my friend, the Haji, when he heard of it. Properly speaking, the fee for a visit to a respectable man is 20 piastres, but with the rich patient you begin by making a bargain. He complains, for instance, of dysentery and sciatica. You demand 10*l.* for the dysentery, and 20*l.* for the sciatica. But you will rarely get it. The Eastern pays a doctor's bill as an Irishman does his "rint," making a grievance of it. Your patient will show indisputable signs of convalescence: he will laugh and jest half the day; but the moment you appear, groans and a lengthened visage, and pretended complaints welcome you. Then your way is to throw out some such hint as

"The world is a carcass, and they who seek it are dogs."

And you refuse to treat the second disorder, which conduct may bring the refractory one to his senses. "Dat Galenus opes," however, is a Western apothegm: the utmost "Jalinus" can do for you here is to provide you with the necessaries and the comforts of life. Whatever you prescribe must be solid and material, and if you accompany it with something painful, such as rubbing unto scarification with a horse brush, so much the better. Easterns, as our peasants in Europe, like the doctor to "give them the value of their money." Besides which rough measures act beneficially upon their imagination. So the Hakim of the King of Persia cured fevers by the bastinado; patients are beneficially baked in a bread-oven at Bagdad; and an Egyptian at Alexandria, whose quartan resisted the strongest appliances of European physic, was effectually healed by the actual cautery, which a certain Arab Shaykh applied to the crown of his head. When you administer with your own hand the remedy—half-a-dozen huge bread pills, dipped in a solution of aloes or cinnamon water, flavoured with assafœtida, which in the case of the dyspeptic rich often suffice, if they will but diet themselves—you are careful to say, "In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful." And after the patient has been dosed, "Praise be to Allah, the Curer, the Healer;" you then call for pen, ink, and paper, and write some such prescription as this:—

"A*.

"In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful, and blessings and peace be upon our Lord the Prophet, and his family, and his companions one and all! But afterwards

* A monogram generally placed at the head of writings. It is the initial letter of "Allah," and the first of the Alphabet, used from time immemorial to denote the origin of creation. "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last."

let him take bees-honey and cinnamon and album græcum, of each half a part, and of ginger a whole part, which let him pound and mix with the honey, and form boluses, each bolus the weight of a Miskal, and of it let him use every day a Miskal on the saliva.* Verily its effects are wonderful. And let him abstain from flesh, fish, vegetables, sweetmeats, flatulent food, acids of all descriptions, as well as the major ablution, and live in perfect quiet. So shall he be cured by the help of the King the Healer.† And the peace."‡

The diet, I need scarcely say, should be rigorous; nothing has tended more to bring the European system of medicine into contempt among orientals than our inattention to this branch of the therapeutic art. When an Indian takes cathartic medicine, he prepares himself for it by diet and rest two or three days before its adhibition, and as gradually, after the dose, he relapses into his usual habits; if he break though the régime it is concluded that fatal results must ensue. The ancient Egyptians we learn from Herodotus devoted a certain number of days in each month to the use of alteratives, and the period was consecutive, doubtless in order to graduate the strength of the medicine. The Persians, when under salivation, shut themselves up in a warm room, never undress, and so carefully guard against cold that they even drink tepid water. When the Afghan princes find it necessary to employ Chob-Chini, (the Jin-seng §, or China root so

* "Al' ar-rik," that is to say, fasting — the first thing in the morning.

† The Almighty. ‡ W'as-salam, *i. e.* adieu.

§ From M. Huc we learn that Jin-seng is the most considerable article of Manchurian commerce, and that throughout China, there is no chemist's shop unprovided with more or less of it. He adds, "the Chinese report marvels of the Jing-seng, and no doubt it is for Chinese organisation a tonic of very great effect for old and weak persons; but its nature is too heating, the Chinese physicians admit, for the European temperament, already in their opinion too hot. The price is enormous, and doubtless its dearness contributes with a people like the Chinese to raise its

celebrated as a purifier, tonic, and aphrodisiac) they choose the spring season; they remove to a garden, where flowers and trees and bubbling streams soothe their senses; they carefully avoid fatigue and trouble of all kinds, and will not even hear a letter read, lest it should contain bad news.

When the prescription is written out, you affix an impression of your ring seal to the beginning and the end of it, that no one may be able to add to or to take from its contents. And when you send medicine to a patient of rank, who is sure to have enemies, you adopt some similar

celebrity so high. The rich and the Mandarins probably use it only because it is above the reach of other people, and out of pure ostentation."

It is the principal tonic used throughout central Asia, and was well known in Europe when Sarsaparilla arose to dispute with it the palm of popularity. In India, Persia, and Afghanistan, it is called chob-chini, —the "Chinese wood." The preparations are in two forms, Sufuf, or powder, and Kahwah, or decoction. The former is compound of Radix China Orient. with gum mastich and sugar-candy, equal parts; about a dram of this compound is taken once a day, early in the morning. For the decoction one ounce of fine parings is boiled for a quarter of an hour in a quart of water. When the liquid assumes a red color it is taken off the fire and left to cool.

Furthermore there are two methods of adhibiting the chob-chini: Band and Khola. The first is when the patient confines himself to a garden, listening to music, enjoying the breeze, the song of birds, and the bubbling of a flowing stream. He avoids everything likely to trouble and annoy him; and the doctor forbids any one to contradict him. Some grandees in central Asia will go through a course of forty days every second year: it reminds one of Epicurus' style of treatment,—the downy bed, the garlands of flowers, the good wine, and the beautiful singing girl, and is doubtless at least as efficacious in curing as the sweet relaxation of Grafenberg or Malvern. So says Socrates, according to the Anatomist of Melancholy,

"Oculum non curabis sine toto capite,
Nec caput sine toto corpore,
Nec totum corpus sine animo."

The "Khola" signifies that you take the tonic without other precautions than the avoiding acids, salt, and pepper, and choosing summer time, as cold is supposed to induce rheumatism.

precaution against the box or the bottle being opened. One of the Pachas whom I attended, — a brave soldier who had been a favourite with Mohammed Ali, and therefore was degraded by his successor, — kept an impression of my ring in wax, to compare with that upon the phials. Men have not forgotten how frequently, in former times, those who became obnoxious to the state were seized with sudden and fatal cramps in the stomach. In the case of the doctor it is common prudence to adopt these precautions, as all evil consequences would be charged upon him, and he would be exposed to the family's revenge.

Cairo, though abounding in medical practitioners, can still support more; but they must be Indians, or Chinese, or Maghrabis to thrive. The Egyptians are thoroughly disgusted with European treatment, which is here about as efficacious as in India — that is to say, not at all. But they are ignorant of the medicine of Hind, and therefore great is its name; deservedly perhaps, for skill in simples and dietetics. Besides which the Indian may deal in charms and spells, — things to which the latitude gives such force that even Europeans learn to put faith in them. The traveller who, on the banks of the Seine, scoffs at Sights and Sounds, Table-turning and Spirit-rapping, in the wilds of Tartary and Thibet sees a something supernatural and diabolical in the bungling Sie-fa of the Bokte.* Some sensible men, who pass for philosophers among their friends, have been caught by the incantations of the turbaned and bearded Cairo magician. In our West African

* Certain Lamas who, we learn from M. Huc, perform famous Sie-fa, or supernaturalisms, such as cutting open the abdomen, licking red-hot irons, making incisions in various parts of the body, which an instant afterwards leave no trace behind, &c. &c. The devil may "have a great deal to do with the matter" in Tartary, for all I know; but I can assure M. Huc, that the Rufia Dervishes in India and the Saadiyah at Cairo perform exactly the same feats. Their jugglery, seen through the smoke of incense, and amidst the enthusiasm of a crowd, is tolerably dexterous, and no more.

colonies the phrase "growing black," was applied to colonists, who, after a term of residence, became thoroughly imbued with the superstitions of the land. And there are not wanting old English Indians, intelligent men, that place firm trust in tales and tenets too puerile even for the Hindus to believe. As a "Hindi" I could use animal magnetism, taking care, however, to give the science a specious supernatural appearance. Haji Wali, who, professing positive scepticism, showed the greatest interest in the subject, as a curiosity, advised me not to practise pure mesmerism; otherwise, that I should infallibly become a "Companion of Devils." "You must call this an Indian secret," said my friend, "for it is clear that you are no Mashaikh*, and people will ask, where are your drugs, and what business have you with charms?" It is useless to say that I followed his counsel; yet patients would consider themselves my Murids, and delighted in kissing the hand of the Sahib Nafas† or minor saint.

The Haji repaid me for my docility by vaunting me everywhere as the very phœnix of physicians. My first successes were in the Wakaleh; opposite to me there lived an Arab slave dealer, whose Abyssinians constantly fell sick. A tender race, they suffer when first transported to Egypt from many complaints, especially consumption, dysentery and varicose veins. I succeeded in

* A holy man. The word has a singular signification in a plural form, "honoris causâ."

† A title literally meaning the "Master of Breath," one who can cure ailments, physical as well as spiritual, by breathing upon them — a practice well known to mesmerists. The reader will allow me to observe (in self-defence, otherwise he might look suspiciously upon so credulous a narrator), that when speaking of animal magnetism, as a thing established, I allude to the lower phenomena, rejecting the discussion of all disputed points, as the existence of a magnetic Aura, and of all its unintelligibilities — Prevision, Introvision, and other divisions of Clairvoyance.

curing one girl. As she was worth at least fifteen pounds, the gratitude of her owner was great, and I had to dose half a dozen others in order to cure them of the pernicious and price-lowering habit of snoring. Living in rooms opposite these slave girls, and seeing them at all hours of the day and night, I had frequent opportunities of studying them. They were average specimens of the steatopygous Abyssinian breed, broad-shouldered, thin-flanked, fine-limbed, and with haunches of a prodigious size. None of them had handsome features, but the short curly hair that stands on end being concealed under a kerchief, there was something pretty in the brow, eyes and upper part of the nose, coarse and sensual in the pendent lips, large jowl and projecting mouth, whilst the whole had a combination of piquancy with sweetness. Their style of flirtation was peculiar.

"How beautiful thou art, O Maryam!—what eyes!—what—"

"Then why,"—would respond the lady—"don't you buy me?"

"We are of one faith—of one creed—formed to form each other's happiness."

"Then why don't you buy me?"

"Conceive, O Maryam, the blessing of two hearts—"

"Then why don't you buy me?"

and so on. Most effectual gag to Cupid's eloquence! Yet was not the plain-spoken Maryam's reply without its moral. How often is it our fate in the West, as in the East, to see in bright eyes and to hear from rosy lips an implied, if not an expressed, "Why don't you buy me?" or, worse still, "Why can't you buy me?"

All I required in return for my services from the slave dealer, whose brutal countenance and manners were truly repugnant, was to take me about the town, and explain to me certain mysteries in his craft, which knowledge might

be useful in time to come. Little did he suspect who his interrogator was, and freely in his unsuspiciousness he entered upon the subject of slave hunting in the Somali country, and Zanzibar, of all things the most interesting to me.

I have nothing new to report concerning the present state of bondsmen in Egypt. England has already learned that slaves are not necessarily the most wretched and degraded of men. Some have been bold enough to tell the British public, that, in the generality of Oriental countries*, the serf fares far better than the servant, or indeed than the poorer orders of freemen. "The laws of Mahomet enjoin his followers to treat slaves with the greatest mildness, and the Moslems are in general scrupulous observers of the Prophet's recommendation. Slaves are considered members of the family, and in houses where free servants are kept besides, they seldom do any other work than filling the pipes, presenting the coffee, accompanying their master when going out, rubbing his feet when he takes his nap in the afternoon, and driving away the flies from him. When a slave is not satisfied, he can legally compel his master to sell him. He has no care for food, lodging, clothes and washing, and has no taxes to pay; he is exempt from military service and soccage, and in spite of his bondage is freer than the freest Fellah in Egypt."† This is, I believe, a true statement, but of

* In the generality, not in all. Nothing, for instance, can be more disgraceful to human nature than the state of prædial slavery, or serfs attached to the glebe, when Malabar was under the dominion of the "mild Hindu." And as a rule in the East it is only the domestic slaves who taste the sweets of slavery. Yet there is truth in Sonnini's terrible remark: "The severe treatment under which the slaves languish in the West Indies is the shameful prerogative of civilisation, and is unknown to those nations among whom barbarism is reported to hold sway." (Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt, vol. ii.)

† The author has forgotten to mention one of the principal advantages

course it in nowise affects the question of slavery in the abstract. A certain amount of reputation was the consequence of curing the Abyssinian girls: my friend Haji Wali carefully told the news to all the town, and before fifteen days were over, I found myself obliged to decline extending a practice which threatened me with fame.

Servants are most troublesome things to all Englishmen in Egypt, but especially to one travelling as a respectable native, and therefore expected to have slaves. After much deliberation, I resolved to take a Berberi *, and accordingly summoned a Shaykh — there is a Shaykh for every thing down to thieves in Asia — and made known my want. The list of sine quâ nons was necessarily rather extensive, — good health and a readiness to travel anywhere, a little skill in cooking, sewing and washing, willingness to fight, and a habit of regular prayers. After a day's delay the Shaykh brought me a specimen of his choosing, a broad-shouldered, bandy-legged fellow, with the usual bull-dog expression of the Berberis, in his case rendered doubly expressive by the drooping of an eyelid —an accident brought about with acrid juice in order to avoid conscription. He responded sturdily to all my questions. Some Egyptian donkey boys and men were

of slaves, namely, the prospect of arriving at the highest rank of the empire. The Pacha of the Syrian caravan with which I travelled to Damascus, had been the slave of a slave, and he is but a solitary instance of cases perpetually occurring in all Moslem lands. "*C'est un homme de bonne famille,*" said a Turkish officer in Egypt, "*il a été acheté.*"

* A "Barbarian" from Nubia and Upper Egypt. Some authorities, Mr. Lane for instance, attribute the good reputation of these people to their superior cunning. Sonnini says, "they are intelligent and handy servants, but knaves." Others believe in them. As far as I could find out, they were generally esteemed more honest than the Egyptians, and they certainly possess a certain sense of honor, unknown to their northern brethren. "Berberi" is a term of respect; "Masri," (corrupted from Misri,) in the mouth of a Bedouin or an Arab of Arabia is a reproach. "He shall be called an Egyptian," means "he shall belong to a degraded race."

making a noise in the room at the time, and the calm ferocity with which he ejected them commanded my approval. When a needle, thread, and an unhemmed napkin were handed to him, he sat down, held the edge of the cloth between his big toe and its neighbour, and finished the work in quite a superior style. Walking out he armed himself with a Kurbaj, which he used, now lightly, then heavily, upon all laden animals, biped and quadruped, that came in the way. His conduct proving equally satisfactory in the kitchen, after getting security from him, and having his name registered by the Shaykh*, I closed with him for eighty piastres a month. But Ali the Berberi and I were destined to part. Before a fortnight he stabbed his fellow servant — a Surat lad, who wishing to return home forced his services upon me, and for this trick he received, with his dismissal, 400 blows on the feet by order of the Zabit, or police magistrate. After this I tried a number of servants, Egyptians, Saidi†, and clean and unclean eating‡ Berberis. Recommended

* Who becomes responsible, and must pay for any theft his protégé may commit. Berberis being generally "les Suisses," of respectable establishments are expected to be honest. But I can assert from experience, that, as a native, you will never recover the value of a stolen article, without having recourse to the police. For his valuable security, the Shaykh demands a small fee (7 or 8 piastres), which, despite the urgent remonstrances of protector and protégé, you deduct from the latter's wages. The *question of pay is momentous*; *too much always spoils a good servant, too* little leaves you without one. An Egyptian of the middle class would pay his Berberi about 40 piastres a month, besides board, lodging, some small perquisites, and presents on certain occasions. This, however, will not induce a man to travel, especially to cross the sea.

† A man from the Said or Upper Egypt.

‡ A favourite way of annoying the Berberis is to repeat the saying, "we have eaten the clean, we have eaten the unclean,"—meaning that they are by no means cunning in the difference between right and wrong, pure and impure. I will relate the origin of the saying, as I heard it differently from Mansfield Parkyns (Life in Abyssinia, chap. 31.).

A Berberi, said my informant, had been carefully fattening a fine sheep

by different Shaykhs all had some fatal defect — one cheated recklessly, another robbed me, a third drank, a fourth was always in scrapes for infringing the Julian edict, and the last, a long-legged Nubian, after remaining two days in the house, dismissed me for expressing a determination to travel by sea from Suez to Yambu. I kept one man; he complained that he was worked to death: two—they did nothing but fight; and three—they left me, as Mr. Elwes said of old, to serve myself. At last, thoroughly tired of Egyptian domestics, and one servant being really sufficient for comfort, as well as suitable to my assumed rank, I determined to keep only the Indian boy. He had all the defects of his nation; a brave at Cairo, he was an arrant coward at El Medinah: the Bedouins despised him heartily for his effeminacy in making his camel kneel to dismount, and he could not keep his hands from picking and stealing. But the choice had its advantages: his swarthy skin and chubby features made the Arabs always call him an Abyssinian slave, which, as it favoured my disguise, I did not care to contradict; he served well, was amenable to discipline, and, being completely dependent upon me, was therefore less likely to watch and especially to prate about my proceedings. As master and man we performed the pilgrimage together; but, on my return to Egypt after the pilgrimage,

for a feast, when his cottage was burnt by an accident. In the ashes he found roasted meat, which looked tempting to a hungry man: he called his neighbours, and all sat down to make merry over the mishap; presently they came to the head, which proved to be that of a dog, some enemy having doubtless stolen the sheep and put the impure animal in its place. Whereupon, sadly perplexed, all the Berberis went to their priest, and dolefully related the circumstance, expecting absolution, as the offence was involuntary. "You have eaten filth," said the man of Allah. "Well," replied the Berberis, falling upon him with their fists, "filth or not, we have eaten it." The Berberi, I must remark, is the "Paddy" of this part of the world, celebrated for bulls and blunders.

Shaykh Nur, finding me to be a Sahib *, changed for the worse. He would not work, and reserved all his energy for the purpose of pilfering, which he practised so audaciously upon my friends, as well as upon myself, that he could not be kept in the house.

Perhaps the reader may be curious to see the necessary expenses of a bachelor residing at Cairo. He must, observe, however, in the following list that I was not a strict economist, and, besides that, I was a stranger in the country: inhabitants and old settlers would live as well for little more than two-thirds the sum.

| | | Piastres. | Faddeh. |
|---|---|---|---|
| House rent at 18 piastres per mensem | - | 0 | 24 |
| Servant at 80 piastres per do. | - | 2 | 26 |
| Breakfast for self and servant. | 10 eggs - - - | 0 | 5 |
| | Coffee - - - | 0 | 10 |
| | Water melon - - | 1 | 0 |
| | Two rolls of bread - | 0 | 10 |
| Dinner. | 2 lbs. of meat - - | 2 | 20 |
| | Two rolls of bread - | 0 | 10 |
| | Vegetables - - - | 0 | 20 |
| | Rice - - - - | 0 | 5 |
| | Oil and clarified butter- | 1 | 0 |
| Sundries. | A skin of Nile water - | 0 | 0 |
| | Tobacco† - - - | 1 | 0 |
| | Hammam, (hot bath) - | 3 | 20 |
| | Total - | 13 | 30 |

equal to about two shillings and ninepence.

* The generic name given by Indians to English officials.

† There are four kinds of tobacco smoked in Egypt.

The first and best is the well-known Latakia, generally called "Jebeli," either from a small seaport town about three hours' journey south of Latakia, or more probably because grown on the hills near the ancient Laodicea. Pure, it is known by its blackish colour, fine shredding, absence of stalk, and an undescribable odour, to me, resembling that of creosote; the leaf, too, is small, so that when made into cigars it must be covered over with a slip of the yellow Turkish tobacco called Bafrah. Except at the highest houses unadulterated Latakia is not to be had in Cairo. Yet, mixed as it is, no other growth exceeds it in flavour and fragrance. Miss

In these days who at Cairo without a Shaykh? I thought it right to conform to popular custom, and accordingly, after having secured a servant, my efforts were directed to finding a teacher — the pretext being that as

Martineau smoked it, we are told, without inconvenience, and it differs from our Shag, Bird's-eye, and Returns, in degree, as does Château Margeau from a bottle of cheap strong Spanish wine. To bring out its flavour, the connoisseur smokes it in long pipes of cherry, jasmine, maple, or rose-wood, and these require a servant skilled in the arts of cleaning and filling them. The best Jebeli at Cairo costs about seven piastres the pound; after which a small sum must be paid to the *Farram*, or chopper, who prepares it for use.

2nd. Suri (Tyrian), or Shami, or Suryani, grown in Syria, an inferior growth of a lighter colour than Latakia, and with a greenish tinge; when cut, its value is about three piastres per pound. Some smokers mix this leaf with Jebeli, which, to my taste, spoils the flavour of the latter without improving the former. The strongest kind, called Korani or Jebayl, is generally used for *cigarettes*; it costs, when of first-rate quality, about five piastres per pound.

3rd. Tumbak, or Persian tobacco, called Hejazi, because imported from the Hejaz, where everybody smokes it, and supposed to come from Shiraz, Kazerun, and other celebrated places in Persia. It is all but impossible to buy this article unadulterated, except from the caravans returning after the pilgrimage. The Egyptians mix it with native growths, which ruins its flavour, and gives it an acridity that "catches the throat," whereas good Tumbak never yet made a man cough. Yet the taste of this tobacco, even when second-rate, is so fascinating to some smokers that they will use no other. To be used it should be wetted and squeezed, and it is invariably inhaled through water into the lungs: almost every town has its favourite description of pipe, and these are of all kinds, from the pauper's rough cocoa-nut mounted with two reeds, to the prince's golden bowl set with the finest stones. Tumbak is cheap, costing about four piastres a pound, but large quantities of it are used.

4th. Hummi, as the word signifies, a "hot" variety of the Tumbak, grown in Yemen and other countries. It is placed in the tile on the Buri or cocoa-nut pipe, unwetted, and has a very acrid flavour. Being supposed to produce intoxication, or rather a swimming in the head, Hummi gives its votaries a bad name: respectable men answer "no" with rage if asked whether they are smoking it, and when a fellow tells you that he has seen better days, but that now he smokes Hummi in a Buri, you understand him that his misfortunes have affected either his brain or his morality. Hence it is that this tobacco is never put into pipes intended for smoking the other kinds. The price of Hummi is about five piastres per pound.

an Indian doctor I wanted to read Arabic works on medicine, as well as to perfect myself in divinity and pronunciation.* My theological studies were in the Shafei school for two reasons: in the first place, it is the least rigorous of the four orthodox, and, secondly, it most resembles the Shiah heresy, with which long intercourse with Persians had made me familiar.† My choice of doctrine, however, confirmed those around me in their conviction that I was a rank heretic, for the Ajemi, taught by his religion to conceal offensive tenets‡ in lands where the open expression would be dangerous, always represents himself to be a Shafei. This, together with the original mistake of appearing publicly at Alexandria as a Mirza in a Persian dress, caused me infinite small annoyance at Cairo, in spite of all precautions and contrivances. And throughout my journey, even in Arabia, though I drew my knife every time an offensive hint was thrown out, the ill fame clung to me like the shirt of Nessus.

It was not long before I happened to hit upon a proper teacher, in the person of Shaykh Mohammed el Attar, or the druggist. He had known prosperity, having once been a Khatib (preacher) in one of Mohammed Ali's mosques. But H. H. the late Pacha had dismissed him, which disastrous event, with its subsequent train of misfortunes, he dates from the melancholy day when he took to himself a wife. He talks of her abroad as a stern and rigid master dealing with a naughty slave, though, by the

* A study essential to the learned, as, in some particular portions of the Koran, a mispronunciation becomes a sin.

† The Shafei, to quote but one point of similarity, abuse Yezid, the Syrian tyrant who caused the death of the Imam Husayn; this expression of indignation is forbidden by the Hanafi doctors, who rigidly order their disciples to "judge not."

‡ A systematic concealment of doctrine and profession of popular tenets, technically called by the Shiahs "Takiyyah:" the literal meaning of the word is "fear," or "caution."

look that accompanies his rhodomontade, I am convinced that at home he is the very model of "managed men." His dismissal was the reason that compelled him to fall back upon the trade of a druggist, the refuge for the once wealthy, though now destitute, sages of Egypt.

His little shop in the Jemeliyeh Quarter is a perfect gem of Nilotic queerness. A hole pierced in the wall of some house, about five feet long and six deep, it is divided into two compartments separated by a thin partition of wood, and communicating by a kind of arch cut in the boards. The inner box, germ of a back parlour, acts store-house, as the pile of empty old baskets tossed in dusty confusion upon the dirty floor shows. In the front is displayed the stock in trade, a matting full of Persian tobacco and pipe bowls of red clay, a palm-leaf bag, containing vile coffee and large lumps of coarse, whity-brown sugar wrapped up in browner paper. On the shelves and ledges are rows of well-thumbed wooden boxes, labelled with the greatest carelessness, pepper for rhubarb, arsenic for Tafl, or wash-clay, and sulphate of iron where sal ammoniac should be. There is also a square case containing, under lock and key, small change and some choice articles of commerce, damaged perfumes, bad antimony for the eyes, and pernicious rouge. And dangling close above it is a rusty pair of scales, ill poised enough for Egyptian Justice herself to use. To hooks over the shop front are suspended reeds for pipes, tallow candles, dirty wax tapers and cigarette paper; instead of plate-glass windows and brass-handled doors, a ragged net keeps away the flies when the master is in, and the thieves when he goes out to recite in the Hasanayn mosque his daily "Ya Sin."* A wooden shutter which closes down at night-time, and

* One of the most esteemed chapters of the Koran, frequently recited as a Wazifah or daily task by religious Moslems in Egypt.

by day two palm-stick stools intensely dirty and full of fleas, occupying the place of the Mastabah*, which accommodated purchasers, complete the furniture of my preceptor's establishment.

There he sits or rather lies (for verily I believe he sleeps through three fourths of the day), a thin old man, about fifty-eight†, with features once handsome and regular, a sallow face, shaven head, deeply wrinkled cheeks, eyes hopelessly bleared, and a rough grey beard ignorant of oil and comb. His turban, though large, is brown with wear, his coat and small-clothes display many a hole, and though his face and hands must be frequently washed preparatory to devotion, still they have the quality of always looking unclean. It is wonderful how fierce and gruff he is to the little boys and girls who flock to him grasping farthings for pepper and sugar. On such occasions I sit admiring to see him, when forced to exertion, wheel about on his place, making a pivot of that portion of our organisation which mainly distinguishes our species from the other families of the Simiadæ, to reach some distant drawer, or to pull down a case from its accustomed shelf. How does he manage to say his prayers, to kneel and to prostrate himself upon that two feet of ragged rug, scarcely sufficient for a British infant to lie upon? He hopelessly owns that he knows nothing of his craft, and the seats before his shop are seldom occupied. His great pleasure appears to be when the Haji and I sit by him a few

* The Mastabah here is a long earthen bench plastered over with clay, and raised about 2 feet from the ground, so as to bring the purchaser's head to a level with the shop. Mohammed Ali ordered the people to remove them, as they narrowed the streets: their place is now supplied by "Kafas," cages or stools of wicker-work.

† A great age in Lower Egypt, where but few reach the 12th lustre. Even the ancients observed that the old Egyptians, despite their attention to diet and physic, were the most short-lived, and the Britons, despite their barbarism, the longest lived of men.

minutes in the evening, bringing with us pipes, which he assists us to smoke, and ordering coffee, which he insists upon sweetening with a lump of sugar from his little store. There we make him talk and laugh, and occasionally quote a few lines strongly savouring of the jovial: we provoke him to long stories about the love borne him in his student days by the great and holy Shaykh Abdul Rahman, and the antipathy with which he was regarded by the equally great and holy Shaykh Nasr el Din, his memorable single imprisonment for contumacy*, and the temperate but effective lecture, beginning with "O almost entirely destitute of shame!" delivered on that occasion in presence of other under-graduates by the Right Reverend principal of his college. Then we consult him upon matters of doctrine, and quiz him tenderly about his powers of dormition, and flatter him, or rather his age, with such phrases as, "the water from thy hand is of the waters of Zem Zem," or, "we have sought thee to deserve the blessings of the wise upon our undertakings." Sometimes, with interested motives it must be owned, we induce him to accompany us to the Hammam†, where he insists upon

* This is the "imposition" of Oxford and Cambridge.

† The Hammam, or hot bath, being a kind of religious establishment, is one of the class of things—so uncomfortably numerous in Eastern countries—left ala jud'ak, "to thy generosity." Consequently, you are pretty sure to have something disagreeable there, which you would vainly attempt to avoid by liberality. The best way to deal with all such extortioners, with the Lawingi (undresser) of a Cairo Hammam, or the "jarvey" of a London Hansom, is to find out the fare, and never to go beyond it—never to be generous.

The Hammam has been too often noticed to bear another description; one point, however, connected with it I must be allowed to notice. Mr. Lane (Modern Egyptians) asserts that a Moslem should not pray nor recite the Koran in it, as the bath is believed to be a favourite resort of the Ginn. On the contrary it is the custom of some sects to recite a Rukatayn (two-bow) prayer immediately after religious ablution in the hot cistern. This, however, is makruh, or improper without being sinful, to the followers of Abu Hanifah. As a general rule, throughout Islam, the Farz (obligatory)

paying the smallest sum, quarrelling with every thing and every body, and giving the greatest trouble. We are generally his only visitors; acquaintances he appears to have few, and no friends; he must have had them once, for he was rich, but is not so now, so they have fallen away from the poor old man.

When the Shaykh Mohammed sits with me, or I climb up into his little shop for the purpose of receiving a lesson from him, he is quite at his ease, reading when he likes, or making me read, and generally beginning each lecture with some such preamble as this *: —

"Aywa! aywa! aywa!" † "even so, even so, even so! we take refuge with Allah from the Stoned Fiend! In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful, and the blessings of Allah upon our lord Mohammed, and his family, and his companions one and all! Thus saith the author, may Almighty Allah have mercy upon him! 'Section I. of chapter two, upon the orders of prayer,' &c."

He becomes fiercely sarcastic when I differ with him in opinion, especially upon a point of the grammar, or the theology over which his beard has grown grey.

prayers may be recited everywhere, no matter how impure the place may be: but those belonging to the classes sunnat (traditionary) and nafilah (supererogatory) are makruh, though not actually unlawful, in certain localities.

I venture this remark on account of the extreme accuracy of the work referred to. A wonderful contrast to the generality of Oriental books, it amply deserves a revision in the rare places requiring care.

* Europeans so seldom see the regular old Shaykh, whose place is now taken by polite young men educated in England or France, that this scene may be new even to those who have studied of late years on the banks of the Nile.

† This word is often used to signify simply "yes." It is corrupted from Ay' w'allah, "Yes, by Allah." In pure Arabic "ay" or "I" is synonymous with our "yes" or "ay"; and "Allah" in these countries enters somehow into every other phrase.

"Subhan' Allah! Allah be glorified!* What words are these? If thou be right, enlarge thy turban†, and throw away thy drugs, for verily it is better to quicken men's souls than to destroy their bodies, O Abdullah!"

Oriental like he revels in giving good counsel.

"Thou art always writing, O my brave!‡" (this is said on the few occasions when I venture to make a note in my book,) "what evil habit is this? Surely thou hast learned it in the lands of the Frank. Repent!"

He loathes my giving medical advice gratis.

"Thou hast two servants to feed, O my son! The doctors of Egypt never write A, B, without a reward. Wherefore art thou ashamed? Better go and sit upon the mountain § at once, and say thy prayers day and night!"

And finally he is prodigal of preaching upon the subject of household expenses.

"Thy servant did write down 2 lbs. of flesh yesterday! What words are those, O he?‖ Dost thou never say, 'Guard us, Allah, from the sin of extravagance?'"

He delights also in abruptly interrupting a serious subject when it begins to weigh upon his spirits. For instance,

"Now the waters of ablution being of seven different

* This is of course ironical: "Allah be praised for creating such a prodigy of learning as thou art!"

† The larger the turban, the greater are the individual's pretensions to religious knowledge and respectability of demeanour. This is the custom in Egypt, Turkey, Persia, and many other parts of the Moslem world.

‡ Ya gadda, as the Egyptians pronounce it, is used exactly like the "mon brave" of France, and our "my good man."

§ The "mountain" in Egypt and Arabia is what the "jungle" is in India. When informed that "you come from the mountain," you understand that you are considered a mere clodhopper: when asserting that you will "sit upon the mountain," you hint to your hearers an intention of turning anchorite or magician.

‖ Ya hu, a common interpellative, not, perhaps, of the politest description.

kinds, it results that—hast thou a wife? No? Then verily thou must buy thee a female slave, O youth! This conduct is not right, and men will say of thee—Repentance: I take refuge with Allah*—'of a truth his mouth watereth for the spouses of other Moslems.'"

But sometimes he nods over a difficult passage under my very eyes, or he reads it over a dozen times in the wantonness of idleness, or he takes what school-boys call a long "shot" most shamelessly at the signification. When this happens I lose my temper, and raise my voice, and shout, "Verily there is no power nor might save in Allah, the High, the Great!" Then he looks at me, and with passing meekness whispers—

"Fear Allah, O man!"

* A religious formula used when compelled to mention any thing abominable or polluting to the lips of a pious man.

## CHAP. V.

### THE RAMAZAN.

THIS year the Ramazan befel in June, and a fearful infliction was that "blessed month." For the space of sixteen consecutive hours and a quarter, we were forbidden to eat, drink, smoke, snuff, and even to swallow our saliva designedly. I say forbidden, for although the highest orders of Turks* may break the ordinance in strict privacy, popular opinion would condemn any open infraction of it with uncommon severity. In this, as in most human things, how many are there who hold that

> "Pecher en secret n'est pas pecher,
> Ce n'est que l'éclat qui fait le crime."

The middle and lower ranks observe the duties of the season, however arduous, with exceeding zeal: of the many who suffered severely from such total abstinence, I found but one patient who would eat even to save his life. And among the vulgar, sinners who habitually drink when they should pray, will fast and perform their devotions through the Ramazan.

Like the Italian and Greek fasts, the chief effect of the "blessed month" upon True Believers is to darken their tempers into positive gloom. Their voices, never of the softest, acquire, especially after noon, a terribly harsh and

* This class is popularly described as

> "Turco fino
> Mangia porco è beve vino."

creaking tone. The men curse one another* and beat the women. The women slap and abuse the children, and these in their turn cruelly entreat and use bad language to the dogs and cats. You can scarcely spend ten minutes in any populous part of the city without hearing some violent dispute. The "Karakun," or station-houses, are filled with lords who have administered an undue dose of chastisement to their ladies, and with ladies who have scratched, bitten, and otherwise injured the bodies of their lords. The Mosques are crowded with a sulky, grumbling population, making themselves offensive to one another on earth, whilst working their way to heaven; and in the shade, under the outer walls, the little boys who have been expelled the church attempt to forget their miseries in spiritless play. In the bazars and streets, pale long-drawn faces, looking for the most part intolerably cross, catch your eye, and at this season a stranger will sometimes meet with positive incivility. A shopkeeper, for instance, usually says when he rejects an insufficient offer, yaftah Allah, "Allah opens"†: in the Ramazan, he will grumble about the bore of Ghashim ("Johnny raws"), and gruffly tell you not to stand there wasting his time. But as a rule the shops are either shut or destitute of shopmen, merchants will not purchase, and students will not study. In fine, the Ramazan, for many classes, is one twelfth of the year wantonly thrown away.

* Of course all quarrelling, abuse, and evil words are strictly forbidden to the Moslem during Ramazan. If one believer insult another, the latter should repeat "I am fasting" three times before venturing himself to reply. Such is the wise law. But human nature in Egypt, as elsewhere, is always ready to sacrifice the spirit to the letter, rigidly to obey the physical part of an ordinance, and to cast away the moral, as if it were the husk and not the kernel.

† Allah opens (the door of daily bread) is a polite way of informing a man that you and he are not likely to do business; in other words, that you are not in want of his money.

The following is the routine of a fast day. About half an hour after midnight, the gun sounds its warning to faithful men that it is time to prepare for the Sahur, or morning meal. My servant then wakes me, if I have slept, brings water for ablution, spreads the Sufrah *, and places before me certain remnants of the evening's meal. It is some time before the stomach becomes accustomed to such early hours, but in matters of appetite, habit is everything, and for health's sake one should strive to eat as plentifully as possible. Then sounds the Salam, or Blessings on the Prophet †, an introduction to the call of morning prayer. Smoking sundry pipes with tenderness, as if taking leave of a friend, and until the second gun, fired at about half past two A.M., gives the Imsak †,—the order to abstain from food,—I wait the Azan ‡, which in this month is called somewhat earlier than usual. Then, after a ceremony termed the Niyat § of fasting, I say my prayers, and prepare for repose. ‖ At 7 A.M. the labors of the day begin

* The Sufrah is a piece of leather well tanned, and generally of a yellow colour, bordered with black. It is circular, has a few small pouches for knives or spoons, and, by means of a thong, run through rings in the periphery, can be readily converted into a bag for carrying provisions on a journey. Figuratively it is used for the meal itself. "Sufrah hazir" means that dinner is upon the table.

† The Salam at this hour of the morning is confined to the devotions of Ramazan. The curious reader may consult Lane's Modern Egyptians, chap. 25., for a long and accurate interpretation of these words.

‡ The summons to prayer.

§ In the Mohammedan church every act of devotion must be preceded by what is called its Niyat or purpose. This Niyat must be either mentally conceived, or, as the more general rule is, audibly expressed. For instance, the worshipper will begin with "I purpose to pray the four-bows of mid-day prayer to Allah the Almighty," and then he will proceed to the act of worship. Moslems of the Shafei faith must perform the Niyat of fasting every night for the ensuing day; the Malikis, on the other hand, "purpose" abstinence but once for the thirty days of Ramazan.

‖ Many go to sleep immediately after the Imsak, or about a quarter of an hour before the dawn prayer, and do not perform their morning devotions till they awake. But this is not, strictly speaking, correct.

for the working classes of society; the rich spend the night in revelling, and rest from dawn to noon.

The first thing on rising is to perform the Wuzu, or lesser ablution, which invariably follows sleep in a reclining position; without this it would be improper to pray, to enter the Mosques, to approach a religious man, or to touch the Koran. A few pauper patients usually visit me at this hour, report the phenomena of their complaints, — which they do, by the by, with unpleasant minuteness of detail,— and receive fresh instructions. At 9 A.M. Shaykh Mohammed enters, with "lecture" written upon his wrinkled brow, or I pick him up on the way, and proceed straight to the Mosque El Azhar. After three hours' hard reading with little interruption from bystanders — this is long vacation — comes the call to mid-day prayer. The founder of Islam ordained but few devotions for the morning, which is the business part of the Eastern day, but during the afternoon and evening they succeed one another rapidly, and their length increases. It is then time to visit my rich patients, and afterwards, in order to accustom myself to the sun, to wander through the bookshops for an hour or two, or simply to idle in the street. At 3 P.M. I return home, recite the afternoon prayers, and re-apply myself to study.

This is the worst part of the day. In Egypt the summer nights and mornings are, generally speaking, pleasant, but the forenoons are sultry, and the afternoons serious. A wind wafting the fine dust and furnace heat of the desert blows over the city, the ground returns with interest the showers of caloric from above, and not a cloud or a vapour breaks the dreary expanse of splendor on high. There being no such comforts as Indian tatties, and few but the wealthiest houses boasting glass windows, the interior of your room is somewhat more fiery than the street. Weakened with fasting, the body feels the heat trebly, and the disordered stomach almost affects the brain. Every

minute is counted with morbid fixity of idea as it passes on towards the blessed sunset, especially by those whose terrible lot is manual labor at such a season. A few try to forget their afternoon miseries in slumber, but most people take the Kaylulah, or Siesta, shortly after the meridian, holding it unwholesome to sleep late in the day.

As the Maghrib, the sunset hour, approaches—and how slowly it comes!—the town seems to recover from a trance. People flock to the windows and balconies, in order to watch the moment of their release. Some pray, others tell their beads, while others, gathering together in groups or paying visits, exert themselves to while away the lagging time.

O gladness! at length it sounds, the gun from the citadel. Simultaneously rises the sweet cry of the Muezzin, calling men to prayer, and the second cannon booms from the Abbasiyeh Palace*,—"Al Fitar! al Fitar!" fast-breaking! fast-breaking! shout the people, and a hum of joy rises from the silent city. Your acute ears waste not a moment in conveying the delightful intelligence to your parched tongue, empty stomach, and languid limbs. You exhaust a pot full of water, no matter its size. You clap hurried hands† for a pipe, you order coffee, and, pro-

* When the late Pacha of Egypt (H. H. Abbas Hilmi) came to power, he built a large pile of palace close outside the walls of Cairo, on the direction of Suez, and induced his courtiers to follow his example. This was done readily enough, for Asiatics, like Europeans, enjoy the fine air of the desert after the rank atmosphere of towns and cities. If the successor of His Highness does not follow the usual Oriental method of wiping away all vestiges of the predecessor, except his grave, there will be, at no distant period, a second Cairo on the site of the Abbasiyeh.

† One of our wants is a history of the bell and its succedania. Strict Moslems have an aversion to all modifications of this instrument, striking clocks, gongs, &c., because they were considered by the Prophet peculiar to the devotions of Christians. He, therefore, instituted the Azan, or call to prayer, and his followers still clap their hands when we should ring for a servant.

The symbolical meaning of the bell, as shown in the sistrum of Isis, seems to be the movement and mixture of the elements, which is denoted by clat-

vided with these comforts, you sit down, and calmly contemplate the coming pleasures of the evening.

Poor men eat heartily at once. The rick break their fast with a light meal,—a little bread and fruit, fresh or dry, especially water-melon, sweetmeats, or such digestible dishes as "Muhallabah"—a thin jelly of milk, starch, and rice-flour. They then smoke a pipe, drink a cup of coffee or a glass of sherbet, and recite the evening prayers; for the devotions of this hour are delicate things, and while smoking a first pipe after sixteen hours' abstinence, time easily slips away. Then they sit down to the Fatur (breakfast), *the* meal of the twenty-four hours, and eat plentifully, if they would avoid an illness.

There are many ways of spending a Ramazan evening. The Egyptians have a proverb, like ours of the Salernian school.

> "After El-Ghada rest, if it be but for two moments:
> After El-asha* walk, if it be but two steps."

The streets are now crowded with a good-humoured throng of strollers, the many bent on pleasure, the few wending their way to mosque, where the Imam recites "Tarawih" prayers.† They saunter about, the accustomed pipe in hand, shopping, for the stalls are open till a late hour, or they sit in crowds at the coffee-house entrance, smoking Shishas‡, chatting, and listening to storytellers,

tering noise. "Hence," observes a learned antiquary, "the ringing of bells and clattering of plates of metal were used in all lustrations, sacrifices, &c." We find them amongst the Jews, worn by the high priest; the Greeks attached them to images of Priapus, and the Buddhists of Thibet still use them in their worship, as do the Catholics of Rome when elevating the Host.

* El-Ghada is the early dinner: El-asha, the supper, eaten shortly after sunset. See Lane's Modern Egyptians, Chap. 5.

† Extra prayers repeated in the month of Ramazan, (Lane, Chap. 25., "Taraweeh"). They take about an hour, consisting of 23 prostrations, with the Salam (or blessing on the Prophet) after every second prostration.

‡ The Shisha, or Egyptian water-pipe, is too well known to require any

singers and itinerant preachers. Here, a barefooted girl trills and quavers, accompanied by a noisy tambourine and a "scrannel pipe" of abominable discordance, in honor of a perverse saint whose corpse insisted upon being buried inside some respectable man's dwelling-house.* The scene reminds you strongly of the Sonneurs of Brittany and the Zampognari from the Abruzzian Highlands bagpiping before the Madonna. There, a tall gaunt Maghrabi displays upon a square yard of dirty paper certain lines and blots, supposed to represent the venerable Kaabah, and collects coppers to defray the expenses of his pilgrimage. A steady stream of loungers sets through the principal thoroughfares towards the Ezbekiyeh, which skirts the Frank quarter, where they sit in the moonlight, listening to Greek and Turkish bands, or making merry with cakes, toasted grains, coffee, sugared-drinks, and the broad pleasantries of Kara Gyuz.† Here the scene is less thoroughly oriental than within the city, but the appearance of Frank dress amongst the varieties of Eastern costume, the moon-

description. It is filled with a kind of tobacco called Tumbak, for which see Chap. 4. of this Volume.

* Strangers often wonder to see a kind of cemetery let into a dwelling-house, in a crowded street. The reason is, that some obstinate saint has insisted upon being buried there, by the simple process of weighing so heavily in his bier, that the bearers have been obliged to place him upon the pavement. Of course no good Moslem would object to have his ground-floor occupied by the corpse of a holy man.

The reader will not forget, that in Europe statues have the whims which dead bodies exhibit in Egypt. So, according to the Abbé Marche, the little statue of Our Lady, lately found in the forest of Pennacom, "became, notwithstanding her small size, heavy as a mountain, and would not consent to be removed by any one but the chaplain of the chateau."

† Europeans compare "Kara Gyuz" to our Chinese shadows. He is the Turkish "Punch," and his pleasantries may remind the traveller of what he has read concerning the Mimes and Fescennine performances of the Romans. On more than one occasion, Kara Gyuz has been reported to the police for scandalously jibing and deriding consuls, Frank merchants, and even Turkish dignitaries.

lit sky, and the light mist hanging over the deep shade of the Acacia trees — whose rich scented yellow white blossoms are popularly compared to the old Pacha's beard * — make it passing picturesque. And the traveller from the far East remarks with wonder the presence of certain ladies, whose only mark of modesty is the Burka, or face veil: upon this laxity the police looks with lenient eyes, inasmuch as, until very lately, it paid a respectable tax to the state.†

Returning to the Moslem quarter, you are bewildered by its variety of sounds. Everyone talks, and talking here is always in extremes, either in a whisper, or in a scream; gesticulation excites the lungs, and strangers cannot persuade themselves that men so converse without being or becoming furious. All the street cries, too, are in the soprano key. "In thy protection! in thy protection!" shouts a Fellah to a sentinel, who is flogging him towards the station-house, followed by a tail of women, screaming, "O my calamity! O my shame!" The boys have elected a Pacha, whom they are conducting in procession, with wisps of straw for Mashals, or cressets, and outrunners, all huzzaing with ten-schoolboy power. "O thy right! O thy left! O thy face! O thy heel! O thy back, thy back!" cries the panting footman, who, huge torch on shoulder, runs before the grandee's carriage; "bless the Prophet, and get out of the way!" "O Allah

* Mohammed Ali drained and planted the Ezbekiyeh, which, before his day, was covered with water and mud long after the inundation had ceased. The Egyptians extract a perfume, which they call "Fitneh," from this kind of Acacia.

† All "Agapemones" were at this time suppressed by order of H. H. Abbas Pacha, whose august mother occasionally insisted upon banishing whole colleges of Ambubaiæ to Upper Egypt. As might be expected, this proceeding had a most injurious effect upon the morals of society. I was once at Cairo during the ruler's absence on a tour up to the Nile; his departure was the signal for the general celebration of cotyttia.

bless him!" respond the good Moslems, some shrinking up to the walls to avoid the stick, others rushing across the road, so as to give themselves every chance of being knocked down. The donkey boy beats his ass with a heavy palm-cudgel,—he fears no treadmill here,—cursing him at the top of his voice for a "pander," a "Jew," a "Christian," and a "son of the one-eyed, whose portion is eternal punishment." "O chick pease! O pips!" sings the vender of parched grains, rattling the unsavoury load in his basket. "Out of the way, and say, 'there is one God,'" pants the industrious water-carrier, laden with a skin, fit burden for a buffalo. "Sweet-water, and gladden thy soul, O lemonade!" pipes the seller of that luxury, clanging his brass cups together. Then come the beggars, intensely Oriental. "My supper is in Allah's hands, my supper is in Allah's hands! whatever thou givest, that will go with thee!" chaunts the old vagrant, whose wallet perhaps contains more provision than the basket of many a respectable shopkeeper. "Naal 'abuk—curse thy father—O brother of a naughty sister!" is the response of some petulant Greek to the touch of the old man's staff. "The grave is darkness, and good deeds are its lamp!" sings the blind woman, rapping two sticks together: "upon Allah! upon Allah! O daughter!" cry the bystanders, when the obstinate "bint"* of sixty years seizes their hands, and will

* A daughter, a girl. In Egypt every woman expects to be addressed as "O lady!" "O female-pilgrim!" "O bride!" or, "O daughter!" even though she be on the wrong side of fifty. In Arabia, you may say "y'al mara!" (O woman); but if you attempt it near the Nile, the answer of the offended fair one will be "may Allah cut out thy heart!" or, "the *woman*, please Allah, in thine eye!" And if you want a violent quarrel, "y'al aguz!" (O old woman!) pronounced drawlingly,—"y'al ago-o-ooz,"—is sure to satisfy you. On the plains of Sorrento, in my day, it was always customary, when speaking to a peasant girl, to call her "bella fé," (beautiful woman), whilst the worst of insults was "vecchiarella." So the Spa-

not let go without a farthing. "Bring the sweet and take the full,"* cry the long-mustachioed, fierce-browed Arnauts to the coffee-house keeper, who stands by them charmed by the rhyming repartee that flows so readily from their lips.

"Hanien," may it be pleasant to thee! † is the signal for encounter.

"Thou drinkest for *ten*," replies the other, instead of returning the usual religious salutation.

"I am the cock and thou art the *hen!*" is the rejoinder, — a tart one.

"Nay, I am the thick one and thou art the *thin!*" resumes the first speaker, and so on till they come to equivoques which will not bear a literal English translation.

And sometimes, high above the hubbub, rises the melodious voice of the blind muezzin, who, from his balcony in the beetling tower rings forth, "Hie ye to devotion! Hie ye to salvation! Devotion is better than sleep! Devotion is better than sleep!" Then good Moslems piously stand up, and mutter, previous to prayer, "Here am I at thy call, O Allah! here am I at thy call!"

Sometimes I walked with my friend to the citadel, and sat upon a high wall, one of the outworks of Mohammed

nish Calesero, under the most trying circumstances, calls his mule "Vieja, reveija," (old woman, very old woman). Age, it appears, is as unpopular in Southern Europe as in Egypt.

* "Fire" is called the "sweet" by euphuism, as to name it directly would be ill-omened. So in the Moslem law, flame and water being the instruments of Allah's wrath, are forbidden to be used by temporal rulers. The "full" means an empty coffee cup, as we say in India mez barhao, ("increase the table,") when ordering a servant to remove the dishes.

† Or, "pleasurably and health:" Hanien is a word taken from the Koran. The proper answer to this is "May Allah cause thee to have pleasure!" "Allah yehannik!" which I have heard abominably perverted by Arnaut and other ruffians.

Ali's mosque, enjoying a view which, seen by night, when the summer moon is near the full, has a charm no power of language can embody. Or escaping from "stifled Cairo's filth,"* we passed, through the Gate of Victory, into the wilderness beyond the city of the dead.† Seated upon some mound of ruins, we inhaled the fine air of the desert, inspiriting as a cordial, when starlight and dew-mists diversified a scene, which, by day, is one broad sea of yellow loam with billows of chalk rock, thinly covered by a spray of sand floating in the fiery wind. There, within a mile of crowded life, all is desolate; the town walls seem crumbling to decay, the hovels are tenantless, and the paths untrodden; behind you lies the wild, before, the thousand tomb-stones, ghastly in their whiteness, and beyond them the tall dark forms of the Mameluke Sultan's towers rise from the low and hollow ground like the spirits of kings guarding ghostly subjects in the shadowy realm. Or we spent the

* This in these days must be said comparatively: Ibrahim Pacha's order, that every housekeeper should keep the space before his house properly swept and cleaned, has made Cairo the least filthy city in the East.

† Here lies the Swiss Burckhardt, who enjoyed a wonderful immunity from censure, until a certain pseudo-orientalist of the present day seized the opportunity of using the "unscrupulous traveller's" information, and of abusing his memory.

Some years ago, the sum of 20*l.* (I am informed) was collected in order to raise a fitting monument over the discoverer of Petra's humble grave. Some objection, however, was started, because Moslems are supposed to claim Burckhardt as one of their own saints. Only hear the Egyptian account of his death! After returning from El-Hejaz, he taught Tajwid (Koran chaunting) in the Azhar mosque, where the learned, suspecting him to be at heart an infidel, examined his person, and found the formula of the Mohammedan faith written in token of abhorrence upon the soles of his feet. Thereupon, the principal of the mosque, in a transport of holy indignation, did decapitate him with one blow of the sword. It only remains to be observed, that nothing can be more ridiculous than the popular belief, except it be our hesitating to offend the prejudices of such believers.

evening at some Takiyeh *, generally preferring that called the "Gulshani," near the Muayyid Mosque outside the Mutawallis' saintly door. There is nothing attractive in its appearance. You mount a flight of ragged steps, and enter a low verandah enclosing an open stuccoed terrace, where stands the holy man's doomed tomb; the two stories contain small dark rooms in which the Dervishes dwell, and the ground-floor doors open into the verandah. During the fast-month, zikrs † are rarely performed in the Takiyehs; the inmates pray there in congregations, or they sit conversing upon benches in the shade. And a curious medley of men they are, composed of the choicest vagabonds from every nation of Islam. Beyond this I must not describe the Takiyeh or the doings there, for the "path" of the Dervish may not be trodden by profane feet.

Curious to see something of my old friends the Persians, I called with Haji Wali upon one Mirza Husayn, who by virtue of his dignity as "Shahbandar ‡,"—he calls himself "consul-general,"—ranks with the dozen little diplomatic kings of Cairo. He suspends over his lofty gate a signboard in which the Lion and the Sun, (Iran's proud ensign,) are by some Egyptian limner's art metamorphosed into a preternatural tabby-cat grasping a scimitar, with the jolly fat face of a "gay" young lady, curls and all complete, resting fondly upon her pet's concave back. This high dignitary's reception room was a court-yard "sub dio:" fronting the door were benches and cushions composing the Sadr or high place, with the parallel rows of Divans spread down the less dignified sides, and a line of

* A Takiyeh is a place where Dervishes have rooms, and perform their devotions.

† Certain forms of worship peculiar to Dervishes. For a description see Lane (Modern Egyptians, ch. 24.).

‡ Shahbandar is here equivalent to our consul.

naked boards, the lowest seats, ranged along the door wall. In the middle stood three little tables supporting three huge lanterns — as is their size so is the owner's dignity — each of which contained three of the largest spermaceti candles.

The Haji and I entering took our seats upon the side benches with humility, and exchanged salutations with the great man on the Sadr. When the Darbar or levee was full, in stalked the Mirza, and all arose as he calmly divested himself of his shoes and with all due solemnity ascended his proper cushion. He is a short thin man about thirty-five, with regular features and the usual preposterous lamb-skin cap and beard, two peaked black cones at least four feet in length, measured from the tips, resting on a slender basement of pale yellow face.. After a quarter of an hour of ceremonies, polite mutterings and low bendings with the right hand on the left breast, the Mirza's pipe was handed to him first, in token of his dignity — at Teheran he was probably an under-clerk in some government office. In due time we were all served with Kaliuns and coffee by the servants, who made royal congees whenever they passed the great man, and more than once the janissary, in dignity of belt and crooked sabre, entered the court to quicken our awe.

The conversation was the usual oriental thing. It is, for instance, understood that you have seen strange things in strange lands.

"Voyaging — is — victory," quotes the Mirza; the quotation is a hackneyed one, but it steps forth majestic as to pause and emphasis.

"Verily," you reply with equal ponderousness of pronunciation and novelty of citation, "in leaving home one learns life, yet a journey is a bit of Jehannum."

Or if you are a physician the "lieu commun" will be,

"Little-learned doctors the body destroy:
Little-learn'd parsons the soul destroy."

To which you will make answer, if you would pass for a man of belles lettres, by the well-known lines,

"Of a truth, the physician hath power with drugs,
Which, long as the sick man hath life, may relieve him;
But the tale of our days being duly told,
The doctor is daft, and his drugs deceive him."

After sitting there with dignity, like the rest of the guests, I took my leave, delighted with the truly Persian "apparatus" of the scene. The Mirza, having no salary, lives by fees, which he extorts from his subjects, who pay him rather than lack some protection, and his dragoman for a counter-fee will sell their interests shamelessly. He is a hidalgo of blue blood in pride, pompousness and poverty. There is not a sheet of writing paper in the "consulate"—when they want one a farthing is sent to the grocer's—yet the consul drives out in an old carriage with four out-riders, two tall-capped men preceding and two following the crazy vehicle. And the Egyptians laugh heartily at this display, being accustomed by Mohammed Ali to consider all such parade obsolete.

About half an hour before midnight sounds the Abrar* or call to prayer, at which time the latest wanderers return home to prepare for the Sahur, their morning meal. You are careful on the way to address each sentinel with a "peace be upon thee!" especially if you have no lantern, otherwise you may chance to sleep in the guard-house. And, "chemin faisant," you cannot but stop to gaze at streets as little like what civilised Europe understands by that name as an Egyptian temple to the new Houses of Parliament.

There are certain scenes, cannily termed "Kenspeckle," that print themselves upon memory, and endure as long as memory endures,—a thunder-cloud bursting upon the

* See Lane (Modern Egyptians, chap. 24.).

Alps, a night of stormy darkness off the Cape, and, perhaps, most awful of all, a solitary journey over the sandy desert.

Of this class is a stroll through the streets of old Cairo by night. All is squalor in the brilliancy of noon-day. In darkness you see nothing but a mere silhouette. But when the moon is high in the heavens, with the summer stars raining light upon God's world, there is something not of earth in the view. A glimpse at the strip of pale blue sky above scarcely reveals "three ells of breadth:" in many places the interval is less; here the copings meet, and there the outriggings of the houses seem to be interlaced. Now they are parted by a pencil, then by a flood of silvery splendor, while under the projecting cornices and the huge hanging-windows of fantastic wood-work, supported by gigantic corbels, and deep verandahs, and gateways huge enough for Behemoth to pass through, and blind wynds and long cul-de-sacs, lie patches of thick darkness, made visible by the dimmest of oil lights: the arch is a favourite figure: in one place you see it a mere skeleton of stone opening into some huge deserted hall; in another it is full of fretted stone and carved wood. Not a line is straight, the huge dead walls of the mosques slope over their massy buttresses, and the thin minarets seem about to fall across your path. The cornices project crookedly from the houses, and the great gables stand merely by force of cohesion. And that the line of beauty may not be wanting, the graceful bending form of the palm, on whose topmost feathers, quivering in the breeze, the moon-beam glistens, springs from a gloomy mound, or from the darkness of a mass of houses almost level with the ground. Briefly, the whole view is so drear, so fantastic, so ghostly, that it seems rather preposterous to imagine that in such places human beings like ourselves can be born, and live through life, to carry out the command "increase and multiply," and die.

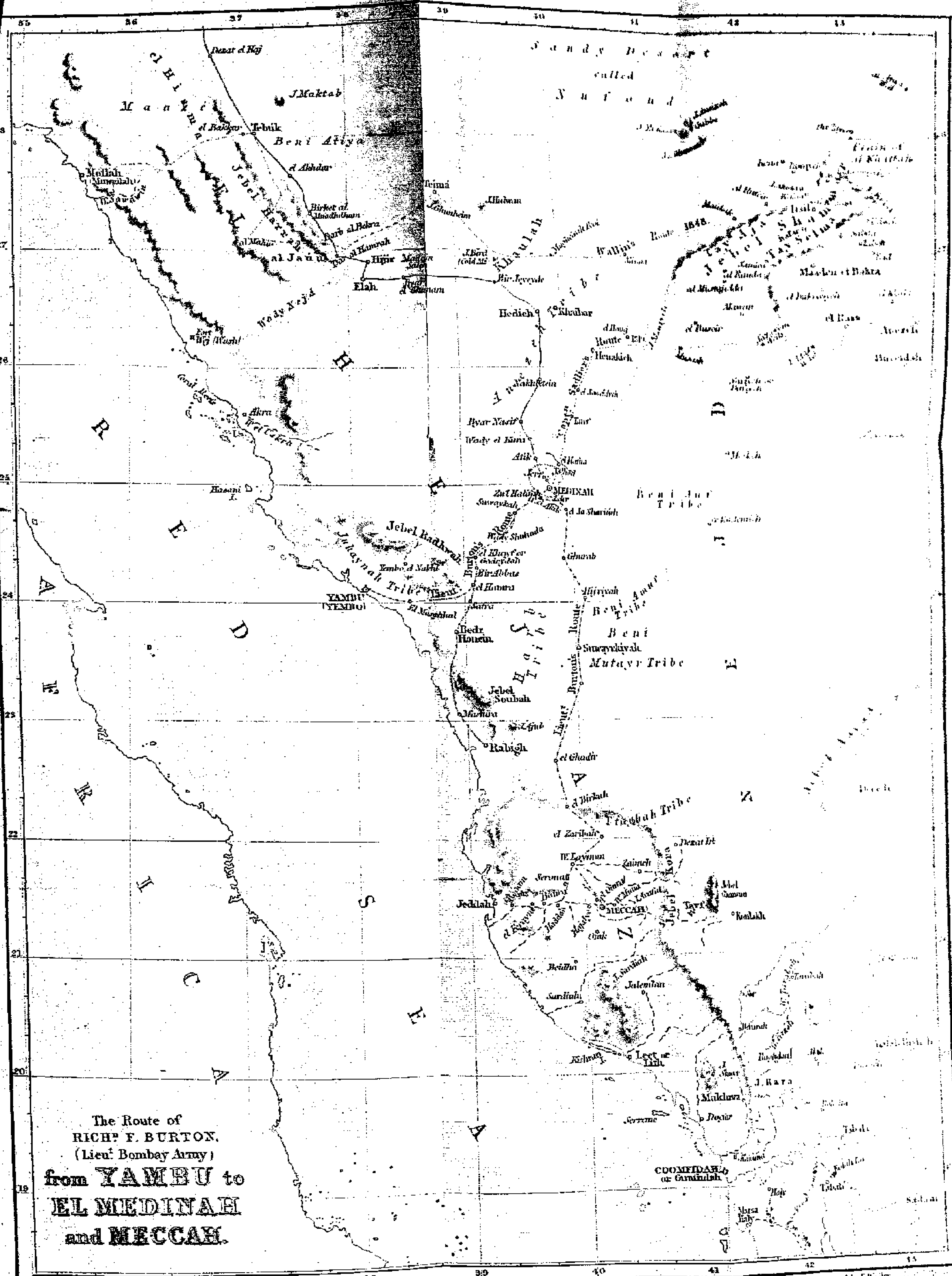
## CHAP. VI.

### THE MOSQUE.

When the Byzantine Christians, after overthrowing the temples of Paganism, meditated re-building and remodeling them, poverty of invention and artistic impotence reduced them to group the spoils in a heterogeneous mass. The sea-ports of Egypt and the plains of Syria abounding in pillars of granite, basalt, and precious marbles, in Pharaonic, Greek, and Roman statuary, and in all manner of structural ornaments, the architects were at no loss for material. Their Syncretism, the result of chance and precipitancy, of extravagance and incuriousness, fell under eyes too ignorant to be hurt by the irregularity of the hybrid: it was perpetuated in the so-called Saracenic style, a plagiarism from the Byzantine, and reiterated in the Gothic, which is an off-shoot from the Saracenic.* This fact accounts in the Gothic style for the manifold incongruities in the architecture, and for the phenomenon, — not solely attributable to the buildings having been erected piece-meal, — of its most classic period being that of its greatest irregularity.

Such "architectural lawlessness," such disregard for symmetry, — the result, I believe, of an imperfect "amalgamation and enrichment," — may doubtless be defended

* The roof supported by arches resting on pillars, was unknown to classic antiquity, and in the earliest ages of El-Islam, the cloisters were neither arched nor domed. A modern writer justly observes, "A compound of arcade and colonnade was suggested to the architects of the Middle Ages by the command that ancient buildings gave them of marble columns."

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upon the grounds both of cause and of effect. Architecture is one of the imitative arts, and Nature, the myriomorphous, everywhere delighting in variety, appears to abhor nothing so much as perfect similarity and precise uniformity. To copy her exactly we must therefore seek that general analogy compatible with individual variety; in fact, we should avoid the over-display of order and regularity. And again, it may be asserted that, however incongruous these disorderly forms may appear to the conventional eye, we find it easy to surmount our first antipathy to them. Perhaps we end in admiring them the more, as we love those faces in which irregularity of feature is compensated for by diversity and piquancy of expression.

There is nothing, I believe, new in the Arab Mosque; it is an unconscious revival of the forms used from the earliest ages to denote by symbolism the worship of the generative and the creative gods. The reader will excuse me if I only glance at a subject of which the investigation would require a volume, and which, discussed at greater length, would be out of place in such a narrative as this.

The first mosque in El-Islam was erected by Mohammed at Kuba near El Medinah: shortly afterwards, when he entered Meccah as a conqueror, he destroyed the idols of the Arab pantheon, and purified that venerable building of its abominations. He had probably observed in Syria the two forms appropriated by the Christians to their places of worship, the cross and the Basilica; he therefore preferred a square to a parallelogram, some authors say, with, others, without a cloister, for the prayers of the "Saving Faith." At length in the reign of El Walid (about A. H. 90) the cupola, the niche, and the minaret made their appearance, and what is called the Saracenic style became the order of the Moslem world.

The Hindoos I believe to have been the first who sym-

bolised by an equilateral triangle their peculiar cult, the Yoni-Lingam: in their temple architecture it became either a conoid or a perfect pyramid. Egypt denoted it by the obelisk, peculiar to that country; and the form appeared in different parts of the world:—thus in England it was a mere upright stone, and in Ireland a round tower. This we might expect to see. D'Hancarville has successfully traced the worship itself, in its different modifications, to all people: the symbol would therefore be found everywhere. The old Arab minaret is a plain conoid or polygonal tower, without balcony or stages, widely different from the Turkish, Modern Egyptian, and Hejazi combinations of cylinder and prism, happily compared by a French traveller to "une chandelle coiffée d'un eteignoir." And finally the ancient minaret, made solid as all Gothic architecture is, and provided with a belfry, became the spire and pinnacle of our ancestors.

From time immemorial, in hot and rainy lands, a hypæthral court surrounded by a covered portico, either circular or square, was used for the double purpose of church and mart,—a place where God and Mammon were worshipped turn by turn. In some places we find rings of stones, like the Persian Pyrœtheia, in others, round concave buildings representing the vault of heaven, where fire, the divine symbol, was worshipped, and in Arabia, columnal aisles, which, surmounted by the splendid blue vault, resemble the palm-grove. The Greeks adopted this area in the fanes of Creator Bacchus; and at Puzzuoli, near Naples, it may be seen in the building vulgarly called the Temple of Serapis. It was equally well known to the Celts: in some places the Temenos was circular, in others a quadrangle. And such to the present day is the Mosque of El-Islam.

Even the Riwak or porches surrounding the area in the Mosque are a revival of older forms. "The range of

square buildings which enclose the temple of Serapis are not, properly speaking, parts of the fane, but apartments of the priests, places for victims, and sacred utensils, and chapels dedicated to subordinate deities, introduced by a more complicated and corrupt worship, and probably unknown to the founders of the original edifice." The cloisters in the Mosque became cells, used as lecture rooms, and libraries for books, bequeathed to the college. They are unequal, because some are required to be of larger, others to be of smaller dimensions. The same reason causes difference of size when the distribution of the building is into four hyposteles which open upon the area: that in the direction of the Kaabah, where worshippers mostly congregate, demanding greater depth than the other three. The wings were not unfrequently made unequal, either from want of building materials, or because the same extent of accommodation was not required in both. The columns were of different substances; some of handsome marble, others of rough stone meanly plastered over with dissimilar capitals, vulgarly cut shafts of various sizes, here with a pediment, there without, now turned upside down, now joined together by halves in the centre, and almost invariably nescient of intercolumnar rule. This is the result of Byzantine syncretism, carelessly and ignorantly grafted upon Arab ideas of the natural and the sublime. Loving and admiring the great, or rather the huge in plan*, they care little for the execution of mere details, and they have not the acumen to discern the effect

* "The Oriental mind," says a clever writer on Indian subjects, "has achieved everything save real greatness of aim and execution." That the Arab mind always aimed, and still aims, at the physically great is sufficiently evident. Nothing affords the Meccans greater pride than the vast size of their temple. Nothing is more humiliating to the people of El Medinah than the comparative smallness of their mosque. Still, with a few exceptions, Arab greatness is the vulgar huge, not the grand.

which clumsy workmanship, crooked lines, and visible joints, — parts apparently insignificant, — exercise upon the whole of an edifice. Their use of colors was a false taste, commonly displayed by mankind in their religious houses, and statues of the gods. The Hindus paint their pagodas inside and outside; and rub vermilion, in token of honor, over their deities. The Persian Colossi of Kaiomars and his consort on the Balkh road, and the Sphinx of Egypt, as well as the temples of the Nile, still show traces of artificial complexion. The fanes in classic Greece, where we might expect a purer taste, have been dyed. In the Forum Romanum, one of the finest buildings still bears stains of the Tyrian purple. And to mention no other instances, in the churches and belfries of Modern Italy, we see alternate bands of white and black material so disposed as to give them the appearance of giant zebras. The origin of "Arabesque" must be referred to one of the principles of El-Islam. The Moslem, forbidden by his law to decorate his Mosque with statuary and pictures*, supplied their place with quotations from the Koran, and inscriptions, "plastic metaphysics," of marvellous perplexity. His alphabet lent itself to the purpose, and hence probably arose that almost inconceivable variety of lace-like fretwork of incrustations, Arabesques, and geometric flowers, in which his eye delights to lose itself.†

* That is to say, imitations of the human form. All the doctors of El-Islam, however, differ on this head: some absolutely forbidding any delineation of what has life, under pain of being cast into hell; others permitting pictures even of the bodies, though not of the faces, of men. The Arabs are the strictest of Misiconists; yet even they allow plans and pictures of the Holy Shrines. Other nations are comparatively lax. The Alhambra abounds in paintings and frescoes. The Persians never object to depict in books and on walls the battles of Rustam, and the Turks preserve in the Seraglio treasury of Constantinople portraits, by Greek and other artists, of their Sultans in regular succession.

† This is at least a purer taste than that of our Gothic architects, who

The Meccan mosque became a model to the world of El-Islam, and the nations that embraced the new faith copied the consecrated building, as religiously as Christendom produced imitations of the Holy Sepulchre.* The Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, of Amr at Babylon on the Nile, and Taylun at Cairo were erected with some trifling improvements, such as the arched cloisters and inscribed cornices, upon the plan of the Kaabah. From Egypt and Palestine the ichnography spread far and wide. It was modified, as might be expected, by national taste; what in Arabia was simple and elegant became highly ornate in Spain †, florid in Turkey, and effeminate in India. Still divergence of detail had not, even after the lapse of twelve centuries, materially altered the fundamental form.

Perhaps no Eastern city affords more numerous or more accessible specimens of Mosque architecture than Cairo. Between 300 or 400 places of worship ‡, some stately

ornamented their cathedrals with statuary so inappropriate as to suggest to the antiquary remains of the worship of the Hellespontine god.

* At Bruges, Bologna (St. Stefano), and Nuremberg, there are, if I recollect right, imitations of the Holy Sepulchre, although the "palmer" might not detect the resemblance at first sight. That in the church of Jerusalem at Bruges was built by a merchant, who travelled three times to Palestine in order to ensure correctness, and totally failed.

"Arab art," says a writer in the "Athenæum," "sprang from the Koran, as the Gothic did from the Bible." He should have remembered, that Arab art, in its present shape, was borrowed by El Walid from the Greeks, and, perhaps, in part from the Persians and the Hindus, but that the model buildings existed at Meccah, and in Yemen, centuries before the people had "luxurious shawls and weavings of Cashmere" to suggest mural decoration.

† See Théophile Gautier's admirable description of the mosque at Cordova.

‡ Joseph Pitts, of Exeter, declares that Cairo contained in his day (A.D. 1678–93) 5 or 6000 mosques, public and private; at the same time he corrects Mr. Collins, who enumerated 6000 public, and 20,000 particular buildings, and M. de Thevenot, who (Part 1. p. 129), supplied the city with 23,000!

piles, others ruinous hovels, many new, more decaying and earthquake-shaken, with minarets that rival in obliquity the Pisan monster, are open to the traveller's inspection. And Europeans by following the advice of their hotel-keeper have penetrated, and can penetrate, into any one they please.* If architecture be really what I believe it to be, the highest expression of a people's artistic feeling, —highest because it includes all others, — to compare the several styles of the different epochs, to observe how each monarch building his own Mosque, and calling it by his own name, identified the manner of the monument with himself, and to trace the gradual decadence of art through 1200 years, down to the present day, must be a work of no ordinary interest to orientalists. The limits of my plan, however, compel me to place only the heads of the argument before the reader. May I then be allowed to express a hope that it will induce some more learned traveller to investigate a subject in every way worthy his attention?

The Jami Taylun (9th cent.) is simple and massive, yet elegant, and in some of its details peculiar.† One of the four colonnades‡ still remains to show the original magnificence of the building; the other porches are walled up, and inhabited by paupers. In the centre of a quadrangle about 100 paces square is a domed building springing

* In Niebuhr's time, a Christian passing one of the very holy buildings on foot was liable to be seized and circumcised. All Mosques may now be entered with certain precautions. When at Cairo, I heard occasionally of a Frank being spat at and insulted, but the instances were rare.

† The "Guide Book" contains the story current among the learned concerning the remarkable shape of the minaret.

‡ The columns support pointed arches, which, therefore, were known at Cairo 200 years before they were introduced into England. By the discoveries of Mons. Mariette, it is now ascertained, that the Egyptians were perfectly acquainted with the round arch and key-stone at a period antecedent to the architectural existence of Greece.

from a square which occupies the proper place of the Kaabah. This "Jami*" is interesting as a point of comparison. If it be an exact copy of the Meccan temple, as it stood in A. D. 879, it shows that the latter has greatly altered in this our modern days.

Next in date to the Taylun Mosque is that of the Sultan El Hakim, third Caliph of the Fatimites, and founder of the Drusian mysteries. The minarets are remarkable in shape, as well as size: they are unprovided with the usual outer gallery, are based upon a cube of masonry, and pierced above with apertures apparently meaningless. A learned Cairene informed me that these spires were devised by the eccentric monarch to disperse, like large censers, fragrant smoke over the city during the hours of prayer. The Azhar and Hasanayn † Mosques are simple and artless piles, celebrated for sanctity, but remarkable for nothing save ugliness. Few buildings, however, are statelier in appearance, or give a nobler idea of both founder and architect than that which bears Sultan Hasan's name.‡ The stranger stands awe-struck before walls high towering without a single break, a hypæthral court severe in masculine beauty, a gateway

* A "*Jami*" is a place where people assemble *to pray*—a house of public worship. A "Masjid" is any place of prayer, private or public. From "Masjid" we derive our "Mosque:" its changes on the road to Europe are almost as remarkable as that described in the satiric lines,—

"Alfana vient d'equus, sans doute,  
Mais il faut avouer aussi,  
Qu'en venant de là jusqu'ici  
Il a bien changé sur la route."

† So called, because supposed to contain relics of Hasan and Husayn, the martyred grandsons of Mohammed. The tradition is little credited, and the Persians ostentatiously avoid visiting the place. "You are the first Ajemi that ever said the Fatihah at this holy spot," quoth the Mujawir, or guardian of the tomb, after compelling me, almost by force, to repeat the formula, which he recited with the prospect of a few piastres.

‡ It was finished about A.D. 1363.

that might suit the palace of the Titans, and the massive grandeur of its lofty minaret. This Mosque, with its fortress aspect, owns no more relationship to the efforts of a later age than does Canterbury Cathedral to an Anglo-Indian "Gothic." For dignified elegance and refined taste, the mosque and tomb of Kaid Bey and the other Mameluke kings are admirable. Even in their present state beauty presides over decay, and the traveller has seldom seen aught more striking than the rich light of the stained glass pouring through the first shades of evening upon the marble floor.

The modern Mosques must be visited, to see Egyptian architecture in its decline and fall. That of Sittna Zaynab (our Lady Zaynab), founded by Murad Bey, the Mameluke, and interrupted by the French invasion, shows, even in its completion, some lingering traces of taste. But nothing can be more offensive than the building which every tourist flogs donkey in his hurry to see — old Mohammed Ali's "Folly" in the citadel. Its Greek architect has toiled to caricature a Mosque, to emulate the glories of our English "Oriental Pavilion." Outside,

"The shining minarets, thin and high,"

are so thin, so high above the lumpy domes, that they look like the spindles of crouching crones, and are placed in full sight of Sultan Hasan the Giant, so as to derive all the disadvantages of the contrast. Is the pointed arch forgotten by man, that this hapless building should be disgraced by large and small parallelograms of glass and wood*, so placed and so formed as to give its exterior

* This is becoming the fashion for young Egyptians, who will readily receive a pair of common green "persiennes" in exchange for fine old windows of elaborately carved wood. They are as sensible in a variety of other small matters. Natives of a hot climate generally wear slippers of red and yellow leather, because they are cool and comfortable: on the banks of the Nile, the old chaussure is gradually yielding to black shoes,

walls the appearance of a European theatre coiffé with oriental cupolas? Inside, money has been lavished upon alabaster full of flaws; round the bases of pillars run gilt bands; in places the walls are painted with streaks to mock marble, and the woodwork is overlaid with tinsel gold. After a glance at these abominations, one cannot be surprised to hear the old men of Egypt lament that, in spite of European education, and of prizes encouraging geometry and architecture, modern art offers a melancholy contrast to antiquity. It is said that H. H. Abbas Pacha proposed to erect for himself a mosque that should far surpass the boast of the last generation. I venture to hope that the future architects of Egypt will light the "sacred fire" from Sultan Hasan's, not from Mohammed Ali's Turco-Grecian splendors. The former is like the genuine Osmanli of past ages, fierce, cold, with a stalwart frame, index of a strong mind—there was a sullen grandeur about the man. The latter is the pert and puny modern Turk in pantaloons, frock coat, and Fez, ill-dressed, and ill-bred, in body and soul.

We will now enter the El Azhar Mosque. At the dwarf wooden railing we take off our slippers, hold them in the left hand, sole to sole, that no dirt may fall from them, and cross the threshold with the right foot, ejaculating, Bismillah, &c. Next we repair to the Mayzaah, or large tank, for ablution, without which it is scarcely lawful to appear in the house of Allah. We then seek some proper place for devotion, place our slippers on some other object in front of us to warn the lounger, and perform a two-bow prayer in honor of the Mosque.* This done, we

which blister the feet with heat, but are European, and, therefore, "bon ton." It must, however, be confessed, that the fine old carved wood-work of the windows was found to be dangerous in cases of fire.

* Irreligious men neglect this act of propriety. There are many in Egypt who will habitually transgress one of the fundamental orders of their

may wander about, and consider the several objects of curiosity.

The moon shines splendidly upon a vast open court, paved with stones which are polished like glass by the feet of the Faithful. There is darkness in the body of the building, a large parallelogrammic hall, at least twice too long for its height, supported by a forest of pillars, thin, poor-looking, crooked marble columns, planted avenue-like, and lined with torn and dirty matting. A few oil lamps shed doubtful light upon scanty groups, who are debating some point of grammar, or listening to the words of wisdom that fall from the mouth of a Waiz.* Presently they will leave the hypostyle, and throw themselves upon the *flags* of the quadrangle, where they may enjoy the open air, and avoid some fleas. It is now "long vacation:" so the holy building has become a kind of caravanserai for travellers; perhaps a score of nations meet in it; there is a confusion of tongues, and the din at times is deafening. Around the court runs a tolerably well-built colonnade, whose entablature is garnished with crimson arabesques, and in the inner wall are pierced apartments, now closed with plank doors. Of the Riwaks, as they are called, the Azhar contains twenty-four, one for each recognised nation in El-Islam, and of these, fifteen are still open to students.† Inside them we find nothing but matting, and

faith, namely, never to pray when in a state of religious impurity. In popular "argot," prayer without ablution is called Salat Mamlukiyeh, or "slaves' prayers," because such men perform their devotions only in order to avoid the master's staff. Others will touch the Koran when impure, a circumstance which highly disgusts Indian Moslems.

* An "adviser," or "lecturer,"—any learned man who, generally in the months of Ramazan and Muharram, after the Friday service and sermon, delivers a discourse upon the principles of El-Islam.

† Amongst them is a foundation for Jawi scholars. Some of our authors, by a curious mistake, have confounded Moslem Jawa (by the Egyptians pronounced Gáwa) with "Goa," the Christian colony of the Portuguese.

a pile of large dingy wooden boxes, which once contained the college library, but are now, generally speaking, empty.*

There is nothing worth seeing in the cluster of little dark chambers that form the remainder of the Azhar. Even the Zawiyat el Umyan (or the blind men's oratory), a place whence so many "gown-rows" have emanated, is rendered interesting only by the fanaticism of its inmates, and the certainty that, if recognised in this sanctum, we shall run the gauntlet under the staves of its proprietors, the angry blind.

The Azhar is the grand collegiate Mosque of this city,—the Christ Church, in fact, of Cairo,—once celebrated throughout the world of El-Islam. It was built, I was told, originally in poor style by one Jauhar †, the slave of a Moorish merchant, in consequence of a dream that or-

* Cairo was once celebrated for its magnificent collections of books. Besides private libraries, each large Mosque had its bibliotheca, every MS. of which was marked with the word "Wakf" (entailed bequest), or "Wukifa lillahi taala" (bequeathed to God Almighty). But Cairo has now for years supplied other countries with books, and the decay of religious zeal has encouraged the unprincipled to steal and sell MSS. marked with the warning words. The Hejaz, in particular, has been inundated with books from Egypt. Cairo has still some large libraries, but most of them are private property, and the proprietors will not readily lend or give access to their treasures. The principal opportunity of buying books is during the month Ramazan, when they are publicly sold in the Azhar Mosque. The Orientalist will, however, meet with many disappointments; besides the difficulty of discovering good works, he will find in the booksellers, scribes, "et hoc genus omne," a finished race of scoundrels.

† Lane (Mod. Egyptians) has rectified Baron von Hammer's mistake concerning the word "Azhar;" our English Orientalist translates it the "splendid Mosque." I would venture to add, that the epithet must be understood in a spiritual and not in a material sense. Wilkinson attributes the erection of the building to Jauhar El Kaid, general under El Moez, about A. D. 970. Wilson ascribes it partly to El Moez the Fatimite (A. D. 973), partly to his general and successor, El Hakim (?).

dered him to erect a place whence the light of science should shine upon El-Islam. It gradually increased by "Wakf" of lands, money, and books; and pious rulers made a point of adding to its size and wealth. Of late years it has considerably declined, the result of sequestrations, and of the diminished esteem in which the purely religious sciences are now held in the land of Egypt.* Yet it is calculated that between 2000 and 3000 students of all nations and ages receive instruction here gratis. Each one is provided with bread, in a quantity determined by the amount of endowment in the Riwak set apart for his nation†, with some article of clothing on festival days, and with a few piastres once a year. The professors, who are about 150 in number, may not take fees from their pupils; some lecture on account of the religious merit of the action, others to gain the high title of "Teacher in El Azhar."‡ Six officials receive stipends from the government, — the Shaykh el Jami or dean, the Shaykh el

* If I may venture to judge, after the experience of a few months, there is now a re-action in favour of the old system. Mohammed Ali managed to make his preparatory, polytechnic, and other schools, thoroughly distasteful to the people, and mothers blinded their children, to prevent their being devoted for life to infidel studies. The printing-press, contrasting in hideousness with the beauty of the written character, and the contemptible Arabic style of the various works translated by order of government from the European languages, have placed arms in the hands of the orthodox party.

† Finding the Indian Riwak closed, and hearing that an endowment still belonged to it, I called twice upon the Shaykh or Dean, wishing to claim the stipend as a precedent. But I failed in finding him at home, and was obliged to start hurriedly for Suez. The Indians now generally study in the Sulaymaniyeh, or Afghan College.

‡ As the attending of lectures is not compulsory, the result is that the lecturer is always worth listening to. May I commend this consideration to our college reformers at home? In my day, men were compelled to waste — notoriously to waste — an hour or two every morning, for the purpose of putting a few pounds sterling into the pocket of some droning Don.

Sakka, who regulates the provision of water for ablution; and others that may be called heads of departments.

The following is the course of study in the Azhar. The school-boy of four or five years' standing has been taught, by a liberal application of the maxim "the green rod is of the trees of Paradise," to chaunt the Koran without understanding it, the elementary rules of arithmetic, and, if he is destined to be a learned man, the art of writing.* He then registers his name in El Azhar, and applies himself to the branches of study most cultivated in El-Islam, namely Nahw (syntax), Fikh (the holy Law), Hadis (the traditions of the Prophet), and Tafsir, or exposition of the Koran.

The young Egyptian reads at the same time El Sarf, or Inflexion, and El Nahw. But as Arabic is his mother-tongue, he is not required to study the former so deeply as are the Turks, the Persians, and the Indians. If he

* The would-be calligrapher must go to a Constantinople Khojah (school-master), and after writing about two hours a day regularly through a year or two, he will become, if he has the necessary disposition, a skilful penman. This acquirement is but little valued in the present day, as almost nothing is to be gained by it.

The Turks particularly excel in the ornamental character called "Suls." I have seen some Korans beautifully written; and the late Pacha gave an impetus to this branch of industry, by forbidding, under the plea of religious scruples, the importation of the incorrect Korans cheaply lithographed by the Persians at Bombay.

The Persians surpass the Turks in all but the Suls writing. Of late years, the Pachas of Cairo have employed a gentleman from Khorasan, whose travelling name is "Mirza Sanglakh," to decorate their Mosques with inscriptions. I was favoured with a specimen of his art, and do not hesitate to rank him the first of his age, and second to none amongst the ancients but those Raphaels of calligraphy, Mir of Shiraz, and Rahman of Herat.

The Egyptians and Arabs, generally speaking, write a coarse and clumsy hand, and, as usual in the East, the higher the rank of the writer is, the worse his scrawl becomes.

desire, however, to be a proficient, he must carefully peruse five books in El Sarf*, and six in El Nahw.†

Master of grammar, our student now applies himself to its proper end and purpose, Divinity. Of the four schools those of Abu Hanifah and El Shafei are most common in Cairo; the followers of Ibn Malik abound only in Southern Egypt and the Berberah country, and the Hanbali is almost unknown. The theologian begins with what is called a Matn or text, a short, dry, and often obscure treatise, a mere string of precepts; in fact, the skeleton of the subject. This he learns by repeated perusal, till he can quote almost every passage literally. He then passes to its "Sharh," or commentary, generally the work of some other savant, who explains the difficulty of the text, amplifies its Laconicisms, enters into exceptional cases, and deals with principles and reasons, as well as with mere precept. A difficult work will sometimes require "Hashiyah," or marginal notes; but this aid has a bad name.

"Who readeth with note,
But learneth by rote,"

* The popular volumes are, 1. El Amsilah, showing the simple conjugation of the triliteral verb; 2. Bizaah, the work of some unknown author explaining the formation of the verb into increased infinitives, the quadrilateral verb, &c.; 3. The Maksua, a well-known book written by the great Imam Abu Hanifah; 4. The "Izzi," an explanatory treatise, the work of a Turk, "Izzat Effendi." And lastly, the Marah of Ahmed el Saudi. These five tracts are bound together in a little volume, printed at the government establishment.

El Amsilah is explained in Turkish, to teach boys the art of "parsing:" Egyptians generally confine themselves in El Sarf to the Izzi, and the Lamiyat el Afal of the grammarian Ibn Malik.

† First, the well-known "Ajrumiyah" (printed by M. Vaucelle), and its commentary, El Kafrawi. Thirdly, the Alfiyyah (Thousand Distichs) of Ibn Malik, written in verse for mnemonic purposes, but thereby rendered so difficult as to require the lengthy commentary of El Ashmuni. The fifth is the well-known work called the Katr el Nida (the Dew Drop), celebrated from Cairo to Cabul; and last of all the "Azhari."

says a popular doggrel. The reason is, that the student's reasoning powers being little exercised, he learns to depend upon the dixit of a master rather than to think for himself. It also leads to the neglect of another practice, highly advocated by the eastern pedagogue.

> "The lecture is one.
> The dispute (upon the subject of the lecture) is one thousand."

In order to become a Fakih, or divine of distinguished fame, the follower of Abu Hanifah must peruse about ten volumes*, some of huge size, written in a diffuse style: the Shafei's reading is not quite so extensive.†

* I know little of the Hanafi school; but the names of the following popular works were given to me by men upon whose learning I could depend.

The book first read is the Text, called Marah el Falah, containing about twenty pages, and its commentary, which is about six times more lengthy. Then comes the Matn el Kanz, a brief text of from 35 to 40 pages, followed by three long Sharh. The shortest of these, "El Tai," contains 500 pages; the next, "Mulla Miskin," at least 900; and the "Sharh Ayni" nearly 2000. To these succeeds the Text "El Durar," the work of the celebrated Khusraw (200 pages), with a large commentary by the same author; and last is the Matn Tanwir El Absar, containing about 500 pages, and its Sharh, a work upwards of four times the size.

Many of these books may be found — especially when the MS. is an old one — with Hashiyah, or marginal notes, but most men write them for themselves, so that there is no generally used collection. The above-mentioned are the works containing a full course of theological study: it is rare, however, to find a man who reads beyond the "El Kanz," with the shortest of its commentaries, the "El Tai."

† He begins with a little text called, after the name of its author, Abu Shujaa of Isfahan, and proceeds to its commentary, a book of about 250 pages, by Ibn Kasim of Gaza. There is another Sharh, nearly four times larger than this, "El Khatib;" it is seldom read. Then comes El Tahrir, the work of Zakariya el Ansari,—a celebrated divine buried in the Mosque of El Shafei, — and its commentary by the same author, a goodly MS. of 600 pages. Most students here cry; "Enough!" The ambitious pass on to El Minhaj and its commentary (1600 pages). Nor need they stop at this point. A man may addle his brains over Moslem theology, as upon Aristotle's schoolmen, till his eyesight fails him — both subjects are all but interminable.

Theology is much studied, because it leads directly to the gaining of daily bread, as priest or tutor; and other scientific pursuits are neglected for the opposite reason.

The theologian in Egypt, as in other parts of El-Islam, must have a superficial knowledge of the Prophet's traditions. Of these there are eight well known collections*, but the three first only are those generally read.

School-boys are instructed, almost when in their infancy, to intone the Koran; at the university they are taught a more exact system of chaunting. The style called "Hafs" is the most common in Egypt, as it is indeed throughout the Moslem world. And after learning to read the holy volume, some savans are ambitious enough to wish to understand it: under these circumstances they must dive into the Ilm el Tafsir †, or the exposition of the Koran.

Our student is now a perfect Fakih or Mulla.‡ But

* The three best known are the Arbain el Nawawi, and the Sahihayn — "the two (universally acknowledged to be) trustworthy," — by El Muslim and El Bokhari, celebrated divines. The others are El Jami el Saghir, "the smaller collection," so called to distinguish it from a rarer book, El Jami el Kabir, the "greater collection;" both are the work of El Siyuti.

The full course concludes with El Shifa, Shamail, and the labours of Kazi Ayyaz.

† Two Tafsirs are known all over the modern world. The smaller one is called Jelalani, ("the two Jelals," *i. e.* the joint work of Jelal el Siyuti and Jelal el Mahalli), and fills two stout volumes octavo. The larger is the Exposition of El Baizawi, which is supposed to contain the whole subject. Some few divines read El Khazin.

‡ To conclude the list of Moslem studies, not purely religious.

Mantik (or logic) is little valued; it is read when judged advisable, after El Nahw, from which it flows, and before Maani Bayan (rhetoric), to which it leads. In Egypt, students are generally directed to fortify their memories, and give themselves a logical turn of mind, by application to El Jebr (algebra). The only logical works known are the Isaghuji (the εἰσαγωγή of Porphyry), El-Shamsiyah, the book El-Sullam, with its Sharh El Akhzari, and, lastly, Kazi Mir. Equally neglected are the Tawarikh (history) and the Hikmat (or philosophy), once so ardently cultivated by Moslem savans; indeed, it is now all but impossible to get books upon these sub-

the poor fellow has no scholarship or fellowship — no easy tutorship — no fat living to look forward to. After

jects. For upwards of six weeks, I ransacked the stalls and the bazar, in order to find some one of the multitudinous animals of El Hejaz, without seeing for sale *anything* but the fourth volume of a large biographical work called El Akd el Samin fi Tarikh el Balad El Amin.

The Ilm el Aruz, or Prosody, is not among the Arabs, as with us, a chapter hung on to the tail of grammar. It is a long and difficult study, prosecuted only by those who wish to distinguish themselves in "Arabiyat," — the poetry and the eloquence of the ancient and modern Arabs. The poems generally studied, with the aid of commentaries, which impress every verse upon the memory, are the Burdah and the Hamziyah, well-known odes by Mohammed of Abusir. They abound in obsolete words, and are useful at funerals, as on other solemn occasions. The Banat Suadi, by Kaab el Ahbar (or Akhbar), a companion of the Prophet, and the Diwan Umar ibn Fariz, a celebrated mystic, are also learned compositions. Few attempt the bulky volume of El Mutanabbi — though many place it open upon the sofa, — fewer still the tenebrous compositions of El Hariri; nor do the modern Egyptians admire those fragments of ancient Arab poets, which seem so sweetly simple to the European ear. The change of faith has altered the national taste to such an extent, that the decent bard must now sing of woman in the masculine gender. For which reason a host of modern poetasters attract the public ear, which is deaf to the voice of the "Golden Song."

In the exact sciences, the Egyptian Moslems, a backward race according to European estimation, are far superior to the Persians and the Moslems of India. Some of them become tolerable arithmeticians, though very inferior to the Coptic Christians; they have good and simple treatises on algebra, and still display some of their ancestors' facility in the acquisition of geometry The Ilm el-Mikat, or "Calendar-calculating," was at one time publicly taught in the Azhar: the printing-press has doomed that study to death.

The natural sciences find but scant favour on the banks of the Nile. Astronomy is still astrology, geography a heap of names, and natural history a mass of fables. Alchemy, geomancy, and summoning of fiends are pet pursuits; but the former has so bad a name, that even amongst friends it is always alluded to as Ilm el Kaf, — the science of K," so called from the initial letter of the word "Kimiya." Of the state of therapeutics I have already treated at length.

Aided by the finest of ears, and flexible organs of articulation, the Egyptian appears to possess many of the elements of a good linguist. The stranger wonders to hear a Cairene donkey boy shouting sentences in three or four European dialects, with a pronunciation as pure as his own. How

wasting seven years, or twice seven years, over his studies, and reading till his brain is dizzy, his digestion gone, and his eyes half blind, he must either starve upon college alms, or squat, like my old Shaykh Mohammed, in a druggist's shop, or become pedagogue and curate in some country place, on the pay of 8*l.* per annum. With such prospects it is wonderful how the Azhar can present any attractions; but the southern man is essentially an idler, and many become Olema, like Capuchins, in order to do nothing. A favoured few rise to the degree of Mudarris (professors), and thence become Kazis and Muftis. This is another inducement to matriculate; every undergraduate having an eye upon the Kazi-ship, with as much chance of obtaining it as the country parocco has to become a cardinal. Others again devote themselves to

far this people succeed in higher branches of language, my scanty experience does not enable me to determine. But even for students of Arabic, nothing can be more imperfect than those useful implements, Vocabularies and Dictionaries. The Cairenes have, it is true, the Kamus of Fizurabadi, but it has never been printed in Egypt; it is therefore rare, and when found, lost pages, and clerical errors combined with the intrinsic difficulty of the style, exemplify the saying of Golius, that the most learned Orientalist must act the part of a diviner before he can perform that of interpreter. They have another Lexicon, the Sihah, and an abbreviation of the same, the Sihah el Saghir (or the Lesser), both of them liable to the same objections as the Kamus. For the benefit of the numerous students of Turkish and Persian, short grammars and vocabularies have been printed at a cheap price, but the former are upon the model of Arabic, a language essentially different in formation, and the latter are mere strings of words.

As a specimen of the state of periodical literature, I may quote the history of the "Bulak Independent," as Europeans facetiously call it. When Mohammed Ali, determining to have an "organ," directed an officer to be editor of a weekly paper, the officer replied, that no one would read it, and consequently that no one would pay for it. The Pacha remedied this by an order that a subscription should be struck off from the pay of all employés, European and Egyptian, whose salary amounted to a certain sum. Upon which the editor accepted the task, but being paid before his work was published, he of course never supplied his subscribers with their copies.

laical pursuits, degenerate into Wakils (lawyers), or seek their fortunes as Katibs — public or private accountants.

To conclude this part of the subject, I cannot agree with Dr. Bowring when he harshly says, upon the subject of Moslem education: "The instruction given by the Doctors of the Law in the religious schools, for the formation of the Mohammedan priesthood, is of the most worthless character." * His opinion is equally open to objection with that of those who depreciate the law itself because it deals rather in precepts than in principle, in ceremonies and ordinances rather than in ethics and æsthetics. Both are what Eastern faiths and Eastern training have ever been,—both are eminently adapted for the child-like state of the Oriental mind. When the people learn to appreciate ethics, and to understand psychics and æsthetics, the demand will create a supply. Meanwhile they leave transcendentalism to their poets, and busy themselves with preparing for heaven by practising the only part of their faith now intelligible to them — the material.

It is not to be supposed that a people in this stage of civilisation could be so fervently devout as the Egyptians are without the bad leaven of bigotry. The same tongue which is employed in blessing the Almighty, is, it is conceived, doing its work equally well in cursing his enemies. Wherefore the Kafir is denounced by every sex, age, class, and condition, by the man of the world † as by the boy at the school, out of, as well as in, the mosque.

* Would not a superficial, hasty, and somewhat prejudiced Turk say exactly the same thing about the systems of Christ Church and Trinity College?

† And when the man of the world, as sometimes happens, professes to see no difference in the forms of faith, or whispers that his residence in Europe has made him friendly to the Christian religion, you will be justified in concluding his opinions to be latitudinarian.

If you ask your friend who is the person with a black turban, he replies,

"A Christian. Allah make his countenance cold!"

If you inquire of your servant, who are the people singing in the next house, it is ten to one that his answer will be,

"A Jew. May his lot be Jehannum!"

It appears unintelligible, still it is not less true, that Egyptians who have lived as servants under European roofs for years, retain the liveliest loathing for the manners and customs of their masters. Few Franks, save those who have mixed with the Egyptians in Oriental disguise, are aware of their repugnance to, and contempt for, Europeans,—so well is the feeling veiled under the garb of innate politeness, and so great is their reserve, when conversing with those of strange religions. I had a good opportunity of ascertaining the truth when the first rumour of a Russian war arose. Almost every able-bodied man spoke of hastening to the Jihad*, and the only thing that looked like apprehension was the too eager depreciation of their foes. All seemed delighted at the idea of French cooperation, for, somehow or other, the Frenchman is everywhere popular. When speaking of England, they were not equally easy: heads were rolled, pious sentences were ejaculated, and finally out came the old Eastern cry, "Of a truth they are Shaitans, those English."† The Austrians are despised, because the East knows nothing of them since the days when Osmanli hosts threatened the gates of Vienna. The Greeks are hated as clever scoundrels, ever ready to do El-Islam a mischief. The Maltese,

* A crusade, a holy war.

† I know only one class in Egypt favourable to the English,—the donkey boys,—and they found our claim to the possession of the country upon a base scarcely admissible by those skilled in casuistry, namely, that we hire more asses than any other nation.

the greatest of cowards off their own ground, are regarded with a profound contempt: these are the protégés which bring the British nation into disrepute at Cairo. And Italians are known only as "istruttori" and "distruttori"* — doctors, druggists, and pedagogues.

Yet Egyptian human nature is, like human nature everywhere, contradictory. Hating and despising Europeans, they still long for European rule. This people admire an iron-handed and lion-hearted despotism; they hate a timid and a grinding tyranny.† Of all foreigners, they would prefer the French yoke, — a circumstance which I attribute to the diplomatic skill and national dignity of our neighbours across the Channel.‡ But

* The story is, that Mohammed Ali used to offer his flocks of foreigners their choice of two professions, — "destruction," that is to say, physic, or "instruction."

† Of this instances abound. Lately an order was issued to tax the villages of the Bedouins settled upon the edge of the Western desert, who, even in Mohammed Ali's time, were allowed to live free of assessment. The Aulad Ali, inhabitants of a little village near the Pyramids, refused to pay, and turned out with their matchlocks, defying the Pacha. The government then insisted upon their leaving the houses, and living under hair-cloth like Bedouins, since they claimed the privileges of Bedouins. The sturdy fellows at once pitched their tents, and when I returned to Cairo (in December, 1853), they had deserted their village. I could offer a score of such cases, proving the present debased condition of Egypt.

‡ At Constantinople the French were the first to break through the shameful degradation to which the ambassadors of infidel powers were bribed, by 300 or 400 rations a day, to submit. M. de Saint Priest refused to give up his sword. General Sebastiani insisted upon wearing his military boots; and the Republican Aubert Dubajet rejected the dinner, and the rich dress, with which the "naked and hungry barbarian who ventured to rub his brow on the Sublime Porte" was fed and clothed before being admitted to the presence, saying that the ambassadors of France wanted neither this nor that. At Cairo, M. Sabatier, the French Consul-general, has had the merit of doing away with some customs prejudicial to the dignity of his nation. The next English envoy will, if anxious so to distinguish himself, have an excellent opportunity. It is usual, after the first audience, for the Pacha to send, *in token of honor*, a sorry steed to the new comer. This custom is a mere relic of the days

whatever European nation secures Egypt will win a treasure. Moated on the north and south by seas, with a glacis of impassable deserts to the eastward and westward, capable of supporting an army of 180,000 men, of paying a heavy tribute, and yet able to show a considerable surplus of revenue, this country in western hands will command* India, and by a ship-canal between Pelusium and Suez would open the whole of Eastern Africa.

There is no longer much to fear from the fanaticism of the people, and a little prudence would suffice to command the interests of the Mosque.†

The chiefs of corporations‡, in the present state of popular feeling, would offer even less difficulty to an invader or a foreign ruler than the Olema. Briefly, Egypt is the most tempting prize which the East holds out to the ambition of Europe, not excepting even the Golden Horn.

when Mohammed the Second threatened to stable his charger in St. Peter's, and when a ride through the streets of Cairo exposed the Inspector-general Tott, and his suite, to lapidation and an "Avanie." To send a good horse is to imply degradation, but to offer a bad one is a positive insult.

* As this canal has become a question of national interest, its advisability is surrounded with all the circumstance of unsupported assertion and bold denial. The English want a railroad, which would confine the use of Egypt to themselves. The French desire a canal that would admit the hardy cruisers of the Mediterranean into the Red Sea. The cosmopolite will hope that both projects may be carried out. Even in the seventh century Omar forbade Amr to cut the Isthmus of Suez for fear of opening Arabia to Christian vessels.

† There are at present about eighteen influential Shaykhs at Cairo, too fanatic to listen to reason. These it would be necessary to banish. Good information about what goes on in each Mosque, especially on Fridays, when the priests preach to the people, and a guard of honor placed at the gates of the Kazi, the three Muftis, and the Shaykh of the Azhar, are simple precautions sufficient to keep the Olema in order.

‡ These Rakaiz El Usab, as they are called, are the most influential part of the immense mass of dark intrigue which Cairo, like most Oriental cities, conceals beneath the light surface. They generally appear in the ostensible state of barbers and dyers. Secretly, they preside over their

## CHAP. VII.

### PREPARATIONS TO QUIT CAIRO.

At length the slow "month of blessings" passed away. We rejoiced like Romans finishing their Quaresima, when a salvo of artillery from the citadel announced the end of our Lenten woes. On the last day of Ramazan all gave alms to the poor, at the rate of a piastre and a half for each member of the household — slave, servant, and master. The next day, first of the three composing the festival, we arose before dawn, performed our ablutions, and repaired to the Mosque, to recite the peculiar prayer of the Eed*, and to hear the sermon which bade us be "merry and wise." After which we ate and drank heartily, then with pipes and tobacco, pouches in hand, we sauntered on, to enjoy the contemplation of smiling faces and street scenery.

The favourite resort on this occasion is the large cemetery outside the Bab el Nasr — that stern, old, massive

different factions, and form a kind of small Vehm. The French used to pay these men, but Napoleon detecting them in stirring up the people, whilst appearing to maintain public tranquillity, shot eighteen or twenty, (about half their number,) and thereby improved the conduct of the rest. They are to be managed, as Sir Charles Napier governed Sindh,—by keeping a watchful eye upon them, a free administration of military law, disarming the population, and forbidding large bodies of men to assemble.

* Festival. It lasts the three first days of Shawwal, the month immediately following Ramazan, and therefore, among Moslems, corresponds with our Paschal holidays, which succeed Lent. It is called the "Lesser Festival," the "Greater" being in Zu 'l Hijjah, the pilgrimage month.

gateway which opens upon the Suez road. There we found a scene of jollity. Tents and ambulant coffee-houses were full of men equipped in their "Sunday best," listening to singers and musicians, smoking, chatting, and looking at jugglers, buffoons, snake-charmers, Dervishes, ape-leaders, and dancing boys habited in women's attire. Eating-stalls and lollipop-shops, booths full of playthings, and sheds for lemonade and syrups, lined the roads, and disputed with swings and merry-go-rounds the regards of the little Moslems and Moslemahs. The chief item of the crowd,—fair Cairenes,—carried in their hands huge palm branches, intending to ornament therewith the tombs of parents and friends. Yet, even on this solemn occasion, there is, they say, not a little flirtation and love-making; parties of policemen are posted, with orders to interrupt all such irregularities with a long cane; but their vigilance is notoriously unequal to the task. I could not help observing that frequent pairs—doubtless cousins or other relations—wandered to unusual distances among the sand-hills, and that sometimes the confusion of a distant bastinado struck the ear. These trifles did not, however, by any means interfere with the general joy. Every one wore something new; most people were in the fresh suits of finery intended to last through the year, and so strong is personal vanity in the breasts of Orientals, men and women, young and old, that from Cairo to Calcutta it would be difficult to find a sad heart under a handsome coat. The men swaggered, the women minced their steps, rolled their eyes, and were eternally arranging, and coquetting with their head-veils. The little boys strutting about foully abused any one of their number who might have a richer suit than his neighbours. And the little girls ogled every one in the ecstacy of conceit, and glanced contemptuously at other little girls their rivals.

Weary of the country, the Haji and I wandered about the city, paying visits, which at this time are like new-year calls in continental Europe.* I can describe the operation in Egypt only as the discussion of pipes and coffee in one place, and of coffee and pipes in another. But on this occasion whenever we meet a friend we throw ourselves upon each other's breast, placing right arms over left shoulders, and vice versâ, squeezing like wrestlers, with intermittent hugs, then laying cheek to cheek delicately, at the same time making the loud noise of many kisses in the air. The compliment of the season was, "Kull'am Antum bil Khair"—"Every year may you be well!"—in fact, our "Many happy returns of the day to you!" After this came abundant good wishes, and kindly prophecies, and from a "religious person" a blessing, and a short prayer. To complete the resemblance between a Moslem and a Christian festival, we had dishes of the day, fish, Shurayk, the cross-bun, and a peculiarly indigestible cake, called in Egypt Kahk, the plum-pudding of El-Islam.

This year's Eed was made gloomy, comparatively speaking, by the state of politics. Report of war with Russia, with France, with England, that was going to land 3,000,000 men at Suez, and with Infideldom in general, rang through Egypt, and the city of Mars† became unusually martial. The government armouries, arsenals, and manufactories, were crowded with kidnapped workmen. Those who purposed a pilgrimage feared forcible

* You are bound also to meet even your enemies in the most friendly way—for which mortification you afterwards hate them more cordially than before.

† With due deference to the many of a different opinion, I believe "Kahirah" (corrupted through the Italian into Cairo) to mean, not the "victorious," but the "City of Kahir," or Mars. It was so called because, as Richardson has informed the world, it was founded in A.D. 968 by one Jauhar when the warlike planet was in the ascendant.

*detention.* Wherever men gathered together, in the Mosques, for instance, or the coffee-houses, the police closed the doors, and made forcible capture of the able-bodied. This proceeding, almost as barbarous as our impressment law, filled the main streets with detachments of squalid-looking wretches, marching with collars round their necks and handcuffed to be made soldiers. The dismal impression of the scene was deepened by crowds of women, who, habited in mourning, and scattering dust and mud upon their rent garments, followed their sons, brothers, and husbands, with cries and shrieks. The death-wail is a peculiar way of cheering on the patriot departing "pro patriâ mori," and the origin of the custom is characteristic of the people. The principal public amusements allowed to Oriental women are those that come under the general name of "Fantasia,"—birth-feasts, marriage festivals, and funerals. And the early campaigns of Mohammed Ali's family in Syria and El Hejaz having, in many cases, deprived the bereaved of their sex-right to keen for the dead, they have now determined not to waste the opportunity, but to revel in the luxury of woe at the live man's wake.

Another cloud hung over Cairo. Rumors of conspiracy were afloat. The Jews and Christians,—here as ready to take alarm as the English in Italy,—trembled at the fancied preparations for insurrection, massacre, and plunder. And even the Moslems whispered that some hundred desperadoes had resolved to fire the city, beginning with the bankers' quarter, and to spoil the wealthy Egyptians. Of course H. H. Abbas Pasha was absent at the time, and, even had he been at Cairo, his presence would have been of little use: for the ruler can do nothing towards restoring confidence to a panic-stricken Oriental nation.

At the end of the Eed or Festival, as a counter-irritant to political excitement, the police magistrates began to

bully the people. There is a standing order in the chief cities of Egypt, that all who stir abroad after dark without a lantern shall pass the night in the station-house.* But at Cairo in certain quarters, the Ezbekiyeh † for instance, a little laxity is usually allowed. Before I left the capital the licence was withdrawn, and the sudden strictness caused many ludicrous scenes.

If by chance you had sent on your lantern to a friend's house by your servant, and had leisurely followed it five minutes after the hour of eight, — you were sure to be met, stopped, collared, questioned, and captured by the patrol. You probably punched three or four of them, but found the dozen too strong for you. Held tightly by the sleeves, skirts, and collar of your wide outer garment, you were hurried away on a plane of about nine inches above the ground, your feet mostly treading the air. You were dragged along with a rapidity which scarcely permitted you to answer strings of questions concerning your name, nation, dwelling, faith, profession, and self in general, — especially concerning the present state of your finances. If you lent an ear to the voice of the charmer that began by asking a crown to release you, and gradually came down to two-pence half-penny, you fell into a simple trap; the butt-end of a musket applied à posteriori, immediately after the transfer of property, convicted you of wilful waste. But if, more sensibly, you pretended to have forgotten your purse, you were reviled, and dragged with increased violence of shaking to the Zabit's office.‡ You were spun through the large archway leading to the

* Captain Haines wisely introduced the custom into Aden. I wonder that it is not made universal in the cities of India, where so much iniquity is perpetrated under the shadow of night.

† The reason being that respectable Europeans, and the passengers by the Overland Mail, live and lodge in this quarter.

‡ The "Zabit" is the police magistrate.

court, every fellow in uniform giving you, as you passed, a Kafa, "cuff," on the back of the neck. Despite your rage, you were forced up the stairs to a long gallery full of people in a predicament like your own. Again your name, nation, — I suppose you to be masquerading, — offence, and other particulars were asked, and carefully noted in a folio by a ferocious-looking clerk. If you knew no better, you were summarily thrust into the Hasil, or condemned cell, to pass the night with pickpockets and ruffians, pell-mell; but if an adept in such matters, you insisted upon being conducted before the "Pacha of the night," and, the clerk fearing to refuse, you were hurried to the great man's office hoping for justice, and dealing out ideal vengeance to your captors, — the patrol. Here you found the dignitary sitting with pen, ink, and paper before him, and pipe and coffee-cup in hand, upon a wide Divan of dingy chintz, in a large dimly-lit room, with two guards by his side, and a semicircle of recent seizures vociferating before him. When your turn came, you were carefully collared, and led up to the presence, as if even at that awful moment you were mutinously and murderously disposed. The Pacha, looking at you with a vicious sneer, turned up his nose, ejaculated "Ajemi," and prescribed the bastinado. You observed that the mere fact of being a Persian did not give mankind a right to capture, imprison, and punish you; you declared moreover that you were no Persian, but an Indian under British protection. The Pacha, a man accustomed to obedience, then stared at you, to frighten you, and you, we will suppose, stared at him, till, with an oath, he turned to the patrol, and asked them your offence. They all simultaneously swore by Allah, that you had been found without a lantern, dead-drunk, beating respectable people, breaking into houses, robbing and invading harems. You openly told the Pacha, that they were eating abomi-

nations; upon which he directed one of his guards to smell your breath, — the charge of drunkenness being tangible. The fellow, a comrade of your capturers, advanced his nose to your lips; as might be expected, cried, "Kikh," contorted his countenance, and answered, by the beard of "Effendina" * that he perceived a pestilent odour of distilled waters. This announcement probably elicited a grim grin from the "Pacha of the night," who loves Curaçoa, and is not indifferent to the charms of Cognac. Then by his favor (for you improved the occasion), you were allowed to spend the hours of darkness on a wooden bench, in the adjacent long gallery, together with certain little parasites, for which polite language has no name.† In the morning the janissary of your consulate was sent for; he came, and claimed you; you were led off criminally; again you gave your name and address, and if your offence was merely sending on your lantern, you were dismissed with advice to be more careful in future. And assuredly your first step was towards the bath.

But if, on the other hand, you had declared yourself a European, you would either have been dismissed at once, or sent to your consul, who is here judge, jury, and jailor. Egyptian authority has of late years lost half its prestige. When Mr. Lane first settled at Cairo, all Europeans accused of aggression against Moslems were, he tells us, surrendered to the Turkish magistrates. Now, the native powers have no jurisdiction over strangers, nor can the police enter their houses. If the West would raise the character of its Eastern co-religionists, it will be forced

* "Our lord," *i. e.* H.H. the Pacha. "Kikh" is an interjection noting disapproval or disgust,—"Fie," or "Ugh."

† Shortly after the Ramazan of 1853, the consul, I am told, obtained an order that British subjects should be sent directly from the police office, at all hours of the night, to the consulate. This was a most sensible measure.

to push the system a point further, and to allow all Christians to register their names at the different consulates whose protection they might prefer. This is what Russia has so "unwarrantably and outrageously" attempted. We confine ourselves to a lesser injustice, which deprives Eastern states of their right as independent Powers to arrest, and judge foreigners, who for interest or convenience settle in their dominions. But we still shudder at the right of arrogating any such claim over the born subjects of Oriental Powers. What, however, would be the result were Great Britain to authorise her sons resident at Paris, or Florence, to refuse attendance at a French or an Italian court of justice, and to demand that the police should never force the doors of an English subject? I commend this consideration to all those who "stickle for abstract rights" when the interest and progress of others are concerned, and who become somewhat latitudinarian and concrete in cases where their own welfare and aggrandisement are at stake.

Besides patients I had made some pleasant acquaintances at Cairo. Anton Zananire, a young Syrian of considerable attainments as a linguist, paid me the compliment of permitting me to see the fair face of his "Hareem." Mr. Hatchadoor Noory, an Armenian gentleman, well known in Bombay, amongst other acts of kindness, introduced me to one of his compatriots, Khwajah Yusuf, whose advice, as an old traveller, was most useful to me. He had wandered far and wide, picking up everywhere some scrap of strange knowledge, and his history was a romance. Expelled for a youthful peccadillo from Cairo, he started upon his travels, qualified himself for sanctity at Meccah and El Medinah, became a religious beggar at Bagdad, studied French at Paris, and finally settled down as a professor of languages*, under an amnesty, at Cairo. In

* Most Eastern nations, owing to their fine ear for sounds, are quick at

his house I saw an Armenian marriage. The occasion was memorable: after the gloom and sameness of Moslem society, nothing could be more gladdening than the unveiled face of a pretty woman. Some of the guests were undeniably charming brunettes, with the blackest possible locks, and the brightest conceivable eyes; only one pretty girl wore the national costume*; yet they all smoked chibouques and sat upon the Divans, and, as they entered the room, kissed with a sweet simplicity the hands of the priest, and of the other old gentlemen present.

Among the number of my acquaintances was a Meccan boy, Mohammed El Basyuni, from whom I bought the pilgrim-garb called "Elihram" and the Kafan or shroud, with which the Moslem usually starts upon such a journey as mine was. He, being in his way homewards after a visit to Constantinople, was most anxious to accompany me in the character of a "companion." But he had travelled too much to suit me; he had visited India, seen Englishmen, and lived with the "Nawab Baloo" of Surat. Moreover he showed signs of over-wisdom. He had been a regular visitor, till I cured one of his friends of an ophthalmia, after which he gave me his address at Meccah, and was seen no more. Haji Wali described him and his party to be "Nas jarrar" (extractors), and certainly he had not misjudged them. But the sequel will prove how

picking up languages; but the Armenian is here, what the Russian is in the West, the facile princeps of conversational linguists. I have frequently heard them speak with the purest accent, and admirable phraseology, besides their mother tongue, Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and Hindostanee, nor do they evince less aptitude for acquiring the Occidental languages.

* It has been too frequently treated of, to leave room for a fresh description. Though pretty and picturesque, it is open to the reproach of Moslem dressing, namely, that the in-door toilette admits of a display of bust, and is generally so scanty and flimsy that it is unfit to meet the eye of a stranger. This, probably the effect of secluding women, has now become a cause for concealing them.

Providence disposes of what man proposes, and as the boy, Mohammed, eventually did become my companion throughout the pilgrimage, I will place him before the reader as summarily as possible.

He is a beardless youth, of about eighteen, chocolate brown, with high features, and a bold profile; his bony and decided Meccan cast of face is lit up by the peculiar Egyptian eye, which seems to descend from generation to generation.* His figure is short and broad, with a tendency to be obese, the result of a strong stomach and the power of sleeping at discretion. He can read a little, write his name, and is uncommonly clever at a bargain. Meccah had taught him to speak excellent Arabic, to understand the literal dialect, to be eloquent in abuse, and to be profound at prayer and pilgrimage. Constantinople had given him a taste for Anacreontic singing, and female society of the questionable kind, a love of strong waters, —the hypocrite looked positively scandalised when I first suggested the subject,—and an off-hand latitudinarian mode of dealing with serious subjects in general. I found him to be the youngest son of a widow, whose doting fondness had moulded his disposition; he was selfish and affectionate, as spoiled children usually are, volatile, easily offended and as easily pacified (the Oriental), coveting other men's goods, and profuse of his own (the Arab), with a matchless intrepidity of countenance (the traveller), brazen lunged, not more than half brave, exceedingly astute, with an acute sense of honor, especially where his relations were concerned (the individual). I have seen him in a fit of fury because some one cursed his father; and he and I nearly parted because on one occasion I applied to him an epithet which etymologically considered

* He was from the banks of the Nile, as his cognomen, El Basyuni, proves, but his family, I was told, had been settled for three or four generations at Meccah.

might be exceedingly insulting to a high-minded brother, but which in popular parlance signifies nothing. This "point d'honneur" was the boy Mohammed's strong point.

During the Ramazan I laid in my stores for the journey. These consisted of tea, coffee, rice, loaf-sugar, dates, biscuit, oil, vinegar, tobacco, lanterns, and cooking utensils, a small bell-shaped tent, costing twelve shillings, and three water-skins for the desert.* The provisions were placed in a "Kafas" or hamper artistically made of palm sticks, and in a huge Sahharah, or wooden box, about three feet each way, covered with leather or skin, and provided with a small lid fitting into the top.† The former, together with my green box containing medicines, and saddle-bags full of clothes, hung on one side of the camel, a counterpoise to the big Sahharah on the other flank, Bedouins

* Almost all the articles of food were so far useful, that they served every one of the party at least as much as they did their owner. My friends drank my coffee, smoked my tobacco, and ate my rice. I bought better tea at Meccah than at Cairo, and found as good sugar there. It would have been wiser to lay in a small stock merely for the voyage to Yambu, in which case there might have been more economy. But I followed the advice of those interested in setting me wrong. Turks and Egyptians always go pilgrimaging with a large outfit, as notably as the East Indian cadet of the present day, and your outfitter at Cairo, as well as Cornhill, is sure to supply you with a variety of superfluities. The tent was most useful to me; so were the water-skins, which I preferred to barrels, as being more portable, and less liable to leak. Good skins cost about a dollar each; they should be bought new, and always kept half full of water.

† This shape secures the lid, which otherwise, on account of the weight of the box, would infallibly be torn off, or burst open. Like the Kafas, the Sahharah should be well padlocked, and if the owner be a saving man, he does not entrust his keys to a servant. I gave away my Kafas at Yambu, because it had been crushed during the sea-voyage, and I was obliged to leave the Sahharah at El Medinah, as my Bedouin camel-shaykh positively refused to carry it to Meccah, so that both these articles were well nigh useless to me. The Kafas cost four shillings, and the Sahharah about twelve. When these large boxes are really strong and good, they are worth about a pound sterling each.

always requiring a tolerably equal balance of weight. On the top of the load transversely was placed a Shibriyah or cot, in which Shaykh Nur squatted like a large crow. This worthy had strutted out into the streets armed with a pair of horse-pistols and a sword almost as long as himself. No sooner did the mischievous boys of Cairo — they are as bad as the gamins of Paris and London — catch sight of him than they began to scream with laughter at the sight of the "Hindi (Indian) in arms," till like a vagrant owl pursued by a flight of larks he ran back into the caravanserai.

Having spent all my ready money at Cairo I was obliged to renew the supply. My native friends advised me to take at least eighty pounds, and considering the expense of outfit for desert travelling, the sum did not appear excessive. I should have found some difficulty in raising the money had it not been for the kindness of a friend at Alexandria and a compatriot at Cairo. My Indians scrutinised the diminutive square of paper* — my letter of credit — as a raven may sometimes be seen peering, with head askance, into the interior of a suspected marrow-bone. "Can this be a bonâ fide draft?" they mentally inquired. And finally they offered, most politely, to write to England for me to draw the money, and to

* At my final interview with the committee of the Royal Geographical Society, one member, Sir Woodbine Parish, advised an order to be made out on the Society's bankers; another, Sir Roderick Murchison, kindly offered to give me one on his own, Coutts & Co.; but I, having more experience in Oriental travelling, begged only to be furnished with a diminutive piece of paper, permitting me to draw upon the Society, which was at once given by Dr. Shaw, the Secretary, and which proved of so much use eventually.

It was purposely made as small as possible, in order to fit into a talisman case. But the traveller must bear in mind, that if his letters of credit be addressed to Orientals, the sheet of paper should always be large, and grand-looking. These people have no faith in notes, — commercial, epistolary, or diplomatic.

forward it in a sealed bag directed "El Medinah." I need scarcely say that such a style of transmission would, in the case of precious metals, have left no possible chance of its safe arrival. When the difficulty was overcome, I bought fifty pounds' worth of German dollars (Maria Theresas), and invested the rest in English and Turkish sovereigns.* The gold I myself carried; part of the silver I sewed up in Shaykh Nur's leather waistbelt, and part was packed in the boxes, for this reason,—when Bedouins begin plundering a respectable man, if they find a certain amount of ready money in his baggage, they do not search his person. If they find none they proceed to a personal inspection, and if his waist-belt be empty they are rather disposed to rip open his stomach, in the belief that he must have discovered some peculiarly ingenious way of secreting valuables.

Having got through this difficulty I immediately fell into another. My hardly-earned Alexandrian passport required a double visa, one at the Zabit's office, the other at the consul's. After returning to Egypt I found it was the practice of travellers who required any civility from the English official at Cairo to enter the presence furnished with an order from the Foreign Office. I had neglected the precaution, and had ample reason to regret having done so. Failing at the British consulate, and unwilling to leave Cairo without being "en regle,"—the Egyptians

* Before leaving Cairo, I bought English sovereigns for 112, and sold them in Arabia for 122 piastres. "Abu Takahs," (pataks, or Spanish pillar-dollars,) as they are called in El Hejaz, cost me 24 piastres, and in the Holy City were worth 28. The "Sinku" (French five-franc piece) is bought for 22 piastres in Egypt, and sells at 24 in Arabia. The silver Majidi costs 20 at Cairo, and is worth 22 in the Red Sea, and finally I gained 3 piastres upon the gold "Ghazi" of 19. Such was the rate of exchange in 1853. It varies, however, perpetually, and in 1863 may be totally different.

warned me that Suez was a place of obstacles to pilgrims.* — I was obliged to look elsewhere for protection. My friend Haji Wali was the first consulted: after a long discussion he offered to take me to his consul, the Persian, and to find out for what sum I could become a temporary subject of the Shah. We went to the sign of the "Lion and the Sun," and found the dragoman †, a subtle Syrian Christian, who, after a rigid inquiry into the state of my purse, (my country was no consideration at all,‡) intro-

* The reason of this will be explained in a future chapter.

† The consular dragoman is one of the greatest abuses I know. The tribe is, for the most part, Levantine and Christian, and its connections are extensive. The father will perhaps be interpreter to the English, the son to the French consulate. By this means, the most privy affairs will become known to every member of the department, except the head, and eventually to that best of spy-trainers, the Turkish government. This explains how a subordinate, whose pay is 200*l.* per annum, and who spends double that sum, can afford, after twelve or thirteen years' service, to purchase a house for 2000*l.* and to furnish it for as much more. Besides which the condition, the ideas, and the very nature of these dragomans are completely Oriental. The most timid and cringing of men, they dare not take the proper tone with a government to which, in case of the expulsion of a consul, they and their families would become subject. And their prepossessions are utterly Oriental. Hanna Massara, dragoman to the consul-general at Cairo, in my presence, and before others, advocated the secret murder of a Moslem girl who had fled with a Greek, on the grounds that an adulteress must always be put to death, either publicly or under the rose. Yet this man is an "old and tried servant" of the state.

Such evils might be in part mitigated by employing English youths, of whom an ample supply, if there were any demand, would soon be forthcoming. This measure has been advocated by the best authorities, but without success. Most probably, the reason of the neglect is the difficulty how to begin, or where to end, the Augean labor of consular reform.

‡ In a previous chapter I have alluded to the species of protection formerly common in the East. Europe, it is to be feared, is not yet immaculate in this respect, and men say that, were a list of "protected" furnished by the different consulates at Cairo, it would be a curious document. As no one, Egyptian or foreigner, would, if he could possibly help it, be subject to the Egyptian government, large sums might be raised by the simple process of naturalising strangers. At the Persian consulate 110*l.* — the century for the consul, and the decade for his dragoman, — has

duced me to the Great Man. I have described this personage once already, and truly he merits not a second notice. The interview was truly ludicrous. He treated us with exceeding hauteur, motioned me to sit almost out of hearing, and after rolling his head in profound silence for nearly a quarter of an hour, vouchsafed the information that though my father *might* be a Shirazi, and my mother an Afghan, he had not the honor of my acquaintance. His companion, a large old Persian with Polyphemean eyebrows and a mulberry beard, put some gruff and discouraging questions. I quoted the verses

> "He is a man who benefits his fellow-men,
> Not he who says 'why,' and 'wherefore,' and 'how much?'"

upon which an imperious wave of the arm directed me to return to the dragoman, who had the effrontery to ask me four pounds sterling for a Persian passport. I offered one. He derided my offer, and I went away perplexed. On my return to Cairo some months afterwards, he sent to say that had he known me as an Englishman, I should have had the document gratis,— a civility for which he was duly thanked.

At last my Shaykh Mohammed hit upon *the* plan. "Thou art," said he, "an Afghan; I will fetch hither the principal of the Afghan college at the Azhar, and he, if thou make it worth his while" (this in a whisper) "will be thy friend." The case was looking desperate; my preceptor was urged to lose no time.

Presently Shaykh Mohammed returned in company with the principal, a little, thin, ragged-bearded, one-eyed, hare-lipped divine, dressed in very dirty clothes, of nondescript cut. Born at Muscat of Afghan parents, and brought up at Meccah, he was a kind of cosmopolite,

been paid for protection. A stern fact this for those who advocate the self-government of the childish East.

speaking five languages fluently, and full of reminiscences of toil and travel. He refused pipes and coffee, professing to be ascetically disposed: but he ate more than half my dinner, to reassure me I presume, should I have been fearful that abstinence might injure his health. We then chatted in sundry tongues. I offered certain presents of books, which were rejected (such articles being valueless), and the Shaykh Abd el Wahhab having expressed his satisfaction at my account of myself, told me to call for him at the Azhar Mosque next morning.

Accordingly at six P. M. Shaykh Mohammed and Abdullah Khan*,—the latter equipped in a gigantic sprigged-muslin turban, so as to pass for a student of theology—repaired to El Azhar. Passing through the open quadrangle we entered the large hall which forms the body of the Mosque. In the northern wall was a dwarf door, leading by breakneck stairs to a pigeon-hole, the study of the learned Afghan Shaykh. We found him ensconced behind piles of musty and greasy manuscripts, surrounded by scholars and scribes, with whom he was cheapening books. He had not much business to transact; but long before he was ready, the stifling atmosphere drove us out of the study, and we repaired to the hall. Presently the Shaykh joined us, and we all rode on away to the citadel, and waited in a mosque till the office hour struck. When the doors were opened we went into the "Divan," and sat patiently till the Shaykh found an opportunity of putting in a word. The officials were two in number; one an old invalid, very thin and sickly-looking, dressed in the Turco-European style, whose hand was being severely kissed by a troop of religious beggars, to whom he had done some small favors; the other was a stout young

* Khan is a title assumed in India and other countries by all Afghans and Pathans, their descendants, simple as well as gentle.

clerk, whose duty it was to engross, and not to have his hand kissed. My name and other essentials were required, and no objections were offered, for who holier than the Shaykh Abd el Wahhab ibn Yunus el Sulaymani? The clerk filled up a printed paper in the Turkish language, apparently borrowed from the European method for spoiling the traveller, certified me, upon the Shaykh's security, to be one Abdullah, the son of Yusuf, (Joseph,) originally from Cabool, described my person, and in exchange for five piastres handed me the document. I received it with joy, and still keep it as a trophy.

With bows, and benedictions, and many wishes that Allah might make it the officials' fate to become pilgrims, we left the office, and returned towards El Azhar. When we had nearly reached the Mosque, Shaykh Mohammed lagged behind, and made the sign. I drew near the Afghan, and asked for his hand. He took the hint, and muttering "It is no matter!"—"It is not necessary!"—"By Allah it is not required!" extended his fingers, and brought the musculus guineorum to bear upon three dollars. Poor man! I believe it was his necessity that consented to be paid for doing a common act of Moslem charity; he had a wife and children, and the calling of an Alim is no longer worth much in Egypt.

My departure from Cairo was hastened by an accident. I lost my reputation by a little misfortune that happened in this wise.

At Haji Wali's room in the caravanserai, I met a Yuzbashi, or captain of Albanian Irregulars, who was in Egypt on leave from El Hejaz. He was a tall, bony, and broad-shouldered mountaineer, about forty years old, with the large "bombé" brow, the fierce eyes, thin lips, lean jaws, and peaky chin of his race. His mustachios were enormously long and tapering, and the rest of his face,

like his head, was close shaven. His "Fustan"* was none of the cleanest, nor was the red cap, which he wore rakishly pulled over his frowning forehead, quite free from stains. Not permitted to carry the favourite pistols, he contented himself with sticking his right hand in the empty belt, and stalking about the house with a most military mien. Yet he was as little of a bully as carpet knight, that same Ali Agha; his body showed many a grisly scar, and one of his shin bones had been broken by a Turkish bullet, when he was playing tricks on the Albanian hills,—an accident inducing a limp, which he attempted to conceal by a heavy swagger. When he spoke, his voice was affectedly gruff; he had a sad knack of sneering, and I never saw him thoroughly sober.

Our acquaintance began with a kind of storm, which blew over, and left fine weather. I was showing Haji Wali my pistols with Damascene barrels when Ali Agha entered the room. He sat down before me with a grin which said intelligibly enough, "What business have *you* with weapons?"—snatched the arm out of my hand, and began to inspect it as a connoisseur. Not admiring this procedure, I wrenched it away from him, and, addressing myself to Haji Wali, proceeded quietly with my dissertation. The captain of Irregulars and I then looked at each other. He cocked his cap on one side, in token of excited pugnacity. I twirled my mustachios to display a kindred emotion. Had he been armed, and in El Hejaz, we should have fought it out at once, for the Arnaouts are "terribili colla pistola," as the Italians say; meaning that upon the least provocation, they pull out a horse-pistol, and fire it in the face of friend or foe. Of course, the only way under these circumstances is to anticipate them; but even this desperate prevention seldom saves a stranger, as

* The stiff, white, plaited kilt worn by Albanians.

whenever there is danger, these men go about in pairs. I never met with a more reckless brood. Upon the line of march Albanian troops are not allowed ammunition; for otherwise there would be half a dozen duels a day. When they quarrel over their cups, it is the fashion for each man to draw a pistol, and to place it against his opponent's breast. The weapons being kept accurately clean seldom miss fire, and if one combatant draw trigger before the other, he would immediately be shot down by the bystanders.* In Egypt these men,—who are used as irregulars, and often quartered upon the hapless villagers, when unable or unwilling to pay up their taxes,—were the terror of the population. On many occasions they have quarrelled with foreigners, and insulted European women. In El Hejaz their recklessness awes even the Bedouins. The townspeople say of them that "tripe-sellers, and bath servants at Stamboul, they become Pharaohs† in Arabia." At Jeddah the Arnaouts have amused themselves with firing at the English consul (Mr. Ogilvie) when he walked upon his terrace. And this man-shooting appears a favourite sport with them: at Cairo many stories illustrate the sang froid with which they used to knock over the camel-drivers, if any one dared to ride past their barracks. The Albanians vaunt their skill in using weapons, and their pretensions impose upon Arabs as well as Egyptians; yet I have never found them wonderful with any arm, (the pistol alone excepted,) and our officers, who have visited their native hills, speak of them as tolerable, but by no means first-rate rifle shots.

The captain of Irregulars being unhappily debarred the pleasure of shooting me, after looking fierce for a time,

* Those curious about the manners of these desperadoes may consult the pages of Giovanni Finati (Murray, London, 1830), and I will be answerable that he exaggerates nothing.

† That is to say, tyrants, ruffians.

rose, and walked majestically out of the room. A day or two afterwards, he called upon me civilly enough, sat down, drank a cup of coffee, smoked a pipe, and began to converse. But as he knew about a hundred Arabic words, and I as many Turkish, our conversation was carried on under difficulties. Presently he asked me in a whisper for "Araki."* I replied that there was none in the house, which induced a sneer, and an ejaculation sounding like "Himar," (ass,) the slang synonym amongst fast Moslems for water-drinker. After rising to depart he seized me waggishly, with an eye to a trial of strength. Thinking that an Indian doctor and a temperance man would not be very dangerous, he exposed himself to what is professionally termed a "cross-buttock," and had his head come in contact with the stone floor instead of my bed, he might not have drunk for many a day. The fall had a good effect upon his temper. He jumped up, patted my head, called for another pipe, and sat down to show me his wounds, and to boast of his exploits. I could not help remarking a ring of English gold, with a bezel of bloodstone, sitting strangely upon his coarse sun-stained hand. He declared that it had been snatched by him from a Konsul (a consul) at Jeddah, and volubly related,

* The Cognac of Egypt and Turkey. Generically the word means any spirit; specifically, it is applied to that extracted from dates, or dried grapes. The latter is more expensive than the former, and costs from 5 to 7 piastres the bottle. It whitens the water like Eau de Cologne, and being considered a stomachic, is patronised by Europeans as much as by Asiatics. In the Ezbekiyeh gardens at Cairo, the traveller is astonished by perpetual calls for "*sciroppo di gomma*," as if all the Western population was afflicted with sore throat. The reason is that spirituous liquors in a Moslem land must not be sold in places of public resort; so the infidel asks for a "syrup of gum," and obtains a dram of Araki. The favourite way of drinking it is to swallow it neat, and to wash it down with a mouthful of cold water. Taken in this way it acts like the "petit verre d'absinthe." Egyptian women delight in it, and Eastern topers of all classes and sexes prefer it to brandy and Cognac, the smell of which, being strange, is offensive to them.

in a mixture of Albanian, Turkish, and Arabic, the history of his acquisition. He begged me to supply him with a little poison that "would not lie," for the purpose of quieting a troublesome enemy, and he carefully stowed away in his pouch five grains of calomel, which I gave him for that laudable purpose. Before taking leave he pressed me strongly to go and drink with him: I refused to do so during the day, but, wishing to see how these men sacrifice to Bacchus, promised compliance that night.

About 9 o'clock, when the caravanserai was quiet, I took a pipe, and a tobacco-pouch *, stuck my dagger in my belt, and slipped into Ali Agha's room. He was sitting on a bed spread upon the ground: in front of him stood four wax candles (all Orientals hate drinking in any but a bright light), and a tray containing a basin of stuff like soup maigre, a dish of cold stewed meat, and two bowls of Salatah † and curds. The "materials" peeped out of an iron pot filled with water; one was a long, thin, white-glass flask of Araki, the other a bottle of some strong perfume. Both were wrapped up in wet rag, the usual refrigerator.

Ali Agha welcomed me politely, and seeing me admire the preparations, bade me beware how I suspected an Albanian of not knowing how to drink; he made me sit by him on the bed, threw his dagger to a handy distance, signalled me to do the same, and prepared to

* When Egyptians of the middle classes call upon one another, the visitor always carries with him his tobacco-pouch, which he hands to the servant, who fills his pipe.

† The "Salatah" is made as follows. Take a cucumber, pare, slice and place it on a plate, sprinkling it over with salt. After a few minutes, season it abundantly with pepper, and put it in a bowl containing some peppercorns, and about a pint of curds. When the dish is properly mixed, a live coal is placed upon the top of the compound, to make it bind, as the Arabs say. It is considered a cooling dish, and is esteemed by the abstemious as well as by the toper.

begin the bout. Taking up a little tumbler, in shape like those from which French postilions used to drink "la goutte," he inspected it narrowly, wiped out the interior with his forefinger, filled it to the brim, and offered it to his guest * with a bow. I received it with a low salam, swallowed its contents at once, turned it upside down in proof of fair play, replaced it upon the floor, with a jaunty movement of the arm, somewhat like a "British pugilist" delivering a "rounder," bowed again, and requested him to help himself. The same ceremony followed on his part. Immediately after each glass, — and rapidly the cup went about, — we swallowed a draught of water, and ate a spoonful of the curds or the Salatah in order to cool our palates. Then we reapplied ourselves to our pipes, emitting huge puffs, — a sign of being "fast" men, — and looked facetiously at each other, — drinking being considered by Moslems a funny and pleasant manner of sin.

The Albanian captain was at least half seas over when we began the bout, yet he continued to fill and to drain without showing the least progress in ebriety. I in vain for a time expected the "bad-masti," (as the Persians call it,) the horse play, and gross facetiæ, which generally accompany southern and eastern tipsiness. Ali Agha, indeed, occasionally took up the bottle of perfume, filled the palm of his right hand, and dashed it in my face: I followed his example, but our pleasantries went no further.

Presently my companion started a grand project, namely,

* These Albanians are at most half Asiatic as regards manner. In the East generally, the host drinks of the cup, and dips his hand into the dish before his guest, for the same reason that the master of the house precedes his visitor over the threshold. Both actions denote that no treachery is intended, and to reverse them, as amongst us, would be a gross breach of custom, likely to excite the liveliest suspicions.

that I should entice the respectable Haji Wali into the room, where we might force him to drink. The idea was facetious: it was making a Bow-street magistrate polk at a casino. I started up to fetch the Haji: and when I returned with him Ali Agha was found in a new stage of "freshness." He had stuck a green-leaved twig upright in the floor, and had so turned over a goblet of water, that its contents trickled slowly, in a tiny stream under the verdure, and he was sitting before it mentally gazing, with an outward show of grim Quixotic tenderness, upon the shady trees and the cool rills of his fatherland. Possibly he had peopled the place with "young barbarians at play;" for verily I thought that a tear "which had no business there" was glistening in his stony eye.

The appearance of Haji Wali suddenly changed the scene. Ali Agha jumped up, seized the visitor by the shoulder, compelled him to sit down, and, ecstasied by the good man's horror at the scene, filled a tumbler, and with the usual grotesque grimaces insisted upon his drinking it. Haji Wali stoutly refused; then Ali Agha put it to his own lips, and drained it with a hurt-feeling and reproachful aspect. We made our unconvivial friend smoke a few puffs, and then we returned to the charge. In vain the Haji protested that throughout life he had avoided the deadly sin; in vain he promised to drink with us to-morrow,—in vain he quoted Koran, and alternately coaxed, and threatened us with the police. We were inexorable. At last the Haji started upon his feet, and rushed away, regardless of any thing but escape, leaving his Tarbush, his slippers, and his pipe, in the hands of the enemy. The host did not dare to pursue his recreant guest beyond the door, but returning he carefully sprinkled the polluting liquid on the cap, pipe, and shoes, and called the Haji an ass in every tongue he knew.

Then we applied ourselves to supper, and dispatched

the soup, the stew, and the Salatah. A few tumblers and pipes were exhausted to obviate indigestion, when Ali Agha arose majestically, and said that he required a troop of dancing girls to gladden his eyes with a ballet.

I represented that such persons are no longer admitted into caravanserais.* He inquired, with calm ferocity, "who hath forbidden it?" I replied "the Pacha;" upon which Ali Agha quietly removed his cap, brushed it with his fore-arm, fitted it on his forehead, raking forwards, twisted his mustachios to the sharp point of a single hair, shouldered his pipe, and moved towards the door, vowing, that he would make the Pacha himself come, and dance before us.

I foresaw a brawl, and felt thankful that my boon companion had forgotten his dagger. Prudence whispered me to return to my room, to bolt the door, and to go to bed, but conscience suggested that it would be unfair to abandon the Albanian in his present helpless state. I followed him into the outer gallery, pulling him, and begging him, as a despairing wife might urge a drunken husband, to return home. And he, like the British husband, being greatly irritated by the unjovial advice, instantly belaboured with his pipe-stick† the first person he met in the gallery, and sent him flying down the stairs with fearful shouts of "O Egyptians! O ye accursed! O genus of Pharaoh! O race of dogs! O Egyptians!"

* Formerly these places, like the coffee-houses, were crowded with bad characters. Of late years the latter have been refused admittance, but it would be as easy to bar the door to gnats and flies. They appear as "foot-pages," as washerwomen, as beggars; in fact, they evade the law with ingenuity and impunity.

† Ismail Pacha was murdered by Malik Nimr, chief of Shendy, for striking him with a chibouque across the face. Travellers would do well to remember, that in these lands the pipe-stick and the slipper disgrace a man, whereas a whip or a rod would not do so. The probable reason of this is, that the two articles of domestic use are applied slightingly, not seriously, to the purposes of punishment.

He then burst open a door with his shoulder, and reeled into a room where two aged dames were placidly reposing by the side of their spouses, who were basket-makers. They immediately awoke, seeing a stranger, and hearing his foul words, they retorted with a hot volley of vituperation.

Put to flight by the old women's tongues, Ali Agha, in spite of all my endeavours, reeled down the stairs, and fell upon the sleeping form of the night porter, whose blood he vowed to drink—the Oriental form of threatening "spiflication." Happily for the assaulted, the Agha's servant, a sturdy Albanian lad, was lying on a mat in the doorway close by. Roused by the tumult he jumped up, and found the captain in a state of fury. Apparently the man was used to the master's mood. Without delay he told us all to assist, and we lending a helping hand, half dragged and half carried the Albanian to his room. Yet even in this ignoble plight, he shouted with all the force of his lungs the old war-cry, "O Egyptians! O race of dogs! I have dishonored all Sikandariyah—all Kahirah—all Suways."* And in this vaunting frame of mind he was put to bed. No Welsh undergraduate at Oxford, under similar circumstances, ever gave more trouble.

"You had better start on your pilgrimage at once," said Haji Wali, meeting me the next morning with a "goguenard" smile.

He was right. Throughout the caravanserai nothing was talked of for nearly a week but the wickedness of the captain of Albanian Irregulars, and the hypocrisy of the staid Indian doctor. Thus it was, gentle reader, that I lost my reputation of being a "serious person" at Cairo.

* Anglicè, Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez.—an extensive field of operations.

And all I have to show for it is the personal experience of an Albanian drinking bout.

I wasted but little time in taking leave of my friends, telling them by way of precaution, that my destination was Meccah viâ Jeddah, and firmly determining, if possible, to make El Medinah viâ Yambu. "Conceal," says the Arabic proverb, "thy tenets, thy treasure, and thy travelling."

## CHAP. VIII.

### FROM CAIRO TO SUEZ.

SHAYKH NASSAR, a Bedouin of Tur, (Mount Sinai,) being on his way homewards, agreed to let me have two dromedaries for the sum of 50 piastres, or about ten shillings each.* Being desirous to start with a certain display of respectability, I accepted these terms; a man of humbler pretensions would have travelled with a single animal, and a camel-man running behind him. But, besides ostentation, I wanted my attendant to be mounted, that we might make a forced march in order to ascertain how much a four years' life of European effeminacy had impaired my powers of endurance. The reader may believe the assertion that there are few better tests than an eighty-four mile ride in midsummer, on a bad wooden saddle, borne by a worse dromedary, across a desert. Even the Squire famed for being copper-sheeted might not have disdained a trial of the kind.

I started my Indian boy and heavy luggage for Suez two days before the end of the Eed,—laden camels generally taking fifty-five or sixty hours to do the journey, and I spent the intermediate time with Haji Wali. He advised me to mount about 3 P. M., so that I might arrive at Suez on the evening of the next day, and assisted me in making due preparations of water, tobacco, and pro-

* The proper hire of a return dromedary from Cairo to Suez is forty piastres. But every man is charged in proportion to his rank, and Europeans generally pay about double.

visions. Early on the morning of departure the Afghan Shaykh came to the caravanserai, and breakfasted with us, "because Allah willed it." After a copious meal he bestowed upon me a stately benediction, and would have embraced me, but I humbly bent over his hand: sad to relate, immediately that his back was turned, Haji Wali raised his forefinger to a right angle with the palm, and burst into a shout of irreverent laughter. At 3 o'clock Nassar, the Bedouin, came to announce that the dromedaries were saddled. I dressed myself, sticking a pistol in my belt, and passing the crimson silk cord of the Hamail or pocket Koran over my shoulder, in token of being a pilgrim—distributing a few trifling presents to friends and servants, and, accompanied by the Shaykh Mohammed, and Haji Wali, descended the stairs with an important gait. In the court-yard sat the camels, (dromedaries they could not be called,) and I found that a second driver was going to accompany us. I objected to this, as the extra Bedouin would, of course, expect to be fed by me; but Nassar swore the man was his brother, and, as you rarely gain by small disputes with these people, he was allowed to have his own way.

Then came the preparatory leave-takings. Haji Wali embraced me heartily, and so did my poor old Shaykh, who, despite his decrepitude and my objections, insisted upon accompanying me to the city gate. I mounted the camel, crossed my legs before the pommel—stirrups are not used in Egypt*—and, preceding my friend, descended

* The tender traveller had better provide himself with a pair of stirrups, but he will often find, when on camel back, that his legs are more numbed by hanging down, than by the Arab way of crossing them before and beneath the pommel. He must, however, be careful to inspect his saddle, and, should bars of wood not suit him, to have them covered with stuffed leather. And again, for my part, I would prefer riding a camel with a nose-ring,—Mongol and Sindhian fashion,—to holding him, as the

the street leading towards the desert. As we emerged from the huge gateway of the caravanserai all the bystanders, except only the porter, who believed me to be a Persian, and had seen me with the drunken captain, exclaimed, "Allah bless thee, Y'al Hajj*, and restore thee to thy country and thy friends!" And passing through the Bab el Nasr, where I addressed the salutation of peace to the sentry, and to the officer commanding the guard, both gave me God-speed with great cordiality† — the pilgrim's blessing in Asia, like the old woman's in Europe, being supposed to possess peculiar efficacy. Outside the gate my friends took a final leave of me, and I will not deny having felt a tightening of heart as their honest faces and forms faded in the distance.

But Shaykh Nassar switches his camel's shoulder, and appears inclined to take the lead. This is a trial of manliness. There is no time for emotion. Not a moment can be spared, even for a retrospect. I kick my dromedary, who steps out into a jog-trot. The Bedouins with a loud ringing laugh attempt to give me the go-by. I resist, and we continue like children till the camels are at their speed, though we have eighty-four miles before us, and above an atmosphere like a furnace blast. The road is deserted at this hour, otherwise grave Moslem travellers would have believed the police to be nearer than convenient to us.

Presently we drew rein, and exchanged our pace for

Egyptians do, with a halter, or to guiding him,—Wahhabi-wise,—with a stick.

* "O pilgrim!" The Egyptians write the word Hajj, and pronounce Hagg. In Persia, India, and Turkey, it becomes Haji. These are mere varieties of form, derived from one and the same Arabic root.

† The Egyptians and Arabs will not address "Salam" to an infidel; the Moslems of India have no such objection. This, on the banks of the Nile, is the revival of an old prejudice. Alexander of Alexandria, in his circular letter, describes the Arian heretics as "men whom it is not lawful to salute, or to bid God-speed."

one more seasonable, whilst the sun began to tell on man and beast. High raised as we were above the ground, the reflected heat struck us sensibly, and the glare of a macadamised road added a few extra degrees of caloric.* The Bedouins, to refresh themselves, prepare to smoke. They fill my chibouque, light it with a flint and steel, and cotton dipped in a solution of gunpowder, and pass it over to me.† After a few puffs I return it to them, and they smoke it turn by turn. Then they begin to while away the tedium of the road by asking questions, which passe-temps is not easily exhausted; for they are never satisfied till they know as much of you as you do of yourself. They next resort to talking about victuals; for with this hungry race of Bedouins, food, as a topic of conversation, takes the place of money in more civilised lands. And lastly, even this engrossing subject being exhausted for the moment, they take refuge in singing: and, monotonous and droning as it is, their song has yet an artless plaintiveness, which admirably suits the singer and the scenery. If you listen to the words, you will surely hear allusions to bright ver-

* It is Prince Puckler Muskau, if I recollect rightly, who mentions that in his case a pair of dark spectacles produced a marked difference of apparent temperature, whilst travelling over the sultry sand of the desert. I have often remarked the same phenomenon. The Arabs, doubtless from some reason of the kind, always draw their head-kerchiefs, like hoods, far over their brows, and cover up their mouths, even when the sun and wind are behind them. Inhabitants of the desert are to be recognised by the net-work of wrinkles traced in the skin round the orbits, the result of half-closing their eye-lids; but this is done to temper the intensity of the light.

† Their own pipe-tubes were of coarse wood, in shape somewhat resembling the German porcelain pipe. The bowl was of soft stone, apparently steatite, which, when fresh, is easily fashioned with a knife. In Arabia the Bedouins, and even the townspeople, use on journeys an earthen tube from *five to six inches shorter than* the English "clay," thicker in the tube, with a large bowl, and coloured yellowish-red. It contains a handful of tobacco and the smoker emits puffs like a chimney. In some of these articles the bowl forms a rectangle with the tube; in others, the whole is an unbroken curve, like the old Turkish Meerschaum.

dure, cool shades, bubbling rills, or something which hereabouts man hath not, and yet which his soul desires.

And now while Nassar and his brother are chaunting a duet, — the refrain being,

> "W'al arz mablul bi matar,"
> "And the earth was wet with rain,"—

I must crave leave to say a few words, despite the triteness of the subject, about the modern Sinaitic race of Arabs.

Besides the tribes occupying the northern parts of the peninsula, five chief clans are enumerated by Burckhardt.* Nassar, and other authorities at Suez, divided them into six, namely: —

1. Karashi (in the plural Kararishah), who, like the Gara in Eastern Arabia, claim an apocryphal origin from the great Koraysh tribe.

2. Salihi (*pl.* Sawalihah), the principal family of the Sinaitic Bedouins.

3. Arimi (*pl.* Awarimah): according to Burckhardt this clan is merely a sub-family of the Sawalihahs.

4. Saidi. Burckhardt calls them Welad Said, and derives them also from the Sawalihahs.

5. Aliki (*pl.* Alaykah, erroneously written Elegat, and Aleykah), and lastly, the

6. Muzaynah, generally pronounced M'zaynah. This class is an off-shoot from the great Jehaymah tribe inhabiting the deserts about Yambu. According to oral tradition five persons, the ancestors of the present Muzaynah race, were forced by a blood-feud to fly their native country. They landed at the Shurum†, and have now spread themselves over the eastern parts of the

* See Wallin's papers, published in the Journals of the Royal Geographical Society.

† Shurum (plural of Sharm, a creek), a word prefixed to the proper names of three small ports in the Sinaitic peninsula.

peninsula. In El Hejaz the Muzaynah is an old and noble tribe. It produced Kaab el Ahbar, the celebrated poet, to whom Mohammed gave the cloak which the Ottomans believe to have been taken by Sultan Selim from Egypt, and, under the name of Khirkah Sherif, to have been converted into the national Oriflamme.

There are some interesting ethnographical points about these Sinaitic clans—interesting at least to those who would trace the genealogy of the great Arabian family. Any one who knows the Bedouins can see that the Muzaynah are pure blood. Their brows are broad, their faces narrow, their features regular, and their eyes of a moderate size: whereas the other Tawarah* clans are as palpably Egyptian. They have preserved that roundness of face which may still be seen in the Sphinx as in the modern Copt, and their eyes have that peculiar size, shape, and look which the old Egyptian painters attempted to express by giving to the profile eye the form of the full organ. Upon this feature, so characteristic of the Nilotic race, I would lay great stress. No traveller familiar with the true Egyptian eye, long, almond-shaped, deeply fringed, slightly raised at the outer corner and dipping in front like the Chinese†, can ever mistake it. It is to be seen in half-castes, and, as I have before remarked, families originally from the banks of the Nile, but settled in El Hejaz for generations, retain the peculiarity in all its integrity.

I therefore believe the Turi Bedouin to be an impure

* Tawarah, plural of Turi, an inhabitant of Tur or Sinai.

† This feature did not escape the practised eye of Denon. "Eyes long, almond-shaped, half shut and languishing, and turned up at the outer corner, as if habitually fatigued by the light and heat of the sun; cheeks round, &c.," (*Voyage en Egypte*). The learned Frenchman's description of the ancient Egyptians applies in most points to the Tur Bedouins.

race, Egypto-Arab*, whereas his neighbour the Hejazi is the pure Syrian or Mesopotamian.

A wonderful change has taken place in the Tawarah tribes, whilome portrayed by Sir John Mandeville as "folke fulle of alle evylle condiciouns." Niebuhr notes the trouble they gave him, and their perpetual hankering for both murder and pillage. Even in the late Mohammed Ali's early reign, no governor of Suez dared to flog, or to lay hands upon a Turi, whatever offence he might have committed within the walls of the town. Now the wild man's sword is taken from him, before he is allowed to enter the gates, and my old acquaintance, Giaffar Bey, would think no more of belabouring a Bedouin than of flogging a Fellah.† Such is the result of Mohammed Ali's rigorous

* "And he (Ishmael) dwelt in the wilderness of Paran, (Wady Firan?) and his mother took him a wife, out of the land of Egypt." (Gen. xxi. 21.) I wonder that some geographers have attempted to identify Massa the son of Ishmael (Gen. xxv. 14.) with Meccah, when in verse 18. of the same chapter we read, "And they (the twelve princes, sons of Ishmael) *dwelt from Havilah unto Shur.*" This asserts, as clearly as language can, that the posterity of, or the race typified by Ishmael,—the Egypto-Arab,—occupied only the northern parts of the peninsula. Their habitat is not even included in Arabia by those writers who bound the country on the north by an imaginary line drawn from Ras Mohammed to the mouths of the Euphrates.

Dr. Wilson (Lands of the Bible), repeated by Eliot Warburton, (Crescent and Cross,) lays stress upon the Tawarah tradition, that they are Beni-Israel converted to El-Islam, considering it a fulfilment of the prophecy, "*that a remnant of Israel shall dwell in Edom.*" With due deference to so illustrious an orientalist and Biblical scholar as Dr. Wilson, I believe that most modern Moslems, being ignorant that Jacob was the first called "prince with God," apply the term Beni-Israel to all the posterity of Abraham.

† In the mouth of a Turk, no epithet is more contemptuous than that of "Fellah ibn Fellah,"—"boor, son of a boor!" The Osmanlis have, as usual, a semi-religious tradition to account for the superiority of their nation over the Egyptians. When the learned doctor, Abu Abdullah Mohammed bin Idris el Shafei, returned from Meccah to the banks of the Nile, he mounted, it is said, a donkey belonging to one of the Asinarii of

policy, and such the effects of even semi-civilisation, when its influence is brought to bear direct upon barbarism.

To conclude this subject, the Tawarah still retain many characteristics of the Bedouin race. The most good-humoured and sociable of men, they delight in a jest, and may readily be managed by kindness and courtesy. Yet they are passionate, nice upon points of honor, revengeful and easily offended where their peculiar prejudices are misunderstood. I have always found them pleasant companions, and deserving of respect, for their hearts are good, and their courage is beyond a doubt. Those travellers who complain of their insolence and extortion may have been either ignorant of their language or offensive to them by assumption of superiority,—in the Desert man meets man,—or physically unfitted to acquire their esteem.

We journeyed on till near sunset through the wilderness without ennui. It is strange how the mind can be amused amid scenery that presents so few objects to occupy it. But in such a country every slight modification of form or color rivets observation: the senses are sharpened, and the perceptive faculties, prone to sleep over a confused shifting of scenery, act vigorously when excited by the capability of embracing each detail. Moreover desert views are eminently suggestive; they appeal to the Future, not to the Past; they arouse because they are by no means memorial. To the solitary wayfarer there is an interest in the wilderness unknown to Cape

Bulak. Arriving at the caravanserai, he gave the man ample fare, whereupon the Egyptian putting forth his hand, and saying "hat," called for more. The doctor doubled the fee; still the double was demanded. At last the divine's purse was exhausted, and the proprietor of the donkey waxed insolent. A wandering Turk seeing this, took all the money from the Egyptian, paid him his due, solemnly kicked him, and returned the rest to El Shafei, who asked him his name—"Osman"—and his nation—the "Osmanli,"—blessed him, and prophesied to his countrymen supremacy over the Fellahs and donkey boys of Egypt.

seas and Alpine glaciers, and even to the rolling Prairie, — the effect of continued excitement on the mind, stimulating its powers to their pitch. Above, through a sky terrible in its stainless beauty, and the splendors of a pitiless blinding glare, the Simoom caresses you like a lion with flaming breath. Around lie drifted sand heaps, upon which each puff of wind leaves its trace in solid waves, flayed rocks, the very skeletons of mountains, and hard unbroken plains, over which he who rides is spurred by the idea that the bursting of a water-skin, or the pricking of a camel's hoof would be a certain death of torture, — a haggard land infested with wild beasts, and wilder men, — a region whose very fountains murmur the warning words "Drink and away!" What can be more exciting? what more sublime? Man's heart bounds in his breast at the thought of measuring his puny force with Nature's might, and of emerging triumphant from the trial. This explains the Arab's proverb, "Voyaging is a Victory." In the Desert even more than upon the ocean, there is present death: hardship is there, and piracies, and shipwreck—solitary, not in crowds, where, as the Persians say, "Death is a Festival," — and this sense of danger, never absent, invests the scene of travel with an interest not its own.

Let the traveller who suspects exaggeration leave the Suez road for an hour or two, and gallop northwards over the sands: in the drear silence, the solitude, and the fantastic desolation of the place, he will feel what the Desert may be. And then the Oases *, and little lines of

* Hugh Murray derives this word from the Egyptian, and quoting Strabo and Abulfeda makes it synonymous with Auasis and Hyasis. I believe it to be a mere corruption of the Arabic Wady (وادى) or Wah.

Nothing can be more incorrect than the vulgar idea of an Arabian Oasis, except it be the popular conception of an Arabian desert. One reads of "isles of the sandy sea," but one never sees them. The real "Wady" is,

fertility — how soft and how beautiful! — even though the Wady El Ward (the Vale of Flowers) be the name of some stern flat upon which a handful of wild shrubs blossom while struggling through a cold season's ephemeral existence.

In such circumstances the mind is influenced through the body. Though your mouth glows, and your skin is parched, yet you feel no languor, the effect of humid heat; your lungs are lightened, your sight brightens, your memory recovers its tone, and your spirits become exuberant; your fancy and imagination are powerfully aroused, and the wildness and sublimity of the scenes around you stir up all the energies of your soul — whether for exertion, danger, or strife. Your morale improves: you become frank and cordial, hospitable and single-minded: the hypocritical politeness and the slavery of civilisation are left behind you in the city. Your senses are quickened: they require no stimulants but air and exercise, — in the Desert spirituous liquors excite only disgust. There is a keen enjoyment in mere animal existence. The sharp appetite disposes of the most indigestible food, the sand is softer than a bed of down, and the purity of the air suddenly puts to flight a dire cohort

generally speaking, a rocky valley bisected by the bed of a mountain torrent, dry during the hot season. In such places the Bedouins love to encamp, because they find food and drink,—water being always procurable by digging. When the supply is perennial, the Wady becomes the site of a village.

The Desert is as unaptly compared to a "sandy sea." Most of the wilds of Arabia resemble the tract between Suez and Cairo; only the former are of primitive formation, whereas the others are of a later date. Sand heaps are found in every desert, but sand plains are merely a local feature, not the general face of the country. The wilderness, east of the Nile, is generally a hard dry earth, which requires only a monsoon to become highly productive: even where silicious sand covers the plain, the waters of a torrent, depositing humus or vegetable mould, bind the particles together, and fit it for the reception of seed.

of diseases. Hence it is that both sexes, and every age, the most material as well as the most imaginative of minds, the tamest citizen, the most peaceful student, the spoiled child of civilisation, all feel their hearts dilate, and their pulses beat strong, as they look down from their dromedaries upon the glorious Desert. Where do we hear of a traveller being disappointed by it? It is another illustration of the ancient truth that Nature returns to man, however unworthily he has treated her. And believe me, gentle reader, that when once your tastes have conformed to the tranquillity of such travel, you will suffer real pain in returning to the turmoil of civilisation. You will anticipate the bustle and the confusion of artificial life, its luxury and its false pleasures, with repugnance. Depressed in spirits, you will for a time after your return feel incapable of mental or bodily exertion. The air of cities will suffocate you, and the care-worn and cadaverous countenances of citizens will haunt you like a vision of judgment.*

As the black shadow mounted in the East†, I turned off the road, and was suddenly saluted by a figure rising from a little hollow with an "As' Salamo Alaykum" of truly Arab sound.‡ I looked at the speaker for a moment without recognising him. He then advanced with voluble expressions of joy, invited me to sup, seized my camel's halter without waiting for an answer, "nakh'd §," him,

* The intelligent reader will easily understand that I am speaking of Desert-pleasures in the temperate season, not during the summer heats, when the whole is one vast furnace, or in winter, when the Sarsar wind cuts like an Italian Tramontana.

† This, as a general rule in El Islam, is a sign that the Maghrib or evening prayer must not be delayed. The Shafei school performs its devotions immediately after the sun has disappeared.

‡ This salutation of peace is so differently pronounced by every eastern nation that the observing traveller will easily make of it a shibboleth.

§ To "nakh" in vulgar, as in classical, Arabic is to gurgle "Ikh! ikh!" in the bottom of one's throat till the camel kneels down. We have no English word for this proceeding; but Anglo-oriental travellers are rapidly naturalising the "nakh."

led me hurriedly to a carpet spread in a sandy hollow, pulled off my slippers, gave me cold water for ablution, told me that he had mistaken me at a distance for a "Sherif" of the Arabs, but was delighted to find himself in error, and urged me to hurry over ablution, otherwise that night would come on before we could say our prayers. It was Mohammed el Basyuni, the Meccan boy of whom I had bought my pilgrim-garb at Cairo. There I had refused his companionship, but here for reasons of his own — one of them was an utter want of money, — he would take no excuse. When he prayed he stood behind me*, thereby proving pliancy of conscience, for he suspected me from the first of being at least a heretic.

After prayer he lighted a pipe, and immediately placed the snake-like tube in my hand; this is an argument which the tired traveller can rarely resist. He then began to rummage my saddle-bags; drew forth stores of provisions, rolls, water-melons, boiled eggs, and dates, and whilst lighting the fire, and boiling the coffee, managed to distribute his own stock, which was neither plentiful nor first-rate, to the camel-men. Shaykh Nassar and his brother looked aghast at this movement, but the boy was inexorable. They tried a few rough hints, which he noticed by singing a Hindostani couplet that asserts the impropriety of anointing rats' heads with jasmine oil. They suspected abuse, and waxed cross; he acknowledged this by deriding them. "I have heard of Nasrs and Nasirs, and Mansúrs, but may Allah spare me the mortification of a Nassár!" said the boy, relying upon my support. And I urged him on, wanting to see how the city Arab treats the countryman. He then took my tobacco-pouch from the angry Bedouins, and in a stage-whisper reproved me for entrusting it to such thieves; insisting, at the same

* There are many qualifications necessary for an Imam, — a leader of prayer; the first condition, of course, is orthodoxy.

time, upon drinking all the coffee, so that the poor guides had to prepare some for themselves. He improved every opportunity of making mischief. "We have eaten water-melon!" cried Nassar, patting its receptacle in token of repletion. "Dost thou hear, my lord, how they grumble? — the impudent ruffians!" remarked Mohammed — "*We have eaten water-melon!* that is to say, we ought to have eaten meat!" The Bedouins, completely out of temper, told him not to trust himself among their hills. He seized a sword, and began capering about after the fashion of the Indian school of arms, and boasted that he would attack single-handed the whole clan, which elicited an ironical "Allah! Allah!" from the hearers.

After an hour most amusingly spent in this way I arose, much to the dissatisfaction of my guides, who wished to sleep there, and insisted upon mounting. Shaykh Nassar and his brother had reckoned upon living gratis, for at least three days, judging it improbable that a soft Effendi would hurry himself. When they saw the fair vision dissolve, they began to finesse: they induced the camel-man, who ran by the side of Mohammed's dromedary, to precede the animal — a favourite manœuvre to prevent overspeed. Ordered to fall back, the man pleaded fatigue, and inability to walk. The boy Mohammed immediately asked if I had any objection to dismount one of my guides, and to let his weary attendant ride for an hour or so. I at once assented, and the Bedouins obeyed me with ominous grumblings. When we resumed our march the melancholy Arabs had no song left in them, whereas Mohammed chanted vociferously, and quoted bad Hindostani and worse Persian till silence was forcibly imposed upon him. The camel-men lagged behind, in order to prevent my dromedary advancing too fast, and the boy's guide, after dismounting, would stride along in front of us, under pretext of showing the way. And so we

jogged on, now walking, then trotting, till the dromedaries began to grunt with fatigue, and the Arabs clamoured for a halt.

At midnight we reached the centre station, and lay down under its walls to take a little rest. The dews fell heavily, wetting the sheets that covered us; but who cares for such trifles in the Desert? The moon shone bright*; the breeze blew coolly, and the jackal sang a lullaby which lost no time in inducing the soundest sleep. As the wolf's tail† appeared in the heavens we arose. Grey mists floating over the hills northwards gave the Dar el Baida‡ the look of some old feudal castle. There was a haze in the atmosphere, which beautified even the face of Desolation. The swift-flying Kata§ rose in noisy coveys from the road, and a stray gazelle paced daintily over the stony plain. As we passed by the Pilgrims' tree, I added another rag to its coat of tatters.‖ We then

* "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." (Psalm cxxi. 6.) Easterns still believe firmly in the evil effects of moonlight upon the human frame, — from Sindh to Abyssinia, the traveller will hear tales of wonder concerning it.

† The Dum i Gurg, or wolf's tail, is the Persian name for the first brushes of grey light which appear as forerunners of dawn.

‡ Dar el Baida is a palace belonging to H. H. Abbas Pacha. This "white house" was formerly called the "red house," — I believe from the color of its windows,—but the name was changed, as being not particularly good-omened.

§ The Tetrao Kata or sand-grouse, (Pterocles melanogaster) (in Sindh it is called the rock pigeon,) is a fast-flying bird, not unlike a grey partridge whilst upon the wing. When, therefore, Shanfara boasts "The ash-colored Katas can only drink my leavings, after hastening all night to slake their thirst in the morning," it is a hyperbole to express his exceeding swiftness. (Kata, in Arabic pronounced Gatta or Gutta. Unfortunately in English we have no way of writing the ق k, which is our g, though not followed by any a. It is the same letter that the ancient Greeks had, and which occurs in the names of "*Corinth*," "*Hector*," and which was written Ϙ—ϘΟΡΙΝΘΟΖ, ʼΕϘΤΩΡ.—*Ed.*)

‖ I have already, when writing upon the subject of Sindh, alluded to

invoked the aid of the holy saint El Dakruri* from his cream-colored abode, mounted our camels, and resumed the march in real earnest. The dawn passed away in its delicious coolness, and sultry morning came on. Then day arose in its fierceness, and the noontide sun made the plain glow with terrible heat. Still we pressed onwards.

At 3 P. M. we turned off the road into a dry water-course, which is not far from No. 13 station. The sand was dotted with the dried-up leaves of the Datura, and strongly perfumed by a kind of Absinthe†, the sweetest herb of the desert. A Mimosa was there, and although its shade at this season is little better than a cocoa tree's‡,

this system as prevalent throughout El Islam, and professed, like Mr. Lane, ignorance of its origin and object.

In Huc's travels, we are told that the Tartars worship mountain spirits by raising an "Obo," — dry branches hung with bones and strips of cloth, and planted in enormous heaps of stones. Park, also, in Western Africa, conformed to the example of his companions, in adding a charm or shred of cloth on a tree (at the entrance of the Wilderness), which was completely covered with these guardian symbols. And, finally, the Tarikh Tabari mentions it as a practice of the Pagan Arabs, and talks of evil spirits residing in the date-tree.

May not, then, the practice in El Islam be one of the many débris of fetish-worship which entered into the heterogeneous formation of the Saving Faith? Some believe that the Prophet permitted the practice, and explain the peculiar name of the expedition called Zat el Rikaa (place of shreds of cloth,) by supposing it to be a term for a tree to which the Moslems hung their ex-voto rags.

* The saint lies under a little white-washed dome, springing from a square of low walls — a form of sepulchre now common to El Hejaz, Egypt, and the shores and islands of the Red Sea. As regards his name my informants told me it was that of a Hejazi Shaykh. The subject is by no means interesting, but the exact traveller will find the word written Takroore, and otherwise explained by Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

† Called by the Arabs Shih شيح which the dictionaries translate "wormwood of Pontus." It is an *artemisia*. We find Wallin in his works speaking of *Ferashat al shih*, or wormwood carpets.

‡ We are told in verse of "a cocoa's feathery shade," and "sous l'ombre d'un cocotier." But to realise the prose picture, let the home reader,

the Bedouins would not neglect it. We lay down upon the sand, to rest among a party of Maghrabi pilgrims travelling to Suez. These wretches, who were about a dozen in number, appeared to be of the lowest class; their garments consisted of a Burnoos and a pair of sandals, their sole weapon a long knife, and their only stock a bag of dry provisions. Each had his large wooden bowl, but none carried water with him. It was impossible to help pitying their state, nor could I eat, seeing them hungry, thirsty, and wayworn. Nassar served out about a pint of water and a little bread to each man. Then they asked for more. None was to be had, so they cried out that money would do as well. I had determined upon being generous to the extent of a few pence. Custom, as well as inclination, was in favor of the act; but when the alms became a demand, and the demand was backed by fierce looks and a derisive sneer, and a kind of reference to their knives, gentle Charity took the alarm and fled. My pistols kept them at bay, for they were only making an attempt to intimidate, and, though I took the precaution of sitting apart from them, there was no real danger. The Suez road, by the wise regulations of Mohammed Ali, has become as safe to European travellers as that between Hampstead and Highgate, and even Easterns have little to fear but what their cowardice creates. My Indian servant was full of the dangers he had run, but I did not believe in them. I afterwards heard that the place where the Maghrabis attempted to frighten what they thought a timid Effendi was once notorious for plunder and murder. Here the spurs of two opposite hills almost meet upon the plain, a favorable ground for Bedouin ambuscade. Of the Maghrabis I shall have more to say when relating my

choosing some sultry August day, fasten a large fan to a long pole, and enjoy himself under it.

voyage in the Pilgrim Ship: they were the only travellers from whom we experienced the least annoyance. Numerous parties of Turks, Arabs, and Afghans, and a few Indians* were on the same errand as ourselves. All, as we passed them, welcomed us with the friendly salutation that so becomes men engaged in a labor of religion.

About half an hour before sunset, I turned off the road leftwards, and, under pretext of watering the dromedaries, rode up to inspect the El Ajrudi † fort. It is a quadrangle with round towers at the gateway and at the corners, newly built of stone and mortar; the material is already full of crevices, and would not stand before a twelve-pounder. Without guns or gunners, it is occupied by about a dozen Fellahs, who act as hereditary "Ghafirs" (guardians); they were expecting at that time to be re-inforced by a party of Bashi Buzuks — irregulars from Cairo. The people of the country were determined that an English fleet would soon appear in the Red Sea, and this fort is by them ridiculously considered the key of Suez. As usual in these Vauban-lacking lands, the well supplying the stronghold is in a detached and distant

* On a subsequent occasion, I met a party of Panjabis, who had walked from Meccah to Cairo in search of "Abu Tabilah," (General Avitabile,) whom report had led to the banks of the Nile. Some were young, others had white beards—all were weary and wayworn; but the saddest sight was an old woman, so decrepid that she could scarcely walk. The poor fellows were travelling on foot, carrying their wallets, with a few pence in their pockets, utterly ignorant of route and road, and actually determined in this plight to make Lahore by Baghdad, Bushire, and Kurrachee. Such — so incredible — is Indian improvidence!

† Upon this word Cacography has done her worst — "Haji Rood" may serve for a specimen. My informants told me that El Ajrudi is the name of a Hejazi Shaykh whose mortal remains repose under a little dome near the fort. This, if it be true, completely nullifies the efforts of Etymology to discern in it a distinct allusion to "the overthrow of Pharaoh's chariots, whose Hebrew appellation, 'Ageloot,' bears some resemblance to this modern name."

building, which can be approached by an enemy with the greatest security. Over the gateway was an ancient inscription reversed; the water was brackish, and of bad quality.*

We resumed our way: Suez was now near. In the blue distance rose the castellated peaks and the wide sand-tracts over which lies the land route to El Hejaz. Before us the sight ever dear to English eyes, — a strip of sea gloriously azure, with a gallant steamer walking the waters. On the right-hand side lay the broad slopes of Jebel Mukattem, a range of hills which flanks the road all the way from Cairo. It was at this hour a spectacle not easily to be forgotten. The near range of chalk and sandstone wore a russet suit, gilt where the last rays of the sun seamed it with light, and the deep folds were shaded with the richest purple; whilst the background of the higher hill, Abu Deraj (the Father of Steps), was sky-blue streaked with the lightest plum color. We drew up at a small building called Bir Suways (well of Suez), and under pretext of watering the cattle, I sat for half an hour admiring the charms of the Desert. The eye never tires of such loveliness of hue, and the memory of the hideousness of this range, when a sun in front exposed each barren and deformed feature, supplied the evening view with another element of attraction.

It was already night when we passed through the tumbling gateway of Suez; and there still remained the task of finding my servant and effects. After wandering in and out of every Wakaleh in the village, during which peregrination the boy Mohammed proved himself so useful

* The only sweet water in Suez is brought on camel back from the Nile, across the Desert. The "Bir Suez" is fit for beasts only; the Uyun Musa (Moses' Wells) on the Eastern side, and that below Abu Deraj, on the Western shore of the Suez Gulf, are but little better. The want of sweet water is the reason why no Hammam (or Bath) is found at Suez.

that I determined to make him my companion at all risks, we accidentally heard that an Indian had taken lodgings at a hostelry bearing the name of Jirjis.* On arriving there our satisfaction was diminished by the intelligence that the same Indian, after locking the door, had gone out with his friends to a ship in the harbour; in fact, that he had made all preparations for running away. I dismounted, and tried to persuade the porter to break open the wooden bolt, but he absolutely refused, and threatened the police. Meanwhile Mohammed had found a party of friends, men of El Medinah, returning to the pilgrimage after a begging tour through Egypt and Turkey. The meeting was characterised by vociferous inquiries, loud guffaws, and warm embraces. I was invited to share their supper, and their dormitory, — an uncovered platform projecting from the gallery over the square court below, — but I had neither appetite nor spirits to be sociable. The porter, after persuasion, showed me an empty room, in which I spread my carpet. That night was a sad one. My eighty-four mile ride had made every bone ache; I had lost much epidermis, and the sun had seared every portion of skin exposed to it. So, lamenting my degeneracy and the ill effects of four years' domicile in Europe, and equally disquieted in mind about the fate of my goods and chattels, I fell into an uncomfortable sleep.

* The "George:" so called after its owner, a Copt. There are 36 caravanserais at Suez, 33 small ones for merchandise, and 3 for travellers; of these the best is that of Sayyid Hashim. The pilgrim, however, must not expect much comfort or convenience, even at Sayyid Hashim's.

## CHAP. IX.

### SUEZ.

EARLY on the morning after my arrival, I arose, and consulted my new acquaintances about what steps should be taken towards recovering the missing property. They unanimously advised a visit to the governor, whom, however, they described to be a "Kalb ibn kalb," (dog, son of a dog,) who never returned Moslems' salutations, and thought all men dirt to be trodden under foot by the Turks. The boy Mohammed showed his savoir faire by extracting from his huge box a fine embroidered cap, and a grand peach-coloured coat, with which I was instantly invested; he dressed himself with similar magnificence, and we then set out to the "palace."

Giaffar Bey,—he has since been deposed,—then occupied the position of judge, officer commanding, collector of customs, and magistrate of Suez. He was a Mirliwa, or brigadier-general, and had some reputation as a soldier, together with a slight tincture of European science and language. The large old Turk received me most superciliously, disdained all return of salaam, and fixing upon me two little eyes like gimlets, demanded my business. I stated that one Shaykh Nur, my Indian servant, had played me false; therefore I required permission to break into the room supposed to contain my effects. He asked my profession. I replied the medical. This led him to inquire if I had any medicine for the eyes, and being answered in the affirmative, he sent a messenger with me to enforce obedience on the part of the porter. The ob-

noxious measure was, however, unnecessary. As we entered the caravanserai, there appeared at the door the black face of Shaykh Nur, looking, though accompanied by sundry fellow-countrymen, uncommonly as if he merited and expected the bamboo. He had, by his own account, been seduced into the festivities of a coal-hulk, manned by Indian Lascars, and the vehemence of his self-accusation saved him from the chastisement which I had determined to administer.

I must now briefly describe the party into which fate threw me: the names of these men will so frequently appear in the following pages, that a few words about their natures will not be misplaced.

First of all comes Umar Effendi,—so called in honor,—a Daghistani or Circassian, the grandson of a Hanafi Mufti at El Medinah, and the son of a Shayk Rakb, an officer whose duty it is to lead dromedary-caravans. He sits upon his cot, a small, short, plump body, of yellow complexion and bilious temperament, grey-eyed, soft-featured, and utterly beardless,—which affects his feelings,—he looks fifteen, and owns to twenty-eight. His manners are those of a student; he dresses respectably, prays regularly; hates the fair sex, like an Arab, whose affections and aversions are always in extremes, is serious, has a mild demeanour, an humble gait, and a soft slow voice. When roused he becomes furious as a Bengal tiger. His parents have urged him to marry, and he, like Camaralzaman, has informed his father that he is a person of great age, but little sense. Urged moreover by a melancholy turn of mind, and the want of leisure for study at El Medinah, he fled the paternal domicile, and entered himself a pauper Talib ilm (student) in the Azhar Mosque. His disconsolate friends and afflicted relations sent a confidential man to fetch him home by force, should it be necessary; he has yielded, and is now awaiting the

first opportunity of travelling, if possible, gratis to El Medinah.

That confidential man is a negro-servant, called Saad, notorious in his native city as El Jinni, the devil. Born and bred a slave in Umar Effendi's family, he obtained manumission, became a soldier in El Hejaz, was dissatisfied with pay perpetually in arrears, turned merchant, and wandered far and wide, to Russia, to Gibraltar, and to Baghdad. He is the pure African, noisily merry at one moment, at another silently sulky, affectionate and abusive, brave and boastful, reckless and crafty, exceedingly quarrelsome, and unscrupulous to the last degree. The bright side of his character is his love for, and respect to, the young master Umar Effendi; yet even him he will scold in a paroxysm of fury, and steal from him whatever he can lay his hands on. He is generous with his goods, but is ever borrowing and never paying money; he dresses like a beggar, with the dirtiest Tarbush upon his tufty poll, and only a cotton shirt over his sooty skin, whilst his two boxes are full of handsome apparel for himself and the three ladies his wives at El Medinah. He knows no fear but for those boxes. Frequently during our search for a vessel he forced himself into Giaffar Bey's presence, and demeaned himself so impudently, that we expected to see him lamed by the bastinado; his forwardness, however, only amused the dignitary. He wanders all day about the bazar, talking about freight and passage, for he has resolved, cost what it will, to travel gratis, and, with doggedness like his, he must succeed.

Shaykh Hamid el Samman derives his cognomen, the "clarified butter-seller," from a celebrated saint and Sufi of the Kadiriyah order, who left a long line of holy descendants at El Medinah. This Shaykh squats upon a box full of presents for the daughter of his paternal uncle*,

* His wife.

a perfect specimen of the town Arab. His head is crowned with a rough Shushah or tuft of hair on the poll*; his face is of a dirty brown, his little goat's beard untrimmed; his feet are bare, and his only garment is an exceedingly unclean, ochre-colored blouse, tucked at the waist into a leathern girdle beneath it. He will not pray, because he is unwilling to take pure clothes out of his box; but he smokes when he can get other people's tobacco, and groans between the whiffs, conjugating the verb all day, for he is of active mind. He can pick out his letters, and he keeps in his bosom a little dog's-eared MS. full of serious romances and silly prayers, old and exceedingly ill written: this he will draw forth at times, peep into for a moment, devoutly kiss, and restore to its proper place with all the veneration of the vulgar for a book. He can sing all manner of songs, slaughter a sheep with dexterity, deliver a grand call to prayer, shave, cook, fight, and he excels in the science of vituperation: like Saad, he never performs his devotions, except when necessary to "keep up appearances," and though he has sworn to perish before he

* When travelling, the Shushah is allowed to spread over the greatest portion of the scalp, to act as a protection against the sun; and the hair being shaved off about two inches all round the head, leaves a large circular patch. Nothing can be uglier than such tonsure, and it is contrary to the strict law of the Prophet, who ordered a clean shave, or a general growth of the hair. The Arab, however, knows by experience, that though habitual exposure of the scalp to a burning sun may harden the skull, it seldom fails to damage its precious contents. He, therefore, wears a Shushah during his wanderings, and removes it on his return home.

Abu Hanifah, if I am rightly informed, wrote a treatise advocating the growth of a long lock of hair on the Nasiyah, or crown of the head, lest the decapitated Moslem's mouth or beard be exposed to defilement by an impure hand. This would justify the comparing it to the "chivalry-lock," by which the American brave facilitates the removal of his own scalp. But I am at a loss to discover the origin of our old idea, that the "angel of death will, on the last day, bear all true believers, by this important tuft of hair on the crown, to Paradise." Probably this office has been attributed to the Shushah by the ignorance of the West.

forgets his vow to the "daughter of his uncle," I shrewdly suspect he is no better than he should be. His brow crumples at the word wine, but there is quite another expression about the region of the mouth; and Stamboul, where he has lived some months, without learning ten words of Turkish, is a notable place for displacing prejudice. And finally, he has not more than a piastre or two in his pocket, for he has squandered the large presents given to him at Cairo and Constantinople by noble ladies, to whom he acted as master of the ceremonies, at the tomb of the Prophet.

Stretched on a carpet, smoking a Persian Kalioon all day, lies Salih Shakkar, a Turk on the father's, and an Arab on the mother's side, born at El Medinah. This lanky youth may be 16 years old, but he has the ideas of 40; he is thoroughly greedy, selfish, and ungenerous, coldly supercilious as a Turk, and energetically avaricious as an Arab. He prays more often, and dresses more respectably, than the descendant of the clarified-butter-seller; he affects the Constantinople style of toilette, and his light yellow complexion makes people consider him a "superior person." We were intimate enough on the road, when he borrowed from me a little money. But at El Medinah he cut me piteously, as a "town man" does a continental acquaintance accidentally met in Hyde Park, and of course he tried, though in vain, to evade repaying his debt. He had a tincture of letters, and appeared to have studied critically the subject of "largesse." "The generous is Allah's friend, ay, though he be a sinner, and the miser is Allah's foe, ay, though he be a saint," was a venerable saying always in his mouth. He also informed me that Pharaoh, although the quintessence of impiety, is mentioned by name in the Koran, by reason of his liberality, whereas Nimrod, another monster of iniquity, is only alluded to, because he was a stingy

tyrant. It is almost needless to declare that Salih Shakkar was, as the Indians say, a very "fly-sucker."* There were two other men of El Medinah in the Wakalat Girgis; but I omit description, as we left them, they being penniless, at Suez. One of them, Mohammed Shiklibha, I afterwards met at Meccah, and seldom have I seen a more honest and warm-hearted fellow. When we were embarking at Suez, he fell upon Hamid's bosom, and both of them wept bitterly, at the prospect of parting even for a few days.

All the individuals above mentioned lost no time in opening the question of a loan. It was a lesson in oriental metaphysics to see their condition. They had a twelve days' voyage, and a four days' journey, before them; boxes to carry, custom-houses to face, and stomachs to fill; yet the whole party could scarcely, I believe, muster two dollars of ready money. Their boxes were full of valuables, arms, clothes, pipes, slippers, sweetmeats, and other "notions," but nothing short of starvation would have induced them to pledge the smallest article.

I foresaw that their company would be an advantage, and therefore I hearkened favourably to the honeyed request for a few crowns. The boy Mohammed obtained six dollars; Hamid about five pounds,—I intended to make his house at El Medinah my home; Umar Effendi three dollars; Saad the Devil, two — I gave the money to him at Yambu, —and Salih Shakkar fifty piastres. But since in these lands, as a rule, no one ever lends coins, or borrowing ever returns them, I took care to exact service from the first, to take two rich coats from the second, a handsome pipe from the third, a "bala" or yataghan from the fourth, and from the fifth an imita-

* "Makhi-chus," equivalent to our "skin-flint."

tion Cashmere shawl. After which, we sat down and drew out the agreement. It was favorable to me: I lent them Egyptian money, and bargained for repayment in the currency of El Hejaz, thereby gaining the exchange, which is sometimes 16 per cent. This was done, not so much for the sake of profit, as with the view of becoming a Hatim *, by a "never mind" on settling day. My companions having received these small sums, became affectionate, and eloquent in my praise: they asked me to make one of their number for the future at meals, overwhelmed me with questions, insisted upon a present of sweetmeats, detected in me a great man under a cloud, —perhaps my claims to being a Dervish assisted them to this discovery,—and declared that I should perforce be their guest at Meccah and El Medinah. On all occasions precedence was forced upon me; my opinion was the first consulted, and no project was settled without my concurrence: briefly, Abdullah the Dervish suddenly found himself a person of consequence. This sudden elevation led me into an imprudence which might have cost me dear, and aroused the only suspicion about me ever expressed during the summer's trip. My friends had looked at my clothes, overhauled my medicine-chest, and criticised my pistols; they sneered at my copper-cased watch †, and remembered having seen a compass at Constantinople. Therefore I imagined they would think

* A well-known Arab chieftain, whose name has come to stand for generosity itself.

† This being an indispensable instrument for measuring distances, I had it divested of its gold case, and provided with a facing carefully stained and figured with Arabic numerals. In countries where few can judge of a watch by its works, it is as well to secure its safety by making the exterior look as mean as possible. The watches worn by respectable people in El Hejaz are almost always old silver pieces, of the turnip shape, with hunting cases and an outer étui of thick leather. Mostly they are of Swiss or German manufacture, and they find their way into Arabia viâ Constantinople and Cairo.

little about a sextant. This was a mistake. The boy Mohammed I afterwards learned * waited only my leaving the room to declare that the would-be Haji was one of the infidels from India, and a council sat to discuss the case. Fortunately for me Umar Effendi had looked over a letter which I had written to Haji Wali that morning, and he had at various times received categorical replies to certain questions in high theology. He felt himself justified in declaring, ex cathedrâ, the boy Mohammed's position perfectly untenable. And Shaykh Hamid, who looked forward to being my host, guide, and debtor in general, and probably cared scantily for catechism or creed, swore that the light of El-Islam was upon my countenance, and consequently that the boy Mohammed was a pauper, a "fakir," an owl, a cut-off-one †, a stranger, and a Wahhabi, for daring to impugn the faith of a brother believer.‡ The scene ended with a general abuse of the acute youth, who was told on all sides that he had no shame, and was directed to fear Allah. I was struck with the expression of my friends' countenances when they saw the sextant, and, determining with a sigh to leave it behind, I prayed five times a day for nearly a week.

* On my return to Cairo, Umar Effendi, whom I met accidentally in the streets, related the story to me. I never owned having played a part, to avoid shocking his prejudices; and though he must have suspected me,—for the general report was, that an Englishman, disguised as a Persian, had performed the pilgrimage, measured the country, and sketched the buildings,—he had the gentlemanly feeling never to allude to the past. We parted when I went to India, on the best of terms.

† Munkatia—one cut off (from the pleasures and comforts of life). In El Hejaz, as in England, any allusion to poverty is highly offensive.

‡ The Koran expressly forbids a Moslem to discredit the word of any man who professes his belief in the Saving Faith. The greatest offence of the Wahhabis is their habit of designating all Moslems that belong to any but their own sect by the opprobrious name of Kafirs or infidels. This, however, is only the Koranic precept; in practice a much less trustful spirit prevails.

We all agreed not to lose an hour in securing places on board some vessel bound to Yambu, and my companions, hearing that my passport as a British Indian was scarcely "en règle," earnestly advised me to have it signed by the governor without delay, whilst they occupied themselves about the harbour. They warned me that if I displayed the Turkish Tezkireh given to me at the citadel of Cairo, I should infallibly be ordered to await the caravan, and lose their society and friendship. Pilgrims arriving at Alexandria, be it known to the reader, are divided into bodies, and distributed by means of Tezkirehs to the three great roads, namely Suez, Cosseir, and the Hajj route by land round the Gulf of Akabah. After the division has once been made, government turns a deaf ear to the representations of individuals. The Bey of Suez has an order to obstruct pilgrims as much as possible till the end of the season, when they are hurried down that way, lest they should arrive at Meccah too late.* As most of the Egyptian high officials have boats, which sail up the Nile laden with pilgrims and return freighted with corn, the government naturally does its utmost to force the delays and discomforts of this line upon strangers.† And as those who travel by the Hajj route must spend money in the Egyptian territories, at least fifteen days longer than they would if allowed to embark at once for Suez, the Pacha very properly assists them in the former, and obstructs them in the latter case. Knowing these facts, I felt that a difficulty was at hand. The first thing was to

* Towards the end of the season, poor pilgrims are forwarded gratis, by order of government. But to make such liberality as inexpensive as possible, the Pacha compels shipowners to carry one pilgrim per 9 ardebbs in small, and 1 per 11 in large vessels. The ardebb is about 5 bushels.

† I was informed by a Prussian gentleman, holding an official appointment under His Highness the Pacha, at Cairo, that 300,000 ardebbs of grain were annually exported from Cosseir to Jeddah. The rest is brought down the Nile for consumption in Lower Egypt, and export to Europe.

take Shaykh Nur's passport, which was "en règle," and my own which was not, to the Bey for signature. He turned the papers over and over, as if unable to read them, and raised false hopes high by referring me to his clerk. The under official at once saw the irregularity of the document, asked me why it had not been visé at Cairo, swore that under such circumstances nothing would induce the Bey to let me proceed, and when I tried persuasion, waxed insolent. I feared that it would be necessary to travel viâ Cosseir, for which there was scarcely time, or to transfer myself on camel back to the harbour of Tur, and there to await the chance of finding a place in some half-filled vessel to El Hejaz,—which would have been relying upon an accident. My last hope at Suez was to obtain assistance from Mr. George West, H. B. M.'s vice-consul. I therefore took the boy Mohammed with me, choosing him on purpose, and excusing the step to my companions by concocting an artful fable about my having been, in some part of Afghanistan, a benefactor to the British nation. We proceeded to the consulate. Mr. West, who had been told by an imprudent friend to expect me, saw through the disguise, despite jargon assumed to satisfy official scruples, and nothing could be kinder than the part he took. His clerk was directed to place himself in communication with the Bey's factotum, and when objections to signing the Alexandrian Tezkireh were offered, the vice-consul said that he would, at his own risk, give me a fresh passport as a British subject from Suez to Arabia. His firmness prevailed, and on the second day, the documents were returned to me in a satisfactory state. I take a pleasure in owning this obligation to Mr. West: in the course of my wanderings, I have often received from him hospitality and the most friendly attentions.

Whilst these passport difficulties were being solved, the rest of the party was as busy in settling about passage

and passage-money. The peculiar rules of the port of Suez require a few words of explanation.* "About thirty-five years ago, the ship-owners proposed to the then government, with the view of keeping up freight, a Farzeh, or system of rotation. It might be supposed that the Pacha, whose object notoriously was to retain all monopolies in his own hands, would have refused his sanction to such a measure. But it so happened in those days that all the court had ships at Suez. Ibrahim Pacha alone owned four or five. Consequently they expected to share profits with the merchants, and thus to be compensated for the want of port dues. From that time forward all the vessels in the harbour were registered, and ordered to sail in rotation. This arrangement benefits the owner of the craft 'en départ,' giving him in his turn a temporary monopoly, with the advantage of a full market; and freight is so high that a single trip often clears off the expense of building and the risk of losing the ship — a sensible succedaneum for insurance companies. On the contrary, the public must always be a loser by the 'Farzeh.' Two of a trade do not agree elsewhere; but at Suez even the Christian and the Moslem ship-owner are bound by a fraternal tie, in the shape of this rotation system. It injures the general merchant, and the Red Sea trader, not only by perpetuating high freight†, but also by causing at one

* The information here offered to the reader was kindly supplied to me by Henry Levick, Esq., (late vice-consul, and now postmaster at Suez), and may be depended upon, as coming from a resident of 16 years' standing. All the passages marked with inverted commas are extracts from a letter with which that gentleman favored me.

† The rate of freight is at present about forty shillings per ton — very near the same paid by the P. and O. Company for coals carried from Newcastle viâ the Cape to Suez. Were the "Farzeh" abolished, freight to Jeddah would speedily fall to 15 or 16 shillings per ton. Passengers from Suez to Jeddah are sometimes charged as much as 6 or even 8 dollars for standing-room — personal baggage forming another pretext for extortion —

period of the year a break in the routine of sales and in the supplies of goods for the Jeddah market.* At this moment (Nov. 1853), the vessel to which the turn belongs happens to be a large one; there is a deficiency of export to El Hejaz,—her owner will of course wait any length of time for a full cargo; consequently no vessel with merchandise has left Suez for the last seventy-two days. Those who have bought goods for the Jeddah market at three months' credit will therefore have to meet their acceptances for merchandise still warehoused at the Egyptian port. This strange contrast to 'free-trade' principle is another proof that protection benefits only one party, the protected, while it is detrimental to the interests of the other party, the public." To these remarks of Mr. Levick's, I have only to add that the government supports the Farzeh with all the energy of protectionists. A letter from Mr. Drummond Hay was insufficient to induce the Bey of Suez to break through the rule of rotation in favour of certain princes from Morocco. The recommendations of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe met with no better fate; and all Mr. West's good will could not procure me a vessel out of her turn.† We were forced to rely upon our own exertions, and the activity of Saad the Devil. This worthy,

and the higher orders of pilgrims, occupying a small portion of the cabin, pay about 12 dollars. These first and second class fares would speedily be reduced, by abolishing protection, to 3 and 6 dollars.

[Note to Second Edition.] The "Farzeh," I may here observe, has been abolished by Said Pacha since the publication of these remarks: the effects of "free trade" are exactly what were predicted by Mr. Levick.

* The principal trade from Suez is to Jeddah, Cosseir supplying Yambu. The latter place, however, imports from Suez, wheat, beans, cheese, biscuit, and other provisions for return pilgrims.

† My friends were strenuous in their exertions for me to make interest with Mr. West. In the first place, we should have paid less for the whole of a privileged vessel, than we did for our wretched quarters on the deck of the pilgrim-ship; and, secondly, we might have touched at any port we pleased, so as to do a little business in the way of commerce.

after sundry delays and differences, mostly caused by his own determination to travel gratis, and to make us pay too much, finally closed with the owner of the Golden Thread. He took places for us upon the poop,—the most eligible part of the vessel at this season of the year; he premised that we should not be very comfortable, as we were to be crowded with Maghrabi pilgrims, but that "Allah makes all things easy!" Though not penetrated with the conviction that this would happen in our case, I paid for two deck passages eighteen Riyals*, my companions seven each, whilst Saad secretly entered himself as an able seaman. Mohammed Shiklibha we were obliged to leave behind, as he could, or would, not afford the expense, and none of us would afford it for him. Had I known him to be the honest, true-hearted fellow he was—his kindness at Meccah quite won my heart—I should not have grudged the small charity.

Nothing more comfortless than our days and nights in the "George" Inn. The ragged walls of our rooms were clammy with dirt, the smoky rafters foul with cobwebs, and the floor, bestrewed with kit, in terrible confusion, was black with hosts of ants and flies. Pigeons nestled on the shelf, cooing amatory ditties the live-long day, and cats like tigers crawled through a hole in the door, making night hideous with their cat-a-waulings. Now a curious goat, then an inquisitive jackass, would walk stealthily

* For the "Sath," or poop, the sum paid by each was seven Riyals. I was, therefore, notably cheated by Saad the Devil. The unhappy women in the "Kamrah," or cabin, bought suffocation at the rate of 6 dollars each, as I was afterwards informed, and the third class, in the "Taht," or amidships and forward, contributed from 3 to 5 Riyals. But, as usual on these occasions, there was no prix fixe; every man was either overcharged or undercharged, according to his means or his necessities. We had to purchase our own water, but the ship was to supply us with fuel for cooking. We paid nothing extra for luggage, and we carried an old Maghrabi woman gratis for good luck.

into the room, remark that it was tenanted, and retreat with dignified demeanour, and the mosquitoes sang Io Pæans over our prostrate forms throughout the twenty-four hours. I spare the reader the enumeration of the other Egyptian plagues that infested the place. After the first day's trial, we determined to spend the hours of light in the passages, lying upon our boxes or rugs, smoking, wrangling, and inspecting one another's chests. The latter occupation was a fertile source of disputes, for nothing was more common than for a friend to seize an article belonging to another, and to swear by the Prophet's beard that he admired it, and, therefore, would not return it. The boy Mohammed and Shaykh Nur, who had been intimates the first day, differed in opinion on the second, and on the third, came to pushing each other against the wall. Sometimes we went into the bazar, a shady street flanked with poor little shops, or we sat in the coffee-house*, drinking hot salt water tinged with burnt bean, or we prayed in one of the three tumble-down old Mosques, or we squatted upon the pier, lamenting the want of Hammams, and bathing in the tepid sea.† I presently came to the conclusion that Suez as a "watering-place" is duller even than Dover. The only society we

* We were still at Suez, where we could do as we pleased. But respectable Arabs in their own country, unlike Egyptians, are seldom to be seen in the places of public resort. "Go to the coffee-house and sing there!" is a reproach sometimes addressed to those who have a habit of humming in decent society.

† It was only my prestige as physician that persuaded my friend to join me in these bathings. As a general rule, the western Arabs avoid cold water, from a belief that it causes fever. When Mr. C. Cole, H. B. M.'s vice-consul, arrived at Jeddah, the people of the place, seeing that he kept up his Indian habits, advised him strongly to drop them. He refused; but unhappily he soon caught a fever, which confirmed them all in their belief. When Arabs wish to cool the skin after a journey, they wash with a clay called "Tafl," or with a thin paste of henna, and then anoint the body with oil or butter.

found,—excepting an occasional visitor,—was that of a party of Egyptian women, who with their husbands and families occupied some rooms adjoining ours. At first they were fierce, and used bad language, when the boy Mohammed and I, whilst Umar Effendi was engaged in prayer, and the rest were wandering about the town, ventured to linger in the cool passage, where they congregated, or to address a facetious phrase to them. But hearing that I was a Hakim-bashi — for fame had promoted me to the rank of a "Physician General" at Suez — all had some ailments; they began prudently with requesting me to display the effects of my drugs by dosing myself, but they ended submissively by swallowing nauseous compounds in a body. To this succeeded a primitive form of flirtation, which mainly consisted of the demand direct: the most charming of the party was one Fattumah*, a plump-personed dame fast verging upon her thirtieth year, fond of a little flattery, and possessed, like all her people, of a most voluble tongue. The refrain of every conversation was "Marry me, O Fattumah! O daughter! O female pilgrim!" In vain the lady would reply, with a coquettish movement of the sides, and toss of the head, and a flirting manipulation of her head-veil, "I am mated, O young man!" — it was agreed that she, being a person of polyandrous propensities, could support the weight of at least three matrimonial engagements. Sometimes the entrance of the male Fellahs† interrupted these

* An incrementative form of the name "Fatimah," very common in Egypt. Fatimah would mean a "weaner" — Fattumah, a "great weaner." By the same barbarism Khadijah becomes "Khaddujah," and Nafisah "Naffusah" on the banks of the Nile.

† The palmy days of the Egyptian husband, when he might use the stick, the sword, or the sack with impunity, are, in civilised places at least, now gone by. The wife has only to complain to the Kazi, or to the governor, and she is certain of redress. This is right in the abstract, but in practice it acts badly. The fair sex is so unruly in this country, that

little discussions, but people of our respectability and nation were not to be imposed upon by such husbands. In their presence we only varied the style of conversation — inquiring the amount of "Mahr," or marriage settlement, deriding the cheapness of womanhood in Egypt, and requiring to be furnished on the spot with brides at the rate of ten shillings a head.* More often the amiable Fattumah — the fair sex in this country, though passing frail, have the best tempers in the world — would laugh at our impertinences. Sometimes vexed by our imitating her Egyptian accent, mimicking her gestures, and depreciating her country-women †, she would wax wroth, and order us to be gone, and stretch out her forefinger — a sign that she wished to put out our eyes, or adjure Allah to cut the hearts out of our bosoms. Then the "Marry me, O Fattumah, O daughter, O female pilgrim!" would give way to Y'al-ago'-o-oz! (O old woman and decrepit!) "O daughter of sixty sires, and only fit to carry wood to market!" — whereupon would burst a storm of wrath, at the tail of which all of us, like children, starting upon our feet, rushed out of one another's way. But — "qui se dispute, s'adore" — when we again met all would be forgotten, and the old tale be told over de novo. This was the amusement of the day. At night we, men, assembling upon the little terrace, drank tea, recited stories, read books, talked of our travels, and indulged in various pleasantries. The great joke was the boy Mohammed's

strong measures are necessary to coerce it, and in the arts of deceit men have little or no chance against women.

* The amount of settlement being, among Moslems as among Christians, the test of a bride's value, — moral and physical, — it will readily be understood that our demand was more facetious than complimentary.

† The term Misriyah (an Egyptian woman) means in El Hejaz and the countries about it, a depraved character. Even the men own unwillingly to being Egyptians, for the free-born never forget that the banks of the Nile have for centuries been ruled by the slaves of slaves.

abusing all his companions to their faces in Hindostanee, which none but Shaykh Nur and I could understand; the others, however, guessed his intention, and revenged themselves by retorts of the style uncourteous in the purest Hejazi.

I proceed to offer a few more extracts from Mr. Levick's letter about Suez and the Suezians. "It appears that the number of pilgrims who pass through Suez to Meccah has of late been steadily on the decrease. When I first came here (in 1838) the pilgrims who annually embarked at this port amounted to between 10,000 and 12,000, the shipping was more numerous, and the merchants were more affluent.*

"I have ascertained from a special register kept in the government archives that in the Moslem year 1268 (from 1851 to 1852) the exact number that passed through was 4893. In 1269 A. H. it had shrunk to 3136. The natives assign various causes to the falling off, which I attribute chiefly to the indirect effect of European civilisation upon the Moslem powers immediately in contact with it. The heterogeneous mass of pilgrims is composed of people of all classes, colors, and costumes. One sees among them, not only the natives of countries contiguous to Egypt, but also a large proportion of central Asians from Bokhara, Persia, Circassia, Turkey and the Crimea, who prefer this route by way of Constantinople to the difficult, expensive, and dangerous caravan line through the desert from Damascus and Baghdad. The West sends us Moors, Algerines, and Tunisians, and Inner Africa a mass of sable

* In those days, merchants depended solely upon the native trade, and the passage of pilgrims. The pecuniary advantage attending what is called the *Overland transit* benefits chiefly the lowest orders, camel-men, sailors, porters, and others of the same class. Sixteen years ago the hire of a boat from the harbour to the roadstead was a piastre and a half: now it is at least five.

Takrouri*, and others from Bornou, the Sudan†, Gheda-mah near the Niger, and Jabarti from the Habash."‡

"The Suez ship-builders are an influential body of men, originally Candiots and Alexandrians. When Mohammed Ali fitted out his fleet for the Hejaz war, he transported a number of Greeks to Suez, and the children now exercise their fathers' craft. There are at present three great builders at this place. Their principal difficulty is the want of material. Teak comes from India § viâ Jeddah, and Venetian boards, owing to the expense of camel-transport, are a hundred per cent. dearer here than at Alexandria. Trieste and Turkey supply spars, and Jeddah, canvass: the sail-makers are Suez men, and the crews a mongrel mixture of Arabs and Egyptians; the Rais, or captain, being almost invariably, if the vessel be a large one, a Yambu man. There are two kinds of craft, distinguished from each other by tonnage, not by build. The Baghlah ‖ is a vessel above 50 tons burden, the Sam-

* This word, says Mansfield Parkyns (Life in Abyssinia), is applied to the wandering pilgrim from Darfur, Dar Borgou, Bayarima, Fellatah, and western Africa. He mentions, however, a tribe called "Tokrouri," settled in Abyssinia near Nimr's country, but he does not appear to know that the ancient Arab settlement in Western Africa, "El Takrúr," (Sakatu ?) has handed down its name to a large posterity of small kingdoms. A description of El Takrúr is to be found in El Idrisi (1. climate, 1. section,); but I do not agree with the learned translator in writing the word "Tokrour." Burckhardt often alludes in his benevolent way to the respectable and industrious Tekrourys." I shall have occasion to mention them at a future time.

† The Sudan (Blacksland) in Arabia is applied to Upper Nubia, Senaar, Kordofan, and the parts adjacent.

‡ Not only in Ghiz, but also in Arabic, the mother of Ghiz, the word "Habash," whence our "Abyssinians," means a rabble, a mixture of people. Abyssinian Moslems are called by the Arabs "Jabarti."

§ There is no such thing as a tree, except the date, the tamarisk, and the Mimosa on the western shores of the Red Sea.

‖ This word, which in Arabic is the feminine form of "Baghl," a mule, is in Egypt, as in India, pronounced and written by foreigners "buggalow." Some worthy Indians have further corrupted it to "bungalow."

buk from 15 to 50. The ship-owner bribes the Amir el Bahr, or port-captain, and the Nazir el Safain, or the captain commanding the government vessels, to rate his ship as high as possible—if he pay the price, he will be allowed 9 ardebbs to the ton.* The number of ships belonging to the port of Suez amounts to 92; they vary from 25 to 250 tons. The departures in A. H. 1269 (1852 and 1853) were 38, so that each vessel, after returning from a trip, is laid up for about two years. Throughout the passage of the pilgrims, that is to say, during four months, the departures average twice a week; during the remainder of the year from 6 to 10 vessels may leave the port. The homeward trade is carried on principally in Jeddah bottoms, which are allowed to convey goods to Suez, but not to take in return cargo there: they must not interfere with, nor may they partake in any way of the benefits of the rotation system." †

"During the present year the imports were contained in 41,395 packages, the exports in 15,988. Specie makes up in some manner for this preponderance of imports: a sum of from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*, in crown, or Maria Theresa, dollars annually leaves Egypt for Arabia, Abyssinia, and other parts of Africa. I value the imports at about 350,000*l.*; the export trade to Jeddah at 300,000*l.* per annum. The former consists principally of coffee and gum Arabic; of these there were respectively 17,460 and 15,132 bales, the aggregate value of each article being from 75,000*l.* to 80,000*l.*, and the total amount 160,000*l.*

* "The ardebb, like most measures in this country of commercial confusion, varies greatly according to the grain for which it is used. As a general rule, it may be assumed at 300 lbs."

† Return Arab boats, at any but the pilgrim season, with little difficulty obtain permission to carry passengers, but not cargo. Two gentlemen, in whose pleasant society I once travelled from Cairo to Suez,—Mons. Charles Didier and the Abbé Hamilton,—paid the small sum of 1000 piastres, (say 10*l.*) for the whole of a moderate sized "Sambuk" returning to Jeddah.

In the previous year the imports were contained in 36,840 packages, the exports in 13,498: of the staple articles—coffee and gum Arabic—they were respectively 15,499 and 14,129 bales, each bale being valued at about 5*l.* Next in importance comes wax from Yemen and the Hejaz, mother-of-pearl* from the Red Sea, sent to England in rough, pepper from Malabar, cloves brought by Moslem pilgrims from Java, Borneo, and Singapore†, cherry pipe-sticks from Persia and Bussora, and Persian or Surat 'Timbak,' (tobacco). These I value at 20,000*l.* per annum. There were also (A. D. 1853) of cloves 708 packages and of Malabar pepper 948: the cost of these two might be 7000*l.* Minor articles of exportation are, general spiceries (ginger, cardamoms, &c.), Eastern perfumes, such as aloes wood, ottar of rose, ottar of pink and others, tamarinds from India and Yemen, Banca tin, hides supplied by the nomade Bedouins, senna leaves from Yemen and the Hejaz, and blue chequered cotton Melayahs (women's mantillas,) manufactured in southern Arabia. The total value of these smaller imports may be 20,000*l.* per annum."

"The exports chiefly consist of English and native 'grey domestics,' bleached Madipilams, Paisley lappets, and muslins for turbans; the remainder being Manchester prints, antimony, Syrian soap, iron in bars, and common ironmongery, Venetian or Trieste beads, used as ornaments in Arabia and Abyssinia, writing paper, Tarbooshes,

* Mother-of-pearl is taken to Jerusalem, and there made into chaplets, saints' figures, and crucifixes for Christian pilgrims. At Meccah it is worked into rosaries for the Hajis.

In Europe, cabinet and ornamental work cause a considerable demand for it. Some good pearls are procurable in the Red Sea. I have seen a drop of fair size and colour sold for seven dollars.

† I was told at Meccah, that the pilgrimage is attended by about 2000 natives of Java and the adjoining islands.

Papooshes (slippers), and other minor articles of dress and ornament."

"The average annual temperature of the year at Suez is 67° Fahrenheit. The extremes of heat and cold are found in January and August; during the former month the thermometer ranges from a minimum of 38° to a maximum of 68°; during the latter the variation extends from 68° to 102°, or even to 104°, when the heat becomes oppressive. Departures from these extremes are rare. I never remember to have seen the thermometer rise above 108° during the severest Khamsin, or to have sunk below 34° in the rawest wintry wind. Violent storms come up from the south in March. Rain is very variable *: sometimes three years have passed without a shower, whereas in 1841 torrents poured for nine successive days, deluging the town, and causing many buildings to fall."

"The population of Suez now numbers about 4800. As usual in Mohammedan countries no census is taken here. Some therefore estimate the population at 6000.

* The following popular puerilities will serve to show how fond barbarians are of explaining the natural by the supernatural. The Moslems of Egypt thus account for the absence of St. Swithin from their drought-stricken lands. When Jacob lost his Benjamin, he cursed the land of Misraim, declaring that it should know no rain; Joseph on the other hand blessed it, asserting that it should never want water. So the Sindh Hindus believe that Hiranyakasipu, the demon-tyrant of Multan, finding Megha-Raja (the Cloud King) troublesome in his dominions, bound him with chains, and only released him upon his oath not to trouble the Unhappy Valley with his presence.

I would suggest to those Egyptian travellers who believe that the fall of rain has been materially increased at Cairo of late, by plantations of trees, to turn over the volumes of their predecessors; they will find almost every one complaining of the discomforts of rain. In Sindh it appears certain that during the last few years there has been at times almost a monsoon: this novel phenomenon the natives attribute to the presence of their conquerors, concerning whom it cannot be said that they have wooded the country to any extent.

Sixteen years ago it was supposed to be under 3000. After that time it rapidly increased till 1850, when a fatal attack of cholera reduced it to about half its previous number. The average mortality is about twelve a month.* The endemic diseases are fevers of typhoid and intermittent types in spring, when strong northerly winds cause the waters of the bay to recede, and leave a miasma-breeding swamp exposed to the rays of the sun. In the month of October and November febrile attacks are violent; ophthalmia more so. The eye-disease is not so general here as at Cairo, but the symptoms are more acute; in some years it becomes a virulent epidemic, which ends either in total blindness or in a partial opacity of the cornea, inducing dimness of vision, and a permanent weakness of the eye. In one month three of my acquaintances lost their sight. Dysenteries are also common, and so are bad boils, or rather ulcers. The cold season is not unwholesome, and at this period the pure air of the Desert restores and invigorates the heat-wasted frame.

"The walls, gates, and defences of Suez are in a ruinous state, being no longer wanted to keep out the Sinaitic Bedouins. The houses are about 500 in number, but many of the natives prefer occupying the upper stories of the Wakálehs, the rooms on the ground floor serving for stores to certain merchandise, wood, dates, cotton, &c.

"The Suezians live well, and their bazar is abundantly stocked with meat and clarified butter brought from Sinai, and fowls, corn, and vegetables from the Sharkiyah province; fruit is supplied by Cairo as well as by the Sharkiyah, and wheat conveyed down the Nile in flood to the capital is carried on camel-back across the Desert. At sunrise they eat the Fatur, or breakfast, which in summer

* This may appear a large mortality; but at Alexandria it is said the population is renewed every fourteen years.

consists of a 'fatireh,' a kind of muffin, or of bread and treacle. In winter it is more substantial, being generally a mixture of lentils and rice*, with clarified butter poured over it, and a 'kitchen' of pickled lime or stewed onions. At this season they greatly enjoy the 'Ful mudammas,' (boiled horsebeans†), eaten with an abundance of linseed oil, into which they steep bits of bread. The beans form a highly nutritive diet, which, if the stomach can digest it, — the pulse is never shelled, — gives great strength. About the middle of the day comes 'El Ghada,' a light dinner of wheaten bread, with dates, onions or cheese: in the hot season melons and cooling fruits are preferred, especially by those who have to face the sun. 'El Asha,' or supper, is served about half an hour after sunset; at this meal all but the poorest classes eat meat. Their favourite flesh, as usual in this part of the world, is mutton; beef and goat are little prized."‡

The people of Suez are a finer and a fairer race than the Cairenes. The former have more the appearance of Arabs: their dress is more picturesque, their eyes are carefully darkened with Kohl, and they wear sandals, not slippers. They are, according to all accounts, a turbulent and somewhat fanatic set, fond of quarrels, and slightly addicted to "pronunciamentos." The general programme of one of these latter diversions is said to be as follows. The boys will first be sent by their fathers about the town in a disorderly mob, and ordered to cry out "Long

* This mixture, called in India Kichhri, has become common in El Hejaz as well as at Suez. "El Kajari" is the corruption, which denotes its foreign origin, and renders its name pronounceable to Arabs.

† Beans, an abomination to the ancient Egyptians, who were forbidden even to sow them, may now be called the common "kitchen" of the country. The Bedouins, who believe in nothing but flesh, milk, and dates, deride the bean-eaters, but they do not consider the food so disgusting as onions.

‡ Here concludes Mr. Levick's letter. For the following observations, I alone am answerable.

live the Sultan!" with its usual sequel, "Death to the infidels!" The infidels, Christians or others, must hear and may happen to resent this; or possibly the governor, foreseeing a disturbance, orders an ingenuous youth or two to be imprisoned, or to be caned by the police. Whereupon some person, rendered influential by wealth or religious reputation, publicly complains that the Christians are all in all, and that in these evil days El Islam is going to destruction. On this occasion the speaker conducts himself with such insolence, that the governor must perforce consign him to confinement, which exasperates the populace still more. Secret meetings are now convened, and in them the chiefs of corporations assume a prominent position. If the disturbance be intended by its main spring to subside quietly, the conspirators are allowed to take their own way; they will drink copiously, become lions about midnight, and recover their hare-hearts before noon next day. But if mischief be intended, a case of bloodshed is brought about, and then nothing can arrest the torrent of popular rage.* The Egyptian, with all his good humour, merriment, and nonchalance, is notorious for doggedness, when, as the popular phrase is, his "blood is up." And this, indeed, is his chief merit as a soldier. He has a certain mechanical dexterity in the use of arms, and an Egyptian regiment will fire a volley as correctly

* The government takes care to prevent bloodshed in the towns by disarming the country people, and by positively forbidding the carrying of weapons. Moreover, with a wise severity, it punishes all parties concerned in a quarrel, where blood is drawn, with a heavy fine and the bastinado "de rigueur." Hence it is never safe, except as a European, to strike a man, and the Egyptians generally confine themselves to collaring and pushing each other against the walls. Even in the case of receiving gross abuse, you cannot notice it as you would elsewhere. You must take two witnesses, —respectable men,—and prove the offence before the Zabit, who alone can punish the offender.

as a battalion at Chobham. But when the head, and not the hands, is required, he notably fails, as all Orientals do. The reason of his superiority in the field is his peculiar stubbornness, and this, together with his powers of digestion and of enduring hardship on the line of march, is the quality that make him terrible to his old conqueror, the Turk.

## CHAP. X.

### THE PILGRIM SHIP.

THE larger craft anchor some three or four miles from the Suez pier, so that it is necessary to drop down in a skiff or shore-boat.

Immense was the confusion on the eventful day of our departure. Suppose us standing upon the beach, on the morning of a fiery July day, carefully watching our hurriedly-packed goods and chattels, surrounded by a mob of idlers, who are not too proud to pick up waifs and strays, whilst pilgrims rush about apparently mad, and friends are weeping, acquaintances vociferating adieux, boatmen demanding fees, shopmen claiming debts, women shrieking and talking with inconceivable power, children crying,—in short, for an hour or so we are in the thick of a human storm. To confound confusion, the boatmen have moored their skiff half a dozen yards away from the shore, lest the porters should be unable to make more than double their fare from the Hajis. Again the Turkish women raise a hideous howl, as they are carried off struggling vainly in brawny arms; the children howl because their mothers howl; and the men scold and swear, because in such scenes none may be silent. The moment we had embarked, each individual found that he or she had missed something of vital importance,—a pipe, a child, a box, or a water-melon; and naturally all the servants were in the bazars, when they should have been in the boat. Briefly, despite the rage of the sailors, who feared being too late

for a second trip, we stood for some time on the beach before putting off.

From the beach we poled to the little pier, where sat the Bey in person to perform a final examination of our passports. Several were detected without the necessary document. Some were bastinadoed, others peremptorily ordered back to Cairo, and the rest were allowed to proceed. At about 10 A. M. we hoisted sail, and ran down the channel leading to the roadstead. On our way we had a specimen of what we might expect from our fellow passengers, the Maghrabi.* A boat crowded with these

* Men of the Maghrab, or Western Africa; the vulgar plural is Maghrabin, generally written "Mogrebyn." May not the singular form of this word have given rise to the Latin "Maurus," by elision of the Ghain, to Italians an unpronounceable consonant? From Maurus comes the Portuguese "Moro," and our "Moor." When Vasco de Gama reached Calicut, he found there a tribe of Arab colonists, who in religion and in language were the same as the people of Northern Africa,—for this reason he called them "Moors." This was explained long ago by Vincent (Periplus, lib. 3.), and lately by Prichard (Natural History of Man). I repeat it because it has been my fate to hear, at a meeting of a learned society in London, a gentleman declare, that in Eastern Africa he found a people calling themselves Moors.

Maghrabin—Westerns,—then, would be opposed to Sharkiyin, Easterns, the origin of our "Saracen." From Gibbon downwards, many have discussed the history of this word; but few expected in the nineteenth century to see a writer on Eastern subjects assert, with Sir John Mandeville, that these people "properly, ben clept Sarrazins of Sarra." The learned M. Jomard, who never takes such original views of things, asks a curious question:—"Mais comment un son aussi distinct que le Chine ش aurait-il pu se confondre avec le Syn س et, pour un mot aussi connu que charq; comment aurait-on pu se tromper à l'omission des points?" Simply because the word Saracens came to us through the Greeks (Ptolemy uses it), who have no such sound as sh in their language, and the Italian which, hostile to the harsh sibilants of Oriental dialects, generally melts sh down into s. So the historical word Hashshashiyun—hemp-drinker,—civilised by the Italians into "assassino," became, as all know, an expression of European use.

But if any one adverse to "etymological fancies" objects to my deriving

ruffians caught us up, ran alongside of us, and, before we could organise a defence, about a score of them poured into our vessel. They carried things too with a high hand, laughed at us, and seemed quite ready to fight. My Indian boy, who happened to slip the word "Muarras," narrowly escaped a blow with a palm-stick, which would have felled a camel. They outnumbered us, and were armed; so that, on this occasion, we were obliged to put up with their insolence, and not murmur.

Our Pilgrim Ship, the Silk el Zahab, or the "Golden Wire," was a Sambuk of about fifty tons, with narrow wedge-like bows, a clean water line, a sharp keel, undecked, except upon the poop, which was high enough to act as a sail in a gale of wind. She carried two masts, imminently raking forward, the main considerably larger than the mizen; the former was provided with a huge triangular latine, very deep in the tack, but the second sail was unaccountably wanting. She had no means of reefing, no compass, no log, no sounding lines, nor even the suspicion of a chart; and in her box-like cabin and ribbed hold there was something which savoured of close connexion between her model and that of the Indian Toni.* Such, probably, were the craft which carried old

Maurus from "Maghrab," let him remember Johnson's successfully tracing the course of the metamorphosis of "dies" into "jour." An even more peculiar change we may discover in the word "elephant." "Pilu" in Sanscrit became "pil;" in old Persian, which ignores short final vowels, "fil," and with the article "El-fil;" in Arabic, which supplies the place of p (an unknown letter to it), by f; and elephas in Greek, which is fond of adding "as" to Arabic words, as in the cases of Aretas (Haris) and Obodas (Ubayd). "A name," says Humboldt, "often becoming a historical monument, and the etymological analysis of language, however it may be divided, is attended by valuable results."

* The Toni or Indian canoe is the hollowed-out trunk of a tree,—near Bombay generally a mango. It must have been the first step in advance from that simplest form of naval architecture, the "Catamaran" of Madras and Aden.

Sesostris across the Red Sea to Dire; such the cruisers which once every three years left Ezion-Geber for Tarshish; such the transports of which 130 were required to convey Ælius Gallus, with his 10,000 men; and — the East moves slowly — such most probably in A. D. 1900 will be the "Golden Wire," which shall convey future pilgrims from Suez to El-Hejaz. "Bakhshish" was the last as well as the first odious sound I heard in Egypt. The owner of the shore-boat would not allow us to climb the sides of our vessel before paying him his fare, and when we did so, he asked for Bakhshish. If Easterns would only imitate the example of Europeans, — I never yet saw an Englishman give Bakhshish to a soul, — the nuisance would soon be done away with. But on this occasion all my companions complied with the request, and at times it is unpleasant to be singular.

The first look at the interior of our vessel showed a hopeless sight; for Ali Murad, the greedy owner, had promised to take sixty passengers in the hold, but had stretched the number to ninety-seven. Piles of boxes and luggage in every shape and form filled the ship from stem to stern, and a torrent of Hajis were pouring over the sides like ants into the Indian sugar-basin. The poop, too, where we had taken our places, was covered with goods, and a number of pilgrims had established themselves there by might, not by right.

Presently, to our satisfaction, appeared Saad the Devil, equipped as an able seaman, and looking most unlike the proprietor of two large boxes full of valuable merchandise. This energetic individual instantly prepared for action. With our little party to back him, he speedily cleared the poop of intruders and their stuff by the simple process of pushing or rather throwing them off it into the pit below. We then settled down as comfortably as we could; three Syrians, a married Turk with his wife and family, the rais

or captain of the vessel, with a portion of his crew, and our seven selves, composing a total of eighteen human beings, upon a space certainly not exceeding 10 feet by 8. The cabin—a miserable box about the size of the poop, and three feet high—was stuffed, like the hold of a slave ship, with fifteen wretches, children and women, and the other ninety-seven were disposed upon the luggage, or squatted on the bulwarks. Having some experience in such matters, and being favoured by fortune, I found a spare bed-frame slung to the ship's side; and giving a dollar to its owner, a sailor—who flattered himself that, because it was his, he would sleep upon it,—I instantly appropriated it, preferring any hardship outside to the condition of a packed herring inside the place of torment.

Our Maghrabis were fine-looking animals from the deserts about Tripoli and Tunis; so savage that, but a few weeks ago, they had gazed at the cock-boat, and wondered how long it would be growing to the size of the ship that was to take them to Alexandria. Most of them were sturdy young fellows, round-headed, broad-shouldered, tall and large-limbed, with frowning eyes, and voices in a perpetual roar. Their manners were rude, and their faces full of fierce contempt or insolent familiarity. A few old men were there, with countenances expressive of intense ferocity; women as savage and full of fight as men; and handsome boys with shrill voices, and hands always upon their daggers. The women were mere bundles of dirty white rags. The males were clad in Burnooses—brown or striped woollen cloaks with hoods; they had neither turban nor Tarbush, trusting to their thick curly hair or to the prodigious hardness of their scalps as a defence against the sun; and there was not a slipper nor a shoe amongst the party. Of course all were armed; but, fortunately for us, none had anything more formidable than a cut-and-thrust

dagger about ten inches long. These Maghrabis travel in hordes under a leader who obtains the temporary title of "Maula,"—the master. He has generally performed a pilgrimage or two, and has collected a stock of superficial information which secures for him the respect of his followers, and the profound contempt of the heaven-made Ciceroni of Meccah and El Medinah. No people endure greater hardships when upon the pilgrimage than these Africans, who trust almost entirely to alms and to other such dispensations of Providence. It is not therefore to be wondered at that they rob whenever an opportunity presents itself. Several cases of theft occurred on board the "Golden Wire;" and as such plunderers seldom allow themselves to be baulked by insufficient defence, they are perhaps deservedly accused of having committed some revolting murders.

The first thing to be done after gaining standing-room was to fight for greater comfort; and never a Holyhead packet in the olden time showed a finer scene of pugnacity than did our pilgrim ship. A few Turks, rugged old men from Anatolia and Caramania, were mixed up with the Maghrabis, and the former began the war by contemptuously elbowing and scolding their wild neighbours. The Maghrabis under their leader, "Maula Ali," a burly savage, in whom I detected a ridiculous resemblance to an old and well-remembered schoolmaster, retorted so willingly that in a few minutes nothing was to be seen but a confused mass of humanity, each item indiscriminately punching and pulling, scratching and biting, butting and trampling whatever was obnoxious to such operations, with cries of rage, and all the accompaniments of a proper fray. One of our party on the poop, a Syrian, somewhat incautiously leapt down to aid his countrymen by restoring order. He sank immediately below the surface of the living mass; and when we fished him out, his

forehead was cut open, half his beard had disappeared, and a fine sharp set of teeth belonging to some Maghrabi had left their mark in the calf of his leg. The enemy showed no love of fair play, and never appeared contented unless five or six of them were setting upon a single man. This made matters worse. The weaker of course drew their daggers, and a few bad wounds were soon given and received. In a few minutes five men were completely disabled, and the victors began to dread the consequences of their victory.

Then the fighting stopped, and, as many could not find places, it was agreed that a deputation should wait upon Ali Murad, the owner, to inform him of the crowded state of the vessel. After keeping us in expectation at least three hours, he appeared in a row-boat, preserving a respectful distance, and informed us that any one who pleased might leave the ship and take back his fare. This left the case exactly as it was before; none would abandon his party to go on shore: so Ali Murad was rowed off towards Suez, giving us a parting injunction to be good, and not fight; to trust in Allah, and that Allah would make all things easy to us. His departure was the signal for a second fray, which in its accidents differed a little from the first. During the previous disturbance we kept our places with weapons in our hands. This time we were summoned by the Maghrabis to relieve their difficulties, by taking about half a dozen of them on the poop. Saad the Devil at once rose with an oath, and threw amongst us a bundle of "Nebut"—goodly ashen staves six feet long, thick as a man's wrist, well greased, and tried in many a rough bout. He shouted to us, "Defend yourselves if you don't wish to be the meat of the Maghrabis!" and to the enemy, "Dogs and sons of dogs! now shall you see what the children of the Arab are,"—"I am Umar of Daghistan!" "I am Abdullah

the son of Joseph!" "I am Saad the Devil!" we exclaimed, "renowning it" by this display of name and patronymic. To do the enemy justice, they showed no sign of flinching; they swarmed towards the poop like angry hornets, and encouraged each other with loud cries of "Allah akbar!" But we had a vantage ground about four feet above them, and their palm-sticks and short daggers could do nothing against our terrible quarter-staves. In vain the "Jacquerie" tried to scale the poop and to overpower us by numbers; their courage only secured them more broken heads.

At first I began to lay on load with main morte, really fearing to kill some one with such a weapon; but it soon became evident that the Maghrabis' heads and shoulders could bear and did require the utmost exertion of strength. Presently a thought struck me. A large earthen jar full of drinking water *,—in its heavy frame of wood the weight might have been 100 lbs.,—stood upon the edge of the poop, and the thick of the fray took place beneath. Seeing an opportunity I crept up to the jar, and, without attracting attention, by a smart push with the shoulder rolled it down upon the swarm of assailants. The fall caused a shriller shriek to rise above the ordinary din, for heads, limbs, and bodies were sorely bruised by the weight, scratched by the broken potsherds, and wetted by the sudden discharge. A fear that something worse might be coming made the Maghrabis shrink off towards the end of the vessel. After a few minutes, we, sitting in grave silence, received a deputation of individuals in whity-brown Burnooses, spotted and striped with what Mephistopheles calls a "curious juice." They solicited peace,

* In these vessels each traveller, unless a previous bargain be made, is expected to provide his own water and fire-wood. The best way, however, is, when the old wooden box called a tank is sound, to pay the captain for providing water, and to keep the key.

which we granted upon the condition that they would bind themselves to keep it. Our heads, shoulders, and hands were penitentially kissed, and presently the fellows returned to bind up their hurts in dirty rags. We owed this victory entirely to our own exertions, and the meek Umar was by far the fiercest of the party. Our Rais, as we afterwards learned, was an old fool who could do nothing but call for the Fatihah*, claim Bakhshish at every place where we moored for the night, and spend his leisure hours in the "Caccia del Mediterraneo." Our crew consisted of half a dozen Egyptian lads, who, not being able to defend themselves, were periodically chastised by the Maghrabi, especially when any attempt was made to cook, to fetch water, or to prepare a pipe.†

At length, about 3 P.M. on the 6th July, 1854, we shook out the sail, and, as it bellied in the favourable wind, we recited the Fatihah with upraised hands which we afterwards drew down our faces.‡ As the "Golden Wire" started from her place, I could not help casting one wistful look upon the British flag proudly floating over the Consulate. But the momentary regret was stifled by the heart-bounding which prospects of an adventure excite, and by the real pleasure of leaving Egypt. I had lived there a stranger in the land, and a hapless life it had been: in the streets every man's face, as he looked upon the Persian, was the face of a foe. Whenever I

* The "opener"—the first chapter of the Koran, which Moslems recite as Christians do the Lord's Prayer; it is also used on occasions of danger, the beginnings of journeys, to bind contracts, &c.

† These Maghrabis, like the Somalis, the Wahhabis of the desert, and certain other barbarous races, unaccustomed to tobacco, appeared to hate the smell of a pipe.

‡ The hands are raised in order to catch the blessing that is supposed to descend from heaven upon the devotee; and the meaning of drawing the palms down the face, is symbolically to transfer the benediction to every part of the body.

came in contact with the native officials *, insolence marked the event; and the circumstance of living within hail of my fellow countrymen, and yet in an impossibility of enjoying their society, still throws a gloom over the memory of my first sojourn in Egypt.

The ships of the Red Sea—infamous region of rocks, reefs, and shoals—cruise along the coast by day, and for the night lay to in the first cove they can find; they do not sail when it blows hard, and as in winter time the weather is often stormy and the light of day does not last long, the voyage is intolerably slow.† At sunset we stayed our adventurous course, and still, within sight of Suez, comfortably anchored under the lee of Jebel Atakah, the "Mountain of Deliverance."‡ We were now on classic waters. The Eastern shore was dotted with the little grove of palm-trees which clusters around the Uyun Musa, or Moses' Wells; and on the west, between two towering ridges, lay the mouth of the valley down which, according to Father Sicard §, the Israelites fled to the

* As is the case under all despotic governments, nothing can be more intentionally offensive than the official manners of a superior to his inferior in Egypt. The Indians charge their European fellow-subjects with insolence of demeanour and coarseness of language. As far as my experience goes, our roughness and brusquerie are mere politeness compared with what passes between Easterns. At the same time it must be owned that I have seen the worst of it.

† It was far safer and more expeditious in El Edrisi's day (A. D. 1154), when the captain used to sit on the poop "furnished with numerous and useful instruments;" when he "sounded the shallows, and by his knowledge of the depths could direct the helmsman where to steer."

‡ In the East it is usual, when commencing a voyage or a journey, to make a short day's work, in order to be at a convenient distance for returning, in case of any essential article having been forgotten.

§ A Jesuit missionary who visited the place in A. D. 1720, and described it in a well-known volume. As every eminent author, however, monopolises a "crossing," and since the head of the Suez creek, as is shown by its old watermark, has materially changed within no very distant period, it is no wonder that the question is still "sub judice," and that there it will remain

Sea of Sedge.* The view was by no means deficient in a sort of barbarous splendour. Verdure there was none, but under the violet and orange tints of the sky the chalky rocks became heaps of topazes, and the black ridges masses of amethyst. The rising mists, here silvery white, there deeply rosy, and the bright blue of the waves†, lining long strips of golden sand, compensated for the want of softness by a semblance of savage gorgeousness.

Next morning, before the cerulean hue had vanished from the hills, we set sail. It was not long before we came to a proper sense of our position. The box containing my store of provisions, and, worse still, my opium, was at the bottom of the hold, perfectly unapproachable; we had, therefore, the pleasure of breaking our fast on "Mare's skin ‡," and a species of biscuit, hard as a stone and quite as tasteless. During the day, whilst unsufferable splendor reigned above, a dashing of the waters below kept my nest in a state of perpetual drench. At night rose a cold bright moon, with dews falling so thick and clammy that the skin felt as though it would never be

most probably till the end of time. The Christians have two equally favourite lines: the Moslems patronise one so impossible, that it has had attractions enough to fix their choice. It extends from Zafaran Point to Hummum Bluffs, ten miles of deep water.

* The Hebrew name of this part of the Red Sea. In a communication lately made to the Royal Geographical Society, I gave my reasons for believing that the Greeks borrowed their Erythræan Sea from the Arabic "Sea of Himyar."

† Most travellers remark that they have never seen a brighter blue than that of the Red Sea. It was the observation of an early age that "the Rede Sea is not more rede than any other sea, but in some place thereof is the gravelle rede, and therefore men clepen it the Rede Sea."

‡ Jild el Faras (or Kamar el din), a composition of apricot paste, dried, spread out, and folded into sheets, exactly resembling the article after which it is named. Turks and Arabs use it when travelling; they dissolve it in water, and eat it as a relish with bread or biscuit.

dry again. It is, also, by no means pleasant to sleep upon a cot about four feet long by two broad, with the certainty that a false movement would throw you overboard, and a conviction that if you do fall from a Sambuk under sail, no mortal power can save you. And as under all circumstances in the East, dozing is one's chief occupation, the reader will understand that the want of it left me in utter idleness.

The gale was light that day, and the sunbeams were fire; our crew preferred crouching in the shade of the sail to taking advantage of what wind there was. In spite of our impatience we made but little way: near evening time we anchored on a tongue of sand, about two miles distant from the well-known heights called by the Arabs Hammam Faraun *, which

—"like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

The strip of coarse quartz and sandstone gravel is obviously the offspring of some mountain torrent; it stretches southwards, being probably disposed in that direction by the currents of the sea, as they receive the deposit. The distance of the Bluffs prevented my visiting them, which circumstance I regretted the less as they have been described by pens equal to the task.

That evening we enjoyed ourselves upon clean sand, whose surface, drifted by the wind into small yellow waves, by a little digging and heaping up, was easily converted into the coolest and most comfortable of couches. Indeed, after the canescent heat of the day, and the tossing of our ill-conditioned vessel, we should have been

* "Pharaoh's hot baths," which in our maps are called "Hummam Bluffs." They are truly "enchanted land" in Moslem fable: a volume would scarcely contain the legends that have been told and written about them.

contented with lodgings far less luxurious. Fuel was readily collected, and while some bathed, the others erected a hearth — three large stones and a hole open to leeward — lit the fire, and put the pot on to boil. Shaykh Nur had fortunately brought a line with him; we had been successful in fishing; a little rice also had been bought; with this boiled and rock cod broiled upon the charcoal, we made a dinner that caused every one to forget the breakfast of mare's skin and hard biscuit. A few Maghrabis had ventured on shore, — the Rais having terrified the others by threatening them with those "bogles," the Bedouins — they offered us Kus-kusu * in exchange for a little fish. As evening came we determined before sleeping, to work upon their morale as effectually as we had attacked their physique. Shaykh Hamid stood up and indulged them with the Azan, or call to prayers, pronounced after the fashion of El Medinah.† They performed their devotions in lines ranged behind us as a token of respect, and when worship was over we were questioned about the Holy City till we grew tired of answering. Again our heads and shoulders, our hands and knees ‡, were kissed, but this time in devotion, not in penitence. My companions could scarcely understand half the rugged words which the Maghrabis used §, as

* One of the numerous species of what the Italians generally call "Pasta." The material is wheaten or barley flour rolled into small round grains. In Barbary it is cooked by steaming, and served up with hard boiled eggs and mutton, sprinkled with red pepper. These Bedouin Maghrabis merely boiled it.

† The Azan is differently pronounced, though similarly worded by every orthodox nation in El-Islam.

‡ The usual way of kissing the knee is to place the finger tips upon it, and then to raise them to the mouth. It is an action denoting great humility, and the condescending superior who is not an immediate master returns the compliment in the same way.

§ The Maghrabi dialect is known to be the harshest and most guttural form of Arabic. It owes its unenviable superiority to its frequency of

this dialect was fresh from the distant desert, still we succeeded in making ourselves intelligible to them, vaunting our dignity as the Sons of the Prophet, and the sanctity of our land which should protect its children from every description of fraud and violence. We benignantly promised to be their guides at El Medinah, and the boy Mohammed would conduct their devotions at Meccah, always provided that they repented their past misdeeds, avoided any repetition of the same, and promised to perform the duties of good and faithful pilgrims. Presently the Rais joined our party, and the usual story-telling began. The old man knew the name of each hill, and had a legend for every nook and corner in sight. He dwelt at length upon the life of Abu Zulaymah, the patron saint of these seas, whose little tomb stands at no great distance from our bivouac place, and told us how he sits watching over the safety of pious mariners in a cave among the neighbouring rocks, and sipping his coffee, which is brought in a raw state from Meccah by green birds, and prepared in the usual way by the hands of ministering angels. He showed us the spot where the terrible king of Egypt, when close upon the heels of the children of Israel, was whelmed in the "hell of waters," * and he warned us that next day our way would be through breakers, and reefs, and dangerous currents, over whose troubled depths, since that awful day, the Ifrit of the storm has never ceased to flap his sable wing. The wincing of the hearers proved that the shaft of the old man's words was sharp; but as

"Sukun," or the quiescence of one or more consonants;—"K'lab," for instance, for "Kilab," and "'Msik" for "Amsik." Thus it is that vowels, the soft and liquid part of language, disappear, leaving in their place a barbarous sounding mass of consonants.

* Burckhardt mentions the Arab legend that the spirits of the drowned Egyptians may be seen moving at the bottom of the sea, and Finati adds that they are ever busy recruiting their numbers with shipwrecked mariners.

night was advancing, we unrolled our rugs, and fell asleep upon the sand, all of us happy, for we had eaten and drunk, and—the homo sapiens is a hopeful animal—expecting on the morrow that the Ifrit would be merciful, and allow us to eat fresh dates at the harbour of Tur.

Fair visions of dates doomed to the Limbo of things which should have been! The grey dawn looked down upon us in difficulties. The water is deep near this coast; we had anchored at high tide close to the shore, and the ebb had left us high and dry. When this fact became apparent, a storm was upon the point of breaking. The Maghrabis, but for our interference, would have bastinadoed the Rais, who, they said with some reason, ought to have known better. When this phase of feeling passed away, they applied themselves to physical efforts. All except the women and children, who stood on the shore encouraging their relatives with shrill quaverings, threw themselves into the water; some pushed, others applied their shoulders to the vessel's side, and all used their lungs with might and main. But the "Golden Wire" was firmly fixed, and their exertions were too irregular. Physical force failed, upon which they changed their tactics. At the suggestion of their "Maula," they prepared to burn incense in honor of the Shaykh Abu Zulaymah. The material not being forthcoming, they used coffee, which perhaps accounts for the short-comings of that holy man. After this the Rais remembered that their previous exertions had not begun under the auspices of the Fatihah. Therefore they prayed, and then re-applied themselves to work. Still they failed. Finally, each man called aloud upon his own particular saint or spiritual guide, and rushed forward as if he alone sufficed for the exploit. Shaykh Hamid unwisely quoted the name, and begged the assistance of his great ancestor, the "clarified-butter-seller;"

the obdurate "Golden Wire" was not moved, and Hamid retired in momentary confusion.

It was now about nine A.M., and the water had risen considerably. My morning had been passed in watching the influx of the tide, and the grotesque efforts of the Maghrabis. When the vessel showed some symptoms of unsteadiness, I arose, walked gravely up to her, ranged the pilgrims around her with their shoulders to the sides, and told them to heave with might when they should hear me invoke the revered name of the Indian saint. I raised my hands and voice; "Ya Piran Pir!" Ya Abd el Kader Jilani* was the signal. Each Maghrabi worked like an Atlas, the "Golden Wire" canted half over, and, sliding heavily through the sand, once more floated off into deep water. This was generally voted a minor miracle, and the Effendi was greatly respected — for a day or two.

The wind was fair, but we had all to re-embark, an operation which went on till noon. After starting, I remarked the natural cause which gives this Birkat Faraun — "Pharaoh's Bay" — a bad name. Here the gulf narrows, and the winds, which rush down the clefts and valleys of the lofty mountains on the Eastern and Western shores, meeting tides and counter-currents, cause a perpetual commotion. That day the foam-tipped waves repeatedly washed over my cot, by no means diminishing its discomforts. In the evening, or rather, late in the afternoon, we anchored, to our infinite disgust, under a ridge of rocks, behind which lies the plain of Tur. The Rais deterred all from going on shore by terrible stories about the Bedouins that haunt the place, besides which there was no sand to sleep upon. We remained, therefore, on

* A celebrated Sufi or mystic, whom many Indians reverence as the Arabs do their Prophet.

board that night, and, making sail early the next morning, threaded through reefs and sand-banks into the intricate and dangerous entrance of Tur about noon.

Nothing can be meaner than the present appearance of the old Phœnician colony, although its position as a harbour, and its plentiful supply of fruit and fresh water, make it one of the most frequented places on the coast. The only remains of any antiquity — except the wells — are the fortifications which the Portuguese erected to keep out the Bedouins. The little town lies upon a plain that stretches with a gradual rise from the sea to the lofty mountains, which form the axis of the Sinaitic group. The country around reminded me strongly of maritime Sindh — a flat of clay and sand, clothed with sparse tufts of Salsolæ, and bearing strong signs of a (geologically speaking) recent origin. The town is inhabited principally by Greek and other Christians *, who live by selling water and provisions to ships. A fleecy cloud hung lightly over the majestic head of Jebel Tur, about eventide, and the outlines of the giant hills stood "picked out" from the clear blue sky. Our Rais, weather-wise man, warned us that these were indications of a gale, and that, in case of rough weather, he did not intend to leave Tur. I was not sorry to hear this. We had passed a pleasant day,

* Those people are descendants of Syrians and Greeks that fled from Candia, Scios, the Ionian Islands, and Palestine, to escape the persecutions of the Turks. They now wear the Arab dress, and speak the language of the country, but they are easily to be distinguished from the Moslems, by the expression of their countenances and sometimes by their blue eyes and light hair.

There are also a few families calling themselves Jebeliyah, or mountaineers. Originally they were 100 households, sent by Justinian to serve the convent of St. Catherine, and to defend it against the Berbers. Sultan Kansuh el Ghori, called by European writers Campson Gaury, the Mameluke king of Egypt, in A.D. 1501, admitted these people into the Moslem community on condition of their continuing the menial service they had afforded to the monks.

drinking sweet water, and eating the dates, grapes, and pomegranates, which the people of the place carry down to the beach for the benefit of hungry pilgrims. Besides which, there were various sights to see, and with these we might profitably spend the morrow. We therefore pitched the tent upon the sand, and busied ourselves with extricating a box of provisions — a labor rendered lighter by the absence of the Maghrabis—some of whom were wandering about the beach, whilst others had gone off to fill their bags with fresh water. We found their surliness insufferable; even when we were passing from poop to forecastle, landing or boarding, they grumbled forth their dissatisfaction.

Our Rais was not mistaken in his prediction. When morning broke, we found the wind strong, and the sea white with foam. Most of us thought lightly of these terrors, but our valorous captain swore that he dared not for his life cross the mouth of ill-omened Akabah in such a storm. We breakfasted, therefore, and afterwards set out to visit Moses' hot baths, mounted on wretched donkeys with pack-saddles, ignorant of stirrups, and without tails, whilst we ourselves suffered generally from boils, which, as usual upon a journey, make their appearance in localities the most inconvenient. Our road lay northward across the plain towards a long narrow strip of date ground, surrounded by a ruinous mud well. After a ride of two or three miles, we entered the gardens, and came suddenly upon the Hammam. It is a prim little bungalow, built by the present Pacha of Egypt for his own accommodation, glaringly whitewashed, and garnished with divans and calico curtains of a gorgeous hue. The guardian had been warned of our visit, and was present to supply us with bathing-cloths and other necessaries. One by one, we entered the cistern, which is now in an inner room. The water is about four feet deep, warm in winter, cool in

summer, of a saltish and bitter taste, but celebrated for its invigorating qualities, when applied externally. On one side of the calcareous rock, near the ground, is the hole opened for the spring by Moses' rod, which must have been like the "mast of some tall Ammiral,"* and near it are the marks of Moses' nails — deep indentations in the stone, which were probably left there by some extinct Saurian. Our cicerone informed us that formerly the finger-marks existed, and that they were long enough for a man to lie in. The same functionary attributed the sanitary properties of the spring to the blessings of the Prophet, and, when asked why Moses had not made sweet water to flow, informed us that the great lawgiver had intended the spring for bathing, not for drinking. We sat with him, eating the small yellow dates of Tur, which are delicious, melting like honey in the mouth, and leaving a surpassing arrière goût. After finishing sundry pipes and cups of coffee, we gave the man a few piastres, and, mounting our donkeys, started eastward for the Bir Musa†, which we reached in half an hour. It is a fine old well, built round and domed over with roughly squared stones, very like what may be seen in some rustic parts of Southern England. The sides of the pit were so rugged that a man could climb down them, and at the bottom

* Adam's forehead (says the Turikh Tabari) brushed the skies, but this height being inconvenient, the Lord abridged it to 100 cubits. The Moslems firmly believe in *Anakim.* *Josephus* informs us that Moses was of "divine form and great tallness;" the Arabs specify his stature, — 300 cubits. They have, moreover, found his grave in some part of the country S. E. of the Dead Sea, and make cups of a kind of bitumen called "Moses' Stones." This people nescit ignorare — it *will* know everything.

† "*Moses'* Well." I have no argument except the untrustworthy traditions of the Bedouins, either for or against this having been the identical well near which Moses sat when he fled from the face of Pharaoh to the land of Midian. One thing is certain, namely, that in this part of Arabia, as also at Aden, the wells are of a very ancient date.

was a pool of water, sweet and abundant. We had intended to stay there, and to dine al fresco, but the hated faces of our companions, the Maghrabis, meeting us at the entrance, nipped that project in the bud. Accordingly we retired from the burning sun to a neighbouring coffee-house—a shed of palm-leaves kept by a Tur man, and there, seated on mats, we demolished the contents of our basket. Whilst we were eating, some Bedouins came in and joined us, when invited so to do. They were poorly dressed, and all armed with knives and cheap sabres, hanging to leathern bandoleers: in language and demeanour they showed few remains of their old ferocity. As late as Mohammed Ali's time these people were noted wreckers, and formerly they were dreaded pirates—now they are lions with their fangs and claws drawn.

In the even, when we returned to our tent, a Syrian, one of our party on the poop, came out to meet us with the information that several large vessels had arrived from Suez, comparatively speaking, empty, and that the captain of one of them would land us at Yambu for three dollars a head. The proposal was tempting. But, presently it became apparent that my companions were unwilling to shift their precious boxes, and moreover, that I should have to pay for those who could not or would not pay for themselves,—that is to say, for the whole party. As such a display of wealth would have been unadvisable, I dismissed the idea with a sigh. Amongst the large vessels was one freighted with Persian pilgrims, a most disagreeable race of men on a journey or a voyage. They would not land at first, because they feared the Bedouins. They would not take water from the town people, because some of these were Christians. Moreover, they insisted upon making their own call to prayer, which heretical proceeding—it admits five extra words—our party, orthodox Moslems, would rather have died than permitted.

When their crier, a small wizen-faced man, began the Azan with a voice

> "—*in quel tenore*
> Che fa il cappon quando talvolta canta,"

we received it with a shout of derision, and some, hastily snatching up their weapons, offered him an opportunity of martyrdom. The Maghrabis, too, hearing that the Persians were Rafaz (heretics) crowded fiercely round to do a little Jihad, or fighting for the faith. The long-bearded men took the alarm. They were twice the number of our small party, and therefore had been in the habit of strutting about with nonchalance, and looking at us fixedly, and otherwise demeaning themselves in an indecorous way. But when it came to the point, they showed the white feather. These Persians accompanied us to the end of our voyage. As they approached the Holy Land, visions of the "Nebut" caused a change for the better in their manners. At Mahar they meekly endured a variety of insults, and at Yambu they cringed to us like dogs.

## CHAP. XI.

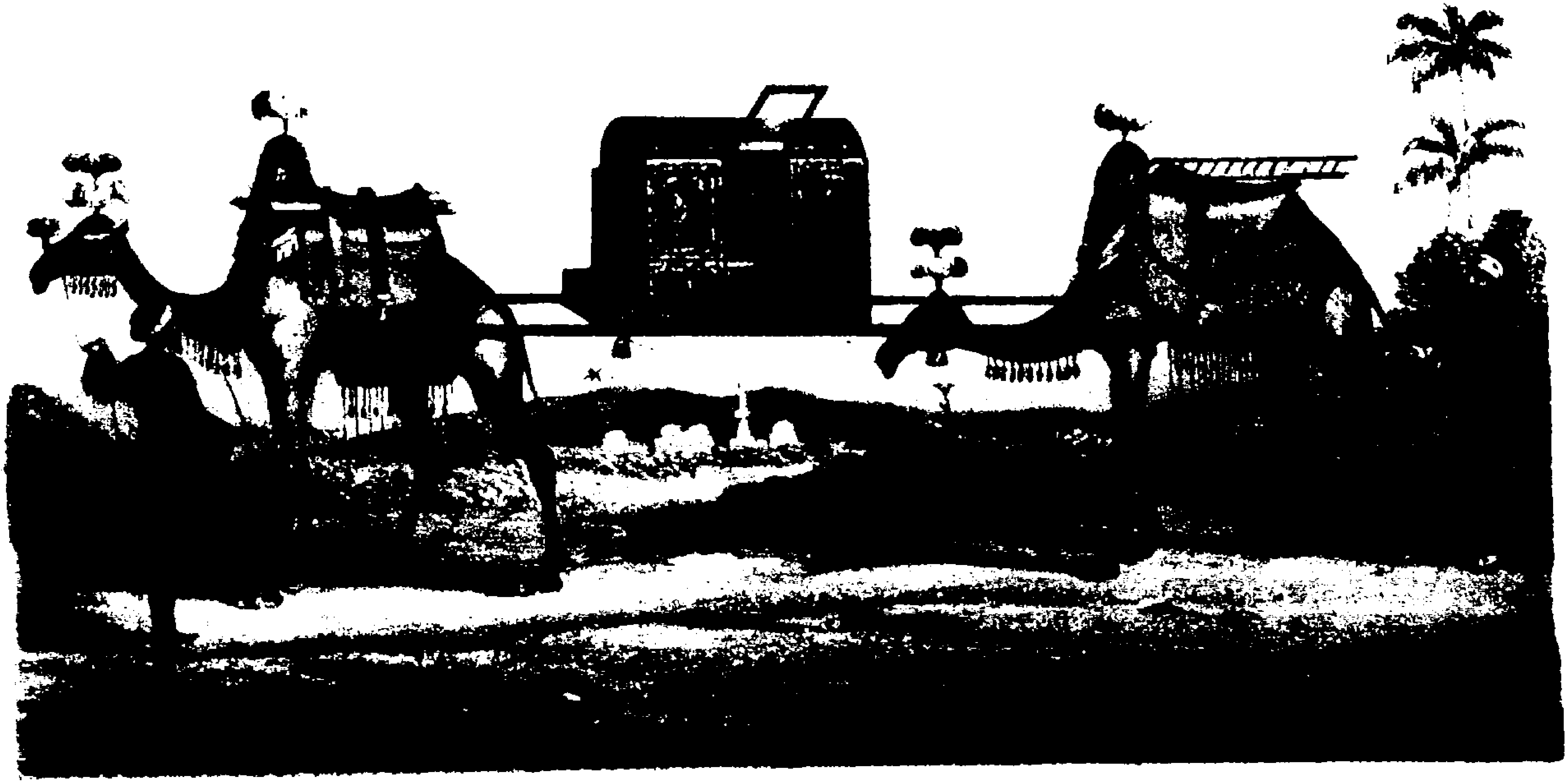
### TO YAMBU.

On the 11th July, about dawn, we left Tur, with the unpleasant certainty of not touching ground for thirty-six hours. I passed the time in steadfast contemplation of the web of my umbrella, and in making the following meteorological remarks.

*Morning.* The air is mild and balmy as that of an Italian spring; thick mists roll down the valleys along the sea, and a haze like mother-o'-pearl crowns the headlands. The distant rocks show Titanic walls, lofty donjons, huge projecting bastions, and moats full of deep shade. At their base runs a sea of amethyst, and as earth receives the first touches of light, their summits, almost transparent, mingle with the jasper tints of the sky. Nothing can be more delicious than this hour. But, as

> "—Les plus belles choses
> Ont le pire destin,—"

so morning soon fades. The sun bursts up from behind the main, a fierce enemy, a foe that will compel every one to crouch before him. He dyes the sky orange, and the sea incarnadine, where its violet surface is stained by his rays, and mercilessly puts to flight the mists and haze and the little agate-coloured masses of cloud that were before floating in the firmament: the atmosphere is so clear that now and then a planet is visible. For the two hours following sunrise the rays are endurable; after that they become a fiery ordeal. The morning beams oppress you



THE TAKHTRAWAN OR GRANDEE'S LITTER

with a feeling of sickness; their steady glow, reflected by the glaring waters, blinds your eyes, blisters your skin, and parches your mouth: you now become a monomaniac; you do nothing but count the slow hours that must "minute by" before you can be relieved.

*Noon.* The wind, reverberated by the glowing hills, is like the blast of a lime-kiln. All color melts away with the canescence from above. The sky is a dead milk-white, and the mirror-like sea so reflects the tint that you can scarcely distinguish the line of the horizon. After noon the wind sleeps upon the reeking shore; there is a deep stillness; the only sound heard is the melancholy flapping of the sail. Men are not so much sleeping as half senseless; they feel as if a few more degrees of heat would be death.

*Sunset.* The enemy sinks behind the deep cerulean sea, under a canopy of gigantic rainbow which covers half the face of heaven. Nearest to the horizon is an arch of tawny orange; above it another of the brightest gold, and based upon these a semicircle of tender sea green blends with a score of delicate gradations into the sapphire sky. Across the rainbow the sun throws its rays in the form of giant wheel-spokes tinged with a beautiful pink. The Eastern sky is mantled with a purple flush that picks out the forms of the desert and the hills. Language is a thing too cold, too poor, to express the harmony and the majesty of this hour, which is evanescent, however, as it is lovely. Night falls rapidly, when suddenly the appearance of the zodiacal light* restores the scene to what it was. Again the grey hills and the grim rocks become

* The zodiacal light on the Red Sea, and in Bombay, is far brighter than in England. I suppose this is the "after-glow" described by Miss Martineau and other travellers: "flashes of light like coruscations of the Aurora Borealis in pyramidal form" would exactly describe the phenomenon. It varies, however, greatly, and often for some days together is scarcely visible.

rosy or golden, the palms green, the sands saffron, and the sea wears a lilac surface of dimpling waves. But after a quarter of an hour all fades once more; the cliffs are naked and ghastly under the moon, whose light falling upon this wilderness of white crags and pinnacles is most strange—most mysterious.

*Night.* The horizon is all darkness, and the sea reflects the white visage of the moon as in a mirror of steel. In the air we see giant columns of pallid light, distinct, based upon the indigo-coloured waves, and standing with their heads lost in endless space. The stars glitter with exceeding brilliance.* At this hour

> "— River and hill and wood,
> With all the numberless goings on of life,
> Inaudible as dreams —"

the planets look down upon you with the faces of smiling friends. You feel the "sweet influence of the Pleiades." You are bound by the "bond of Orion." Hesperus bears with him a thousand things. In communion with them your hours pass swiftly by, till the heavy dews warn you to cover up your face and sleep. And with one look at a certain little star in the north, under which lies all that makes life worth living through—surely it is a venial superstition to sleep with your face towards that Kiblah!—you fall into oblivion.

Those thirty-six hours were a trial even to the hard-headed Bedouins. The Syrian and his two friends were ill. Umar Effendi, it is true, had the courage to say his sunset prayers, but the exertion so altered him that he looked another man. Salih Shakkar in despair ate dates till threatened with a dysentery. Saad the Devil had rigged out for himself a cot three feet long, which, arched

* Niebuhr considers that the stars are brighter in Norway than in the Arabian deserts: I never saw them so bright as on the Neilgherry hills.

over with bent bamboo and covered with cloaks, he had slung on the larboard side; but the loud grumbling which proceeded from his nest proved that his precaution had not been a remedy. Even the boy Mohammed forgot to chatter, to scold, to smoke, and to make himself generally disagreeable. The Turkish baby appeared dying, and was not strong enough to wail. How the poor mother stood her trials so well, made every one wonder. The most pleasant trait in my companions' characters was the consideration they showed to her, and their attention to her children. Whenever one of the party drew forth a little delicacy—a few dates or a pomegranate—they gave away a share of it to the children, and most of them took their turns to nurse the baby. This was genuine politeness—kindness of heart. It would be well for those who sweepingly accuse Easterns of want of gallantry to contrast this trait of character with the savage scenes of civilisation that take place among the "Overlands" at Cairo and Suez. No foreigner could be present for the first time without bearing away the lasting impression that the sons of Great Britain are model barbarians. On board the "Golden Wire" Salih Shakkar was the sole base exception to the general gallantry of my companions.

As the sun starts towards the west, falling harmlessly upon our heads, we arise, still faint and dizzy, calling for water, which before we had not the strength to drink, and pipes, and coffee, and similar luxuries. Our primitive kitchen is a square wooden box, lined with clay, and filled with sand, upon which three or four large stones are placed to form a hearth. Preparations are now made for the evening meal, which is of the simplest description. A little rice, a few dates, or an onion, will keep a man alive in our position; a single "good dinner" would justify long odds against his seeing the next evening. More-

over, it is impossible in such cases to have an appetite, — fortunately, as our store of provisions is a scanty one. Arabs consider it desirable on a journey to eat hot food once in the twenty-four hours; so we determined to cook, despite all difficulties. The operation, however, is by no means satisfactory; twenty expectants surround the single fire, and there is sure to be a quarrel amongst them every five minutes.

As the breeze, cooled by the dew, begins to fan our parched faces, we recover our spirits amazingly. Songs are sung, and stories are told, and rough jests are bandied about, till not unfrequently Oriental sensitiveness is sorely touched. Or, if we see the prospect of storm or calm, we draw forth, and piously peruse, a "Hizb el Bahr." As this prayer is supposed to make all safe upon the ocean wave, I will not selfishly withhold it from the British reader. To draw forth all its virtues, the reciter should receive it from the hands of his Murshid or spiritual guide, and study it during the Chillah, or forty days of fast, of which, I venture to observe, few Britons are capable.

"O Allah, O Exalted, O Almighty, O All-pitiful, O All-powerful, thou art my God, and sufficeth to me the knowledge of it! Glorified be the Lord my Lord, and glorified be the Faith my Faith! Thou givest victory to whom thou pleasest, and thou are the Glorious, the Merciful! We pray thee for safety in our goings forth and our standings still, in our words and our designs, in our dangers of temptation and doubts, and the secret designs of our hearts. Subject unto us this sea, even as thou didst subject the deep to Musa (Moses), and as thou didst subject the fire to Ibrahim* (Abraham), and as

* Abraham, for breaking his father's idols, was cast by Nimrod into a fiery furnace, which forthwith became a garden of roses. (See Chapter xxi. of the Koran, called "the Prophets.")

thou didst subject the iron to Daud* (David), and as thou didst subject the wind and the devils and genii and mankind to Sulayman † (Solomon), and as thou didst subject the moon and El Burak to Mohammed, upon whom be Allah's mercy and his blessing! And subject unto us all the seas in earth and heaven, in the visible and in thine invisible worlds, the sea of this life, and the sea of futurity. O thou who reignest over everything, and unto whom all things return, Khyas! Khyas! Khyas!" ‡ And lastly, we lie down upon our cribs, wrapped up in thickly padded cotton coverlets, and forget the troubles of the past day, and the discomforts of that to come.

Late on the evening of the 11th July we passed in sight of the narrow mouth of Akabah, whose famosi rupes are a terror to the voyagers of these latitudes. Like the Gulf of Cambay, here a tempest is said to be always brewing, and men raise their hands to pray as they cross it. We had no storm from without that day, but a fierce one was about to burst within our ship. The essence of Oriental discipline is personal respect based upon fear. Therefore it often happens, that the commanding officer, if a mild old gentleman, is the last person whose command is obeyed, — his only privilege being that of sitting apart from his inferiors. And such was the case with our Rais. On the present occasion, irritated by the refusal of the Maghrabis to stand out of the steerman's way, and excited by the prospect of losing sight of shore for a whole day, he threatened one of the fellows with his slipper. It required all our exertions, even to a display of the dreaded

* David worked as an armourer, but the steel was as wax in his hands.

† Solomon reigned over the three orders of created beings; the fable of his flying carpet is well known. (See Chapter xxvii. of the Koran, called "the Ant.")

‡ These are mystic words, and entirely beyond the reach of dictionaries and vocabularies.

quarter-staves, to calm the consequent excitement. After passing Akabah, we saw nothing but sea and sky, and we spent a weary night and day tossing upon the waters,—our only exercise: every face brightened as, about sunset on the 12th, we suddenly glided into the mooring-place.

Marsa Damghah * — "Damghah Anchorage" — is scarcely visible from the sea. An islet of limestone rock defends the entrance, leaving a narrow passage on each side. It is not before he enters that the mariner discovers the extent and the depth of this creek, which indents far into the land, and offers 20 feet of fine clear anchorage which no swell can reach. Inside it looks more like a lake, and at night its colour is gloriously blue as Geneva itself. I could not help calling to mind, after dinner, the old school lines,

> "Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum.
> Efficit objecta laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
> Frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos."

Nothing was wanted but the "atrum nemus." Where, however, shall we find such luxuries in arid Arabia?

The Rais, as usual, attempted to deter us from landing, by romancing about the "Bedoynes and Ascopards," representing them to be "folke ryghte felonouse and foule and of cursed kynde." To which we replied by shouldering our Nebuts and scrambling into the cock boat. On shore we found a few wretched looking beings, Jahaynahs †

* In Moresby's Survey, "Sherm Demerah," the creek of Demerah. Ali Bey calls it Demeg.

† These men of the Beni Jahaynah, or "Juhaynah" tribe—the "Beni Kalb," as they are also called,—must not be trusted. They extend from the plains north of Yambu into the Sinaitic Peninsula. They boast no connection with the great tribe El Harb; but they are of noble race, are celebrated for fighting, and, it is said, have good horses. The specimens we saw at Marsa Damghah were poor ones, they had few clothes, and no arms except the usual Jambiyah (crooked dagger). By their civility and their cringing style of address it was easy to see they had been corrupted by intercourse with strangers.

seated upon heaps of dried wood, which they sold to travellers, and three boat-loads of Syrian pilgrims who had preceded us. We often envied them their small swift craft, with their double latine sails disposed in "hare-ears,"—which, about evening time in the far distance, looked like white gulls alighting upon the purple wave; and they justified our envy by arriving at Yambu two days before us. The pilgrims had bivouacked upon the beach, and were engaged in drinking their after dinner coffee. They received us with all the rights of hospitality, as natives of the Medinah should everywhere be received; we sat an hour with them, ate a little fruit, satisfied our thirst, smoked their pipes, and when taking leave blessed them. Then returning to the vessel we fed, and lost no time in falling asleep.

The dawn of the next day saw our sail flapping in the idle air. And it was not without difficulty that in the course of the forenoon we entered Wijh Harbour, distant from Damghah but very few miles. Wijh is also a natural anchorage, in no way differing from that where we passed the night, except in being smaller and shallower. The town is a collection of huts meanly built of round stones, and clustering upon a piece of elevated rock on the northern side of the creek. It is distant about five miles from the inland fort of the same name, which receives the Egyptian caravan, and thrives, like its port, by selling water and provisions to pilgrims. The little bazar, which the sea almost washes every high tide, provided us with mutton, rice, baked bread, and the other necessaries of life, at a moderate rate. Luxuries also were to be found: a druggist sold me an ounce of opium at a Chinese price.

With reeling limbs we landed at Wijh*, and finding a

* It is written Wish, and Wejh; by Ali Bey, Vadjeh and Wadjih; Wodjeh and Wosh by Burckhardt; and Wedge by Moresby.

large coffee-house above and over the beach, we installed ourselves there. But the Persians who preceded us had occupied all the shady places outside; we were forced to content ourselves with the interior. It was a building of artless construction, consisting of little but a roof supported by wooden posts, roughly hewn from date trees, and round the tamped earthen floor ran a raised bench of unbaked brick forming a Divan for mats and sleeping-rugs. In the centre a huge square Mastabah, or platform, answered a similar purpose. Here and there appeared attempts at long and side walls, but these superfluities had been allowed to admit daylight through large gaps. In one corner stood the apparatus of the "Kahwahji," an altar-like elevation, also of earthen work, containing a hole for a charcoal fire, upon which were three huge coffee-pots dirtily tinned. Near it were ranged the Shishas, or Egyptian hookahs, old, exceedingly unclean, and worn by age and hard work. A wooden framework, pierced with circular apertures, supported a number of porous earthenware gullehs full of cold sweet water; the charge for these was, as usual in El Hejaz, five paras apiece. Such was the furniture of the café, and the only relief to the barrenness of the view was a fine mellowing atmosphere composed of smoke, steam, flies, and gnats, in about equal proportions. I have been diffuse in my description of this coffee-house, as it was a type of its class: from Alexandria to Aden the traveller will everywhere meet with buildings of the same kind.

Our happiness in this Paradise—for such it was to us after the "Golden Wire"—was nearly sacrificed by Saad the Devil, whose abominable temper led him at once into a quarrel with the master of the coffee-house. And the latter, an ill-looking, squint-eyed, low-browed, broad-shouldered fellow, showed himself no wise unwilling to meet the Devil half way. The two worthies, after a brief bandying of bad words, seized each other's throats leisurely,

so as to give the spectators time and encouragement to interfere. But when friends and acquaintances were hanging on to both heroes so firmly that they could not move hand or arm, their wrath, as usual, rose, till it was terrible to see. The little village resounded with the war, and many a sturdy knave rushed in, sword or cudgel in hand, so as not to lose the sport. During the heat of the fray, a pistol which was in Umar Effendi's hand went off—accidentally of course—and the ball passed so close to the tins containing the black and muddy mocha, that it drew the attention of all parties. As if by magic, the storm was lulled. A friend recognised Saad the Devil, and swore that he was no black slave, but a soldier at El Medinah—"no waiter, but a Knight Templar,"—this caused him to be looked upon as rather a superior person, which he proved by insisting that his late enemy should dine with him, and when the other decorously hung back, by dragging him to dinner with loud cries.

My character that day was severely tried. Besides the Persian pilgrims, a number of nondescripts who came in the same vessel were hanging about the coffee-house, lying down, smoking, drinking water, bathing, and correcting their teeth with their daggers. One inquisitive man was always at my side. He called himself a Pathan; he could speak five or six languages, knew a number of people everywhere, and had travelled far and wide over central Asia. These men are always good detectors of an incognito. I avoided answering his question about my native place, and after telling him that I had no longer name or nation, being a Dervish, asked him, when he insisted upon my having been born somewhere, to guess for himself. To my joy he claimed me for a brother Pathan, and in course of conversation he declared himself to be the nephew of an Afghan merchant, a gallant old man who had been civil to me at Cairo. We then sat smoking together with

"*effusion*." Becoming confidential, he complained that he, a Sunni or orthodox Moslem, had been abused, maltreated, and beaten by his fellow-travellers, the heretical pilgrims. I naturally offered to arm my party, to take up our cudgels, and to revenge my compatriot. This thoroughly Afghan style of doing business could not fail to make him sure of his man. He declined, however, wisely remembering that he had nearly a fortnight of the Persians' society still to endure. But he promised himself the gratification, when he reached Meccah, of sheathing his Charay — the terrible Afghan knife — in the chief offender's heart.

At 8 A.M. next morning we left Wijh, after passing a night tolerably comfortable, by contrast, in the coffee-house. We took with us the stores necessary, for though our Rais had promised to anchor under Jebel Hasan that evening, no one believed him. We sailed among ledges of rock, golden sands, green weeds, and in some places through yellow lines of what appeared to me at a distance foam after a storm. All day a sailor sat upon the mast-head, looking at the water, which was transparent as blue glass, and shouting out the direction. This precaution was somewhat stultified by the roar of voices, which never failed to mingle with the warning, but we wore every half hour, and did not run agound. About mid-day we passed by Shaykh Hasan el Marabit's tomb. It is the usual domed and whitewashed building, surrounded by the hovels of its guardians, standing upon a low flat island of yellow rock, vividly reminding me of certain scenes in Sindh. Its dreary position attracts to it the attention of passing travellers; the dead saint has a prayer and a Fatihah for the good of his soul, and the live sinner wends his way with religious refreshment.

Near sunset the wind came on to blow freshly, and we cast anchor together with the Persian pilgrims upon a

rock. This was one of the celebrated coral reefs of the Red Sea, and the sight justified Forskal's emphatic description — luxus lususque naturæ. It was a huge ledge or platform rising but little above the level of the deep; the water-side was perpendicular as the wall of a fort, and whilst a frigate might have floated within a yard of it, every ripple dashed over the reef, replenishing the little basins and hollows in the surface. The colour of the waves near it was a vivid amethyst. In the distance the eye rested upon what appeared to be meadows of brilliant flowers resembling those of earth, only brighter far and more lovely. Nor was this land of the sea wholly desolate. Gulls and terns here swam the tide, there, seated upon the coral, devoured their prey. In the air, troops of birds contended noisily for a dead flying fish *, and in the deep water they chased a shoal, which, in their fright and hurry to escape the pursuers, veiled the surface with spray and foam. And as night came on the scene shifted, displaying fresh beauties. Shadows clothed the background, whose features, dimly revealed, allowed full scope to the imagination. In the forepart of the picture lay the sea, shining under the rays of the moon with a metallic lustre, while its border, where the wavelets dashed upon the reef, was lit by what the Arabs call the "jewels of the deep" † — brilliant

* These the Arabs, in the vulgar tongue, call Jerad el Bahr, "sea locusts;" as they term the shrimp Burghut el Bahr, or the sea-flea. Such compound words, palpably derived from land objects, prove the present Ichthyophagi and the Bedouins living on the coast to be a race originally from the interior. Pure and ancient Arabs still have at least one uncompounded word to express every object familiar to them, and it is in this point that the genius of the language chiefly shows itself.

† The Arab superstition is, that these flashes of light are jewels made to adorn the necks and hair of the mermaids and mermen. When removed from their native elements the gems fade and disappear. If I remember right, there is some idea similar to this among the Scotch, and other northern people.

flashes of phosphoric light giving an idea of splendour which art would strive in vain to imitate. Altogether it was a bit of fairy-land, a spot for nymphs and sea-gods to disport upon: you might have heard, without astonishment, old Proteus calling his flocks with the writhed horn; and Aphrodite seated in her conch would have been only a fit and proper climax of its loveliness.

But — as philosophically remarked by Sir Cauline the Knyghte —

> "Every whyte must have its blacke,
> And every sweete its soure —"

this charming coral reef was nearly being the scene of an ugly accident. The breeze from seaward slowly but steadily drove us towards the reef, a fact of which we soon became conscious. Our anchor was not dragging; it had not rope enough to touch the bottom, and vainly we sought for more. In fact the "Golden Wire" was as disgracefully deficient in all the appliances of safety, as any English merchantman in the nineteenth century, — a circumstance which accounts for the shipwrecks and the terrible loss of life perpetually occurring about the pilgrimage season in these seas. Had she struck upon the razor-like edges of the coral-reef, she would have melted away like a sugar-plum in the ripple, for the tide was rising at the time. Having nothing better to do, we began to make as much noise as possible. Fortunately for us, the Rais commanding the Persian's boat was an Arab from Jeddah, and more than once we had treated him with great civility. Guessing the cause of our distress, he sent two sailors overboard with a rope; they swam gallantly up to us; and in a few minutes we were safely moored to the stern of our useful neighbour. Which done, we applied ourselves to the grateful task of beating our Rais, and richly had he deserved it. Before

noon, when the wind was shifting, he had not given himself the trouble to wear *once*; and when the breeze fell he preferred dozing to taking advantage of what little wind remained: with energy we might have been moored that night comfortably under the side of Mount Hasan, instead of floating about on an unquiet sea with a lee-shore of coral reef within a few yards of our counter.

At dawn next day we started; we made Jebel Hasan* about noon, and an hour or so before sunset we glided into Marsa Mahar. Our resting-place resembled Marsa Damghah at an humble distance; the sides of the cove, however, were bolder and more precipitous. The limestone rocks presented a peculiar appearance; in some places the base and walls had crumbled away, leaving a coping to project like a canopy; in others the wind and rain had cut deep holes, and pierced the friable material with caverns that looked like the work of art. There was a pretty opening of backwood at the bottom of the cove, and palm trees in the blue distance gladdened our eyes, which pined for the sight of something green. The Rais, as usual, would have terrified us with a description of the Hutaymi tribe that holds these parts, and I knew from Welsted and Moresby that it is a troublesome race. But forty-eight hours of cramps on board-ship would make a man think lightly of a much more imminent danger.

Wading on shore we cut our feet with the sharp rocks. I remember to have felt the acute pain of something running into my toe; but after looking at the place and extracting what appeared to be a bit of thorn†, I dismissed

* The word Jebel will frequently occur in these pages. It is applied by the Arabs to any rising ground or heap of rocks, and, therefore, must not always be translated "mountain." In the latter sense, it has found its way into some of the Mediterranean dialects. *Gibraltar* is Jebel el Tarik, and "Mt. Ethne that men *clepen* Mounte Gybelle" is "Monte Gibello,"—*the* mountain, par excellence.

† It was most probably a prickle of the "egg-fruit," or Echinus, so com-

the subject, little guessing the trouble it was to give me. Having sealed the rocky side of the cove, we found some half-naked Arabs lying in the shade; they were unarmed, and had nothing about them except their villanous countenances wherewith to terrify the most timid. These men still live in caves, like the Thamud tribe of tradition; they are still Ichthyophagi, existing without any other subsistence but what the sea affords. They were unable to provide us with dates or milk, but they sold us a kind of fish called Bui, which, broiled upon the embers, proved delicious.

After we had eaten and drunk and smoked, we began to make merry; and the Persians, who, fearing to come on shore, had kept to their conveyance, appeared proper butts for the wit of some of our party: one of whom stood up and pronounced the orthodox call to prayer, after which the rest joined in a polemical hymn, exalting the virtues and dignity of the three first Caliphs.* Then, as general on such occasions, the matter was made personal by informing the Persians in a kind of rhyme sung by the Meccan gamins, that they were the "slippers of Ali and the dogs of Omar." But as they were too frightened to reply, my companions gathered up their cooking utensils, and returned to the "Golden Wire," melancholy, like disappointed candidates for the honors of Donnybrook.

Our next day was silent and weary, for we were all heartily sick of being on board-ship. We should have made Yambu in the evening but for the laziness of the Rais. Having duly beaten him, we anchored on the open

mon in these seas, generally supposed to be poisonous. I found it impossible to cure my foot in El Hejaz, and every remedy seemed to make it worse. This was as much the effect of the climate of Arabia, as of the hardships and privations of a pilgrimage. After my return to Egypt in the autumn, the wound healed readily without medical treatment.

* Abubekr, Omar, and Osman.

coast, insufficiently protected by a reef, and almost in sight of our destination. In the distance rose Jebel Radhwah or Radhwa*, one of the "Mountains of Paradise"† in which honored Arabia abounds. It is celebrated by poetry as well as by piety.

> "Were Radwah to strive to support my woes,
> Radwah itself would be crushed by the weight,"

says Antar.‡ It supplies El Medinah with hones. I heard much of its valleys and fruits and bubbling springs, but afterwards learned to rank these tales with the superstitious legends which are attached to it. Gazing at its bare and ghastly heights, one of our party, whose wit was soured by the want of fresh bread, surlily remarked that such a heap of ugliness deserved ejection from heaven,—an irreverence which was too public to escape general denunciation. We waded on shore, cooked there and passed the night; we were short of fresh water, which, combined with other grievances, made us as surly as bears. Saad the Devil was especially vicious; his eyes gazed fixedly on the ground, his lips protruded till you might have held his face by them, his mouth was garnished with bad wrinkles, and he never opened it but he grumbled out a wicked word. He solaced himself that evening by crawling slowly on all fours over the boy Mohammed, taking scrupulous care to place one knee upon the sleeper's face. The youth awoke in a fiery rage; we all roared with laughter, and the sulky Negro, after savouring the success of his spite, grimly, as but half satisfied, rolled himself

* I have found both these forms of writing the word in books; Moresby, or rather Mr. Rassam, erroneously spells it "Ridwah."

† In a future chapter, when describing a visit to Mt. Ohod, near El Medinah, I shall enter into some details about these "Mountains of Paradise."

‡ The translator, however, erroneously informs us, in a foot-note, that Radwah is a mountain near Meccah.

into a ball like a hedgehog, and, resolving to be offensive even in his forgetfulness, snored violently all night.

We slept upon the sands and arose before dawn, determined to make the Rais start in time that day. A slip of land separated us from our haven, but the wind was foul, and by reason of rocks and shoals, we had to make a considerable détour.

It was about noon on the 12th day after our departure from Suez, when, after slowly beating up the narrow creek leading to Yambu harbour, we sprang into a shore boat and felt new life, when bidding an eternal adieu to the "Golden Wire."

I might have escaped much of this hardship and suffering by hiring a vessel to myself. There would then have been a cabin to retire into at night, and shade from the sun; moreover the voyage would have lasted five, not twelve days. But I wished to witness the scenes on board a pilgrim ship,—scenes so much talked of by the Moslem palmer home returned. Moreover the hire was exorbitant, ranging from 40*l.* to 50*l.*, and it would have led to a greater expenditure, as the man who can afford to take a boat must pay in proportion during his land journey. In these countries you perforce go on as you begin: to "break one's expenditure," that is to say, to retrench expenses, is considered all but impossible; the prudent traveller therefore will begin as he intends to go on.

## CHAP. XII.

### THE HALT AT YAMBU.

THE heat of the sun, the heavy dews, and the frequent washings of the waves, had so affected my foot, that on landing at Yambu, I could scarcely place it upon the ground. But traveller's duty was to be done; so, leaning upon my "slave's" shoulder, I started at once to see the town, whilst Shaykh Hamid and the others of our party proceeded to the custom-house.

Yanbua el Bahr, Yambu of the sea*, identified, by Abyssinian Bruce, with the Iambia village of Ptolemy, is a place of considerable importance, and shares with others the title of "Gate of the Holy City." It is the third quarter of the caravan road† from Cairo to Meccah; and here, as well as at El Bedr, pilgrims frequently leave behind them in hired warehouses goods too heavy to be transported in haste, or too valuable to risk in dangerous times. Yambu being the port of El Medinah, as Jeddah is of Meccah, is supported by a considerable transport trade and extensive imports from the harbour on the western coasts of the Red Sea. Here the Sultan's domi-

* Yanbua "in Arabic is a fountain." Yanbua of the sea "is so called to distinguish it from Yanbua of the palm-grounds," a village at the foot o. the mountains, about 18 or 20 miles distant from the sea-port. Ali Bey places it one day's journey E. ¼ N.E. from Yanbua el Bahr, and describes it as a pleasant place in a fertile valley.

† The first quarter of the Cairo caravan is Akabah; the second is the Manhal Salmah (Salmah's place for watering camels); the third is Yambu; and the fourth Meccah.

nion is supposed to begin, whilst the authority of the Pacha of Egypt ceases; there is no Nizam, however, in the town*, and the governor is a Sherif or Arab chief. I met him in the great bazar; he is a fine young man of light complexion and the usual high profile, handsomely dressed, with a Cashmere turban, armed to the extent of sword and dagger, and followed by two large fierce-looking Negro slaves leaning upon enormous Nebuts.

The town itself is in no wise remarkable. Built on the edge of a barren plain that extends between the mountains and the sea, it fronts the northern extremity of a narrow winding creek. Viewed from the harbour, it is a long line of buildings, whose painful whiteness is set off by a sky like cobalt and a sea like indigo; behind it lies the flat, here of a bistre-brown, there of a lively tawny; whilst the background is formed by dismal Radhwah,

> "Barren and bare, unsightly, unadorned."

Outside the walls are a few little domes and tombs, which by no means merit attention. Inside, the streets are wide, and each habitation is placed at an unsociable distance from its neighbour, except near the port and the bazars, where ground is valuable. The houses are roughly built of limestone and coralline, and their walls full of fossils crumble like almond cake; they have huge hanging windows, and look mean after those in the Moslem quarters of Cairo. There is a "Suk," or market-place, in the usual form, a long narrow lane darkened by a covering of palm leaves, with little shops let into the walls of the houses on

* The Nizam, as Europeans now know, is the regular Turkish infantry. In El Hejaz, these troops are not stationed in small towns like Yambu. At such places a party of irregular horse, for the purpose of escorting travellers, is deemed sufficient. The Yambu police seems to consist of the Sherif's sturdy negroes. In Ali Bey's time, Yambu belonged to the Sherif of Meccah, and was garrisoned by him.

both sides. The cafés, which abound here, have already been described in the last chapter; they are rendered dirty in the extreme by travellers, and it is impossible to sit in them without a fan to drive away the flies. The custom-house fronts the landing-place upon the harbour; it is managed by Turkish officials,—men dressed in Tarbushes, who repose the live-long day upon the Divans near the windows. In the case of us travellers they had a very simple way of doing business, charging each person of the party three piastres for each large box, but by no means troubling themselves to meddle with the contents.* Yambu also boasts of a Hammam or hot bath, a mere date-leaf shed, tenanted by an old Turk, who, with his surly Albanian assistant, lives by "cleaning" pilgrims and travellers. Some whitewashed mosques and minarets of exceedingly simple form, a Wakaleh or two for the reception of merchants, and a saint's tomb, complete the list of public buildings.

In one point Yambu claims superiority over most other towns in this part of El Hejaz. Those who can afford the luxury drink sweet rain water, collected amongst the hills in tanks and cisterns, and brought on camel-back to the town. Two sources are especially praised, the Ayn el Berkat, and the Ayn Ali, which suffice to supply the whole population: the brackish water of the wells is confined to coarser purposes. Some of the old people here, as at Suez, are said to prefer the drink to which years of habit have accustomed them, and it is a standing joke that, arrived at Cairo, they salt the water of the Nile to make it palatable.

The population of Yambu,—one of the most bigoted

* This, as far as I could learn, is the only tax which the Sultan's government derives from the northern Hejaz; the people declare it to be, as one might expect at this distance from the capital, liable to gross peculation. When the Wakhabis held Yambu, they taxed it, like all other places; for which reason their name is held in the liveliest abhorrence.

and quarrelsome races in El Hejaz — strikes the eye after arriving from Egypt, as decidedly a new feature. The Shaykh or gentleman of Yambu is over-armed and over-dressed as Fashion, the tyrant of the Desert as well as of the court, dictates to a person of his consequence. The civilised traveller from El Medinah sticks in his waist-shawl a loaded pistol*, garnished with crimson silk cord, but he partially conceals the butt end under the flap of his jacket. The irregular soldier struts down the street a small armoury of weapons: one look at the man's countenance suffices to tell you what he is. Here and there stalk grim Bedouins, wild as their native wastes, and in all the dignity of pride and dirt; they also are armed to the teeth, and even the presence of the policeman's quarter-staff† cannot keep their swords in their scabbards: what we should call the peaceful part of the population never leave the house without a "nebut" over the right shoulder, and the larger, the longer, and the heavier the weapon is, the more gallantry does the bearer claim. The people of Yambu practise the use of this implement diligently; they become expert in delivering a head blow so violent as to break through any guard, and with it they always decide their trivial quarrels.‡ The dress of the

* Civilians usually stick one pistol in the belt; soldiers and fighting-men two, or more, with all the necessary concomitants of pouches, turn-screws, and long iron ramrods, which, opening with a screw, disclose a long thin pair of pincers, wherewith fire is put upon the chibouque.

† The weapons with which nations are to be managed form a curious consideration. The Englishman tamely endures a staff, which would make a Frenchman mad with anger; and a Frenchman respects a sabre, which would fill an Englishman's bosom with civilian spleen. You order the Egyptian to strip and be flogged; he makes no objection to seeing his blood flow in this way; but were a cutting weapon used, his friends would stop at nothing in their fury.

‡ In Arabia, generally, the wound is less considered by justice and revenge, than the instrument with which it was inflicted. Sticks and stones are held to be venial weapons: guns and pistols, swords and daggers, are felonious.

women differs but little from that of the Egyptians, except in the face veil*, which is generally white. There is an independent bearing about the people, strange in the East; they are proud without insolence, and look manly without blustering. Their walk partakes somewhat of the nature of a strut, owing, perhaps, to the shape of the sandals, not a little assisted by the self-esteem of the wearer, but there is nothing offensive in it; moreover, the population has a healthy appearance, and, fresh from Egypt, I could not help noticing their freedom from ophthalmic disease. The children, too, appear vigorous, nor are they here kept in that state of filth to which fear of the Evil Eye devotes them in the Valley of the Nile.

My companions found me in a coffee-house, where I had sat down to rest from the fatigue of halting on my wounded foot through the town. They had passed their boxes through the custom-house, and were now inquiring "Where's the Effendi?" in all directions. After sitting for half an hour, we rose to depart, when an old Arab merchant whom I had met at Suez, politely insisted upon paying for my coffee, still a mark of attention in Arabia as it was whilome in France. We then went to a Wakaleh, near the bazar, in which my companions had secured an airy upper room on the terrace opposite the sea, and tolerably free from Yambu's plague, the flies. It had been tenanted by a party of travellers, who were introduced to

* Europeans inveigh against this article,—which represents the "loup" of Louis XIV.'s time, — for its hideousness and jealous concealment of charms made to be admired. It is, on the contrary, the most coquettish article of woman's attire, excepting, perhaps, the Lisam of Constantinople. It conceals coarse skins, fleshy noses, wide mouths, and vanishing chins, whilst it sets off to best advantage what in these lands is almost always lustrous and liquid — the eye. Who has not remarked this at a masquerade ball?

me as Umar Effendi's brothers; he had by accident met them in the streets the day before their start for Constantinople, where they were travelling to receive the Ikram.* The family was, as I have said before, from Daghistan (Circassia), and the male members still showed unequivocal signs of a northern origin, in light yellowish skins, grey eyes fringed with dark lashes, red lips, and a very scant beard. They were broad-shouldered, large-limbed men, distinguished in look only by a peculiar surliness of countenance; perhaps their expression was the result of their suspecting me; for I observed them watching every movement narrowly during Wuzu and prayers. There was a good opportunity for displaying the perfect nonchalance of a true believer, and my efforts were, I believe, successful, for afterwards they seemed to treat me as a mere stranger, from whom they could expect nothing, and who therefore was hardly worth their notice.

On the afternoon of the day of our arrival we sent for a Mukharrij †, and began to treat for camels. One Amm Jemal, a respectable native of El Medinah who was on his way home, undertook to be the spokesman: after a long palaver, (for the Shaykh of the camels and his attendant Bedouins were men that fought for farthings, and we were not far inferior to them,) a bargain was struck. We agreed to pay three dollars for each camel, half in ready money, the other half after reaching our destination, and to start on the evening of the next day with a grain-caravan, guarded by an escort of irregular cavalry. I hired two animals, one for my luggage and

* A certain stipend allowed by the Sultan to citizens of the Haramayn (Meccah and El Medinah). It will be treated of at length in a future chapter.

† The Shaykh, or agent of the camels, without whose assistance it would be difficult to hire beasts. He brings the Bedouins with him, talks them over to fair terms, sees the "Arbun," or earnest-money, delivered to them, and is answerable for their not failing in their engagement.

servant, the other for the boy Mohammed and myself, expressly stipulating, that we were to ride the better beast, and that if it broke down on the road, its place should be supplied by another as good. My friends could not dissemble their uneasiness, when informed by the Mukharrij, that the Hazimi tribe was "out," and that travellers had to fight every day. The Daghistanis also contributed to their alarm. "We met," said they, "between 200 and 300 devils on a Razzia near El Medinah; we gave them the Salam, but they would not reply, although we were all on dromedaries. Then they asked us if we were men of El Medinah, and we replied 'Yes,' and lastly, they wanted to know the end of our journey; so we said Bir Abbas."* The Bedouins who had accompanied the Daghistanis belonged to some tribe unconnected with the Hazimi: the spokesman rolled his head, as much as to say, "Allah has preserved us!" And a young Indian of the party,—I shrewdly suspect him of having stolen my pen-knife that night,—displayed the cowardice of a "Miyan,"† by looking aghast at the memory of his imminent and deadly risk. "Sir," said Shaykh Nur to me, "we must wait till all this is over." I told him to hold his tongue, and sharply reproved the boy Mohammed, upon whose manner the effect of finding himself suddenly

* The not returning "Salam" was a sign on the part of the Bedouins that they were out to fight, and not to make friends; and the dromedary riders, who generally travel without much to rob, thought this behaviour a declaration of desperate designs. The Bedouins asked if they were El Medinah men; because the former does not like, unless when absolutely necessary, to plunder the people of the Holy City. And the Daghistanis said their destination was Bir Abbas, a neighbouring, instead of Yambu, a distant post, because those who travel on a long journey, being supposed to have more funds with them, are more likely to be molested.

† "Miyan," the Hindostanee word for "Sir," is known to the Bedouins all over El Hejaz; they always address Indian Moslems with this word, which has become contemptuous, on account of the low esteem in which the race is held.

in a fresh country had wrought a change for the worse. "Why, ye were lions at Cairo—and here, at Yambu, you are cats—hens!"* It was *not long*, however, before the youth's impudence returned upon him with increased violence.

We sat through the afternoon in the little room on the terrace, whose reflected heat, together with the fiery winds from the wilderness, seemed to incommode even my companions. After sunset we dined in the open air, a body of twenty: master, servants, children and strangers. All the procurable rugs and pillows had been seized to make a Divan, and we all squatted round a large cauldron of boiled rice, containing square masses of mutton, the whole covered with clarified butter. Saad the Devil was now in his glory. With what anecdotes the occasion supplied him!—his tongue seemed to wag with a perpetual motion—for each man he had a boisterous greeting, and to judge from his whisperings he must have been in every one's privacy and confidence. Conversation over pipes and coffee was prolonged to 10 P. M., a late hour in these lands; then we prayed the Isha†, and, spreading our mats upon the terrace, slept in the open air.

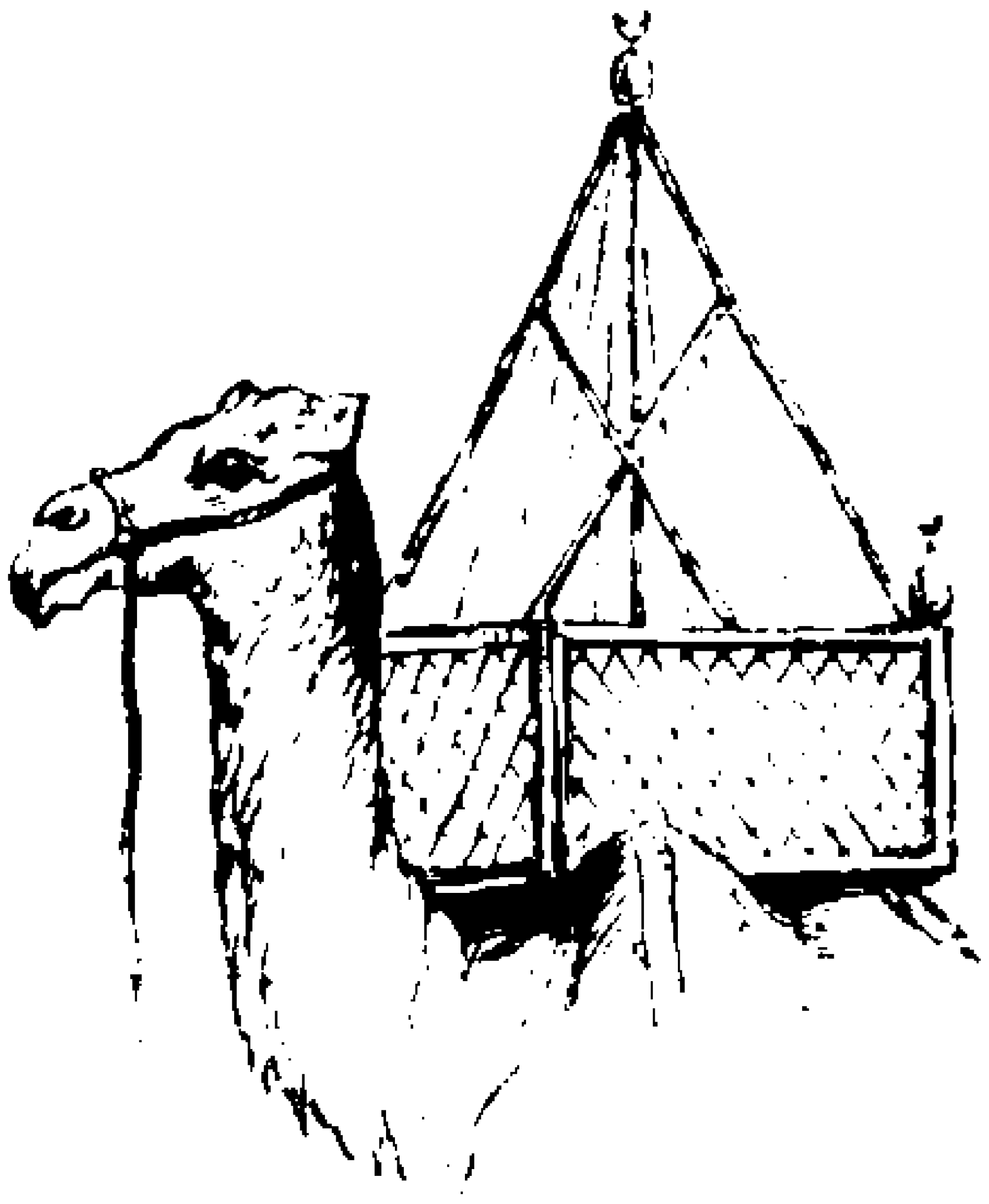
The forenoon of the next day was occupied in making sundry small purchases. We laid in seven days' provisions for the journey, repacked our boxes, polished and loaded our arms, and attired ourselves appropriately for the road. By the advice of Amm Jemal‡ I dressed as an

* That is to say, sneaks and cowards. I was astonished to see our Maghrabi fellow-passengers in the bazar at Yambu cringing and bowing to us, more like courtiers than Bedouins. Such, however, is the effect of a strange place upon Orientals generally. In the Persians such humility was excusable; in no part of El Hejaz are they safe for a moment from abuse and blows.

† The night prayer.

‡ "Amm" means literally a paternal uncle. In the Hejaz it is prefixed to the names of respectable men, who may also be addressed "Ya Amm

Arab, in order to avoid paying the Jizyat, a capitation tax*, which upon this road the settled tribes extort from stranger travellers; and he warned me not to speak any language but Arabic, even to my slave, in the vicinity of a village. I bought for my own conveyance a Shugduf or litter† for which I paid two dollars. It is a vehicle appropriated to women and children, fathers of families, married men, "Shelebis," Exquisites, and generally to those who are too effeminate to ride. My reason for choosing it was that notes



The Mahmal, en déshabille.

Jemal!" (O Uncle Jemal!) To say "Ya Ammi!" (O my Uncle!) is more familiar, and would generally be used by a superior addressing an inferior.

* Jizyat properly means the capitation tax levied on infidels; in this land of intense pride, the Bedouins, and even the town-chiefs, apply the opprobrious term to black mail extorted from travellers, even of their own creed.

† The Shugduf of El Hejaz differs greatly from that used in Syria and other countries. It is composed of two corded cots 5 feet long, slung horizontally, and parallel with the camel's sides about half-way down. These cots have short legs, and at the halt may be used as bedsteads; the two are connected together by loose ropes, attached to the inner long sides of the framework, and these are thrown over the camel's packsaddle. Thick twigs inserted in the ends and the outer long sides of the framework, are bent over the top, bower fashion, to support matting, carpets, and any other protection against the sun. There is an opening in this kind of wicker-work in front (towards the camel's head), through which you creep, and a similar one behind creates a draught of wind. Outside, towards the camel's tail, are pockets containing gullehs, or earthenware bottles of cooled water. Inside, attached to the wicker-work, are large provision pouches, similar to those used in old-fashioned travelling chariots. At the bottom are spread the two beds.

The greatest disadvantage of the Shugduf is the difficulty of keeping balance. Two men ride in it, and their weights must be made to tally. Moreover, it is liable to be caught and torn by thorn trees, to be blown off

are more easily taken in it than on a dromedary's back; the excuse of lameness prevented it detracting from my manhood, and I was careful when entering any populous place to borrow or hire a saddled beast.

Our party dined early that day, for the camels had been sitting at the gate since noon. We had the usual trouble in loading them: the owners of the animals vociferating about the unconscionable weight, the owners of the goods swearing that such weight a child could carry, while the beasts, taking part with their proprietors, moaned piteously, roared, made vicious attempts to bite, and started up with an agility that threw the half secured boxes or sacks headlong to the ground. About 3 P. M. all was ready — the camels formed into Indian file, and were placed standing in the streets — but, as usual with Oriental travellers, all the men dispersed about the town, so we did not mount before it was late in the afternoon.

I must now take the liberty of presenting to the reader an Arab Shaykh fully equipped for travelling.* Nothing can be more picturesque than the costume, and it is with regret that we see it exchanged in the towns and more civilised parts for any other. The long locks or the shaven scalps are surmounted by a white cotton skull-cap,

in a gale of wind; and its awkwardness causes the camel repeated falls, which are likely to smash it. Yet it is not necessarily an uncomfortable machine. Those for sale in the bazar are of course worthless, being made of badly seasoned wood. But private litters are sometimes pleasant vehicles, with turned and painted framework, silk cordage, and valuable carpets. The often described Mahmal is nothing but a Syrian Shugduf, royally ornamented.

* It is the same rule with the Arab on the road as at home; the more he is dressed the greater is his respectability. For this reason you see Sherifs and other men of high family, riding or walking in their warm camel's hair robes on the hottest days. Another superstition of the Arabs is this, that thick clothes avert the evil effects of the sun's beams.

To the kindness of a friend — Thomas Siddon — I owe the admirable sketch of "An Arab Shaykh in his travelling dress."

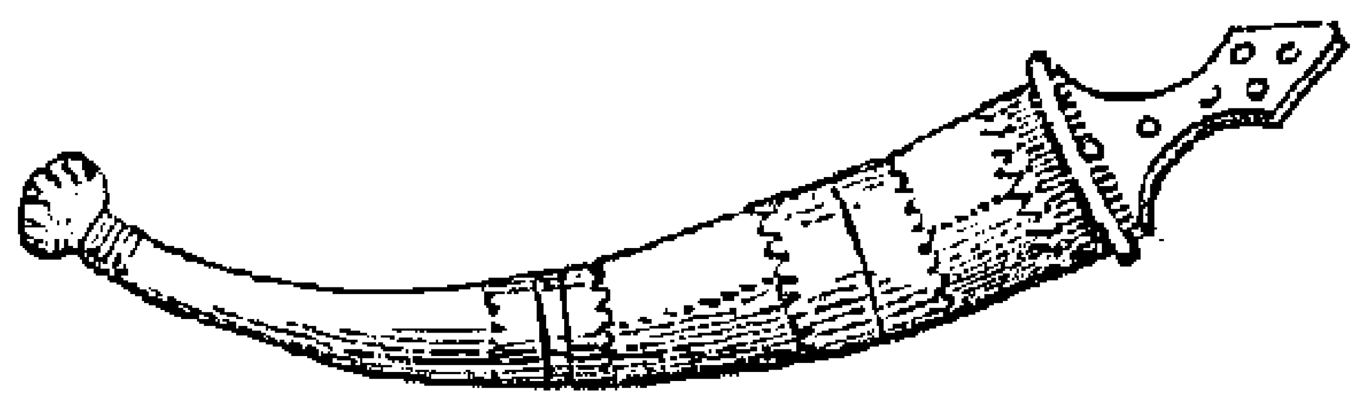
over which is a Kufiyah — a large square kerchief of silk and cotton mixed, and generally of a dull red color with a bright yellow border, from which depend crimson silk twists ending in little tassels that reach the wearer's waist. Doubled into a triangle, and bound with an Aakal* or fillet of rope, a skein of yarn or a twist of wool, the kerchief fits the head close behind: it projects over the forehead, shading the eyes, and giving a fierce look to the countenance. On certain occasions one end is brought round the lower part of the face, and is fastened behind the head. This veiling the features is technically called Lisam: the chiefs generally fight so, and it is the usual disguise when a man fears the avenger of blood, or a woman starts to take her Sar.† In hot weather it is supposed to keep the Simoon, in cold weather the catarrh, from the lungs.

The body dress is simply a Kamis or cotton shirt; tight sleeved, opening in front, and adorned round the waist and collar, and down the breast, with embroidery like network, it extends from neck to foot. Some wear wide trousers, but the Bedouins consider such things effeminate, and they have not yet fallen into the folly of socks and stockings. Over the Kamis is thrown a long skirted and short-sleeved cloak of camel's hair, called an Aba. It is made in many patterns, and of all materials from pure silk to coarse sheep's wool; some prefer it brown, others white, others striped: in El Hejaz the favourite Aba is white,

* Sherifs and other great men sometimes bind a white turban or a Cashmere shawl round the kerchief, to keep it in its place. The Aakal varies in every part of the country. Here it is a twist of dyed wool, there a bit of common rope, three or four feet long. Some of the Arab tribes use a circlet of wood, composed of little round pieces, the size of a shilling, joined side by side, and inlaid with mother-cf-pearl. The Eastern Arabs wear a large circle of brown wool, almost a turban in itself. In Barbary, they twist bright-colored cloth round a rope, and adorn it with thick golden thread.

† Generally written "Thar," the blood-revenge.

embroidered with gold, tinsel, or yellow thread in two large triangles, capped with broad bands and other figures running down the shoulders and sides of the back. It is lined inside the shoulders and breast with handsome stuffs of silk and cotton mixed, and is tied in front by elaborate strings, and tassels or acorns of silk and gold. A sash confines the Kamis at the waist, and supports the silver-hilted Jambiyah* or crooked dagger, and the picturesque Arab sandal†, complete the costume. Finally, the Shaykh's arms are a matchlock slung behind



his back, and a sword; in his right hand he carries a light crooked stick about two feet and a half long, called a Mashab‡, used for guiding camels, or a short javelin.§

* The silver-hilted dagger is a sign of dignity: "I would silver my dagger," in idiomatic Hejazi, means, "I would raise myself in the world."

† Niebuhr has accurately described this article. It is still worn in the Madras army, though long discarded from the other presidencies; the main difference between the Indian and the Arab sandal is, that the former has a ring, into which the big toe is inserted, and the latter a thong, which is clasped between the big toe and its neighbour. Both of them are equally uncomfortable, and equally injurious to soldiers, whose legs fight as much as do their arms. They abrade the skin wherever the straps touch, expose the feet to the sun, wind, and rain, and admit thorns and flints to the toes and toe-nails.

In Arabia, the traveller may wear, if he pleases, slippers, but they are considered townsman-like and effeminate. They must be of the usual colors, red or yellow. Black shoes, though almost universally worn by the Turks at Cairo and Constantinople, would most probably excite suspicion in El Hejaz.

‡ The Mashab is of almond, generally brought from Syria; at the thick end is a kind of crook, formed by cutting off a bit of the larger branch from which the stick grows. This crook is afterwards cut into the shape useful to seize a camel's nose-ring, or a horse's bridle. Arabs of all degrees are fond of carrying these sticks.

§ The Mizrak, as it is called, is peculiar to certain tribes, as the Karashi and the Lahyami, and some, like the Hudayli near Meccah, make pretty as well as useful darts. The head is 15 or 16 inches long, nowhere broader

The poorer clans of Arabs twist round their waist, next to the skin, a long plait of greasy leather, to support the back, and they gird the shirt at the middle merely with a cord, or with a coarse sash. The dagger is stuck in this scarf, and a bandoleer slung over the shoulders carries their cartridge-case, powder-flask, flint and steel, priming-horn, and other necessaries. With the traveller, the waist is an elaborate affair. Below all is worn the money-pouch, concealed by the Kamis; the latter is girt with a waist shawl, over which is strapped a leathern belt.* The latter article should always be well garnished with a pair of long-barrelled and silver-mounted flint pistols †, a large and a small dagger, and an iron ramrod

than an inch, and tapering gradually to a fine point; its shape is two shallow prisms joined at their bases, and its socket, round like that of all lances measures a little less than 2 inches. The lower third of the blade only is adorned with bars, lozenges, and cones of brass let into the iron in zig-zag and other figures. The shaft is of hard pliant wood — I do not know of what tree — well seasoned with grease and use; it is 23 inches long, and strengthened and adorned at distances of half an inch apart by bands of fine brass wire, about one inch and a half long. The heel of the weapon is a blunt spike 14 inches long, used to stick it in the ground, and this, as well as the lower third of the blade, is ornamented with brass work. Being well balanced, the Mizrak is a highly efficient weapon for throwing in hunting, and by its handsome appearance adds not a little to the bearer's dignity.

But the stranger must be careful how he so arms himself. Unless he be undistinguishable from a Bedouin, by carrying a weapon peculiar to certain clans, he will expose himself to suspicion, or to laughter. And to offend an Arab of El Hejaz mortally, you have only to say bluntly, "Sell me thy spear." The proper style of address to the man whose necessities compel him to break through one of his "points d'honneur," is to say, "Give me that javelin, and I will satisfy thee;" after which he will haggle for each copper piece as though you were cheapening a sheep.

* This article, the Silahlik of the Turks, is composed of several oblong pieces of leather cut out to fit the front part of the body; between each fold there is room enough to stick a weapon; a substantial strap fastens it round the waist, and it serves to defend the sash or the shirt from iron mould, and the stains of gunpowder. It is made of all kinds of material, from plain morocco leather to the richest velvet embroidered with gold.

† It is as well to have a good pair of Turkish barrels and stocks, fitted

with pincers inside; a little leathern pouch fastened to the waist-strap on the right side contains cartridge, wadding, and priming powder. The sword hangs over the shoulder with crimson silk cords and huge tassels*: well-dressed men apply the same showy ornaments to their pistols. In the hand may be carried a bell-mouthed blunderbuss, or, better still, a long single-barrel gun with an ounce bore. All these weapons must shine like silver, if you wish to be respected; for the knightly care of arms is here a sign of manliness.

Pilgrims, especially those from Turkey, carry a "Hamail," to denote their holy errand. This is a pocket Koran, in a handsome gold-embroidered crimson velvet or red morocco case, slung by red silk cords over the left shoulder. It must hang down by the right side, and should never depend below the waist-belt. For this I

up with locks of European manufacture; those made by natives of these countries can never be depended upon. The same will apply to the gun or rifle. Upon the whole, it is more prudent to have flint locks. Copper caps are now sold in the bazars of Meccah and El Medinah, where a Colt's "six-shooter" might excite attention for a day; but were the owner in a position to despise notoriety, he might display it everywhere without danger. One of our guards, who was killed on the road, had a double-barrelled English fowling-piece. Still, when doubts must not be aroused, the traveller will do well to avoid, even in the civilised Hejaz, suspicious appearances in his weapons. I carried in a secret pocket a small pistol with a spring dagger, upon which dependence could be placed, and I was careful never to show it, discharging it and loading it always in the dark.

Some men wear a little dagger strapped round the leg, below the knee. Its use is this: when the enemy gets you under, he can prevent you bringing your hand up to the weapon in your waist-belt; but before he cuts your throat, you may slip your fingers down to the knee, and persuade him to stop by a stab in the perineum. This knee dagger is required only in very dangerous places.

* Called "Habak:" these cords are made in great quantities at Cairo, which possesses a special bazar for them, and are exported to all the neighbouring countries, where their price considerably increases. A handsome pistol-cord, with its tassels, costs about 12 shillings in Egypt; at Meccah or El Medinah, the same would fetch upwards of a pound sterling.

substituted a most useful article. To all appearance a "Hamail," it had inside three compartments, one for my watch and compass, the second for ready money, and the third contained penknife, pencils, and slips of paper, which I could hold concealed in the hollow of my hand. These were for writing and drawing: opportunities of making a "fair copy" into the diary-book*, are never wanting to the acute traveller. He must, however, beware of sketching before the Bedouins, who would certainly proceed to extreme measures, suspecting him to be a spy or a sorcerer.† Nothing so effectually puzzles these people as our habit of putting everything on paper; their imaginations are set at work, and then the worst

* My diary-book was made up for me by a Cairene; it was a long thin volume fitting into a breast-pocket, where it could be carried without being seen. I began by writing notes in the Arabic character, but as no risk appeared, my journal was afterwards kept in English.

For a short trip a pencil suffices; on long journeys ink is necessary; the latter article should be English, not Eastern, which is washed out clean the first time your luggage is thoroughly soaked with rain. The traveller may use either the Persian or the brass Egyptian ink-stand; the latter, however, is preferable, being stronger and less likely to break. But, unless he be capable of writing and reading a letter correctly, it would be unadvisable to stick such an article in the waist-belt, as this gives out publicly that he is a scribe.

When sketching, the pencil is the best, because the simplest and shortest mode of operation is required. Important lines should afterwards be marked with ink, as "fixing" is impossible on such journeys. For prudence sake, when my sketches were made, I cut up the paper into square pieces, numbered them for future reference, and hid them in the tin canisters that contained my medicines.

† An accident of this kind happened not long ago to a German traveller in Hazramaut, who shall be nameless. He had the mortification to see his sketch-book, the labor of months, summarily appropriated and destroyed by the Arabs. I was told by a Hazramaut man at Cairo, and by several at Aden, that the gentleman had at the time a narrow escape with his life; the Bedouins wished to put him to death as a spy, sent by the Frank to ensorceler their country, but the Shaykhs forbade bloodshed, and merely deported the offender. Travellers caught sketching are not often ...ted with such forbearance.

may be expected from them. The only safe way of writing in presence of a Bedouin would be when drawing out a horoscope or preparing a charm; he also objects not, if you can warm his heart upon the subject, to seeing you take notes in a book of genealogies. You might begin with, "And you, men of Harb, on what origin do you pride yourselves?" And while the listeners became fluent upon the, to them, all interesting theme, you could put down whatever you please upon the margin. The towns-people are more liberal, and years ago the holy shrines have been drawn, surveyed, and even lithographed, by Eastern artists: still, if you wish to avoid all suspicion, you must rarely be seen with pen or with pencil in hand.

At 6 P.M. descending the stairs of our Wakaleh, we found the camels standing loaded in the street and shifting their ground in token of impatience.* My Shugduf, perched upon the back of a tall strong animal, nodded and swayed about with his every motion, impressing me with the idea that the first step would throw it over the shoulders or the crupper. The camel-men told me I must climb up the animal's neck, and so creep into the vehicle. But my foot disabling me from such exertion, I insisted upon their bringing the beast to squat, which they did grumblingly.† We took leave of Umar Effendi's brothers and their dependents, who insisted upon paying us the compliment of accompanying us to the gate. Then we mounted and started, which was a signal for all our party to disperse once more. Some heard the report of a

* All Arabs assert that it pains the loaded camel's feet to stand still, and, certainly, the "fidgettiness" of the animal to start, looks as if he had some reason to prefer walking.

† It often strains the camel to rise with a full Shugduf on his back, besides which the motion is certain to destroy the vehicle in a few days. Those who are unable to climb up the camel's neck usually carry with them a short ladder.

vessel having arrived from Suez, with Mahommed Shiklibha and other friends on board; these hurried down to the harbour for a parting word. Others, declaring they had forgotten some necessaries for the way, ran off to the bazar to spend one last hour in gossip at the coffee-house. Then the sun set, and prayers must be said. The brief twilight had almost faded away before all had mounted. With loud cries of "Wassit, ya hu!" and "Jannib, y'al Jammal!"* we threaded our way through long, dusty, narrow streets, flanked with white-washed habitations at considerable intervals, and large heaps of rubbish, sometimes higher than the houses. We were stopped at the gate to ascertain if we were strangers, in which case, the guard would have done his best to extract a few piastres before allowing our luggage to pass; but he soon perceived by my companions' accent, that they were sons of the Holy City, consequently, that the case was hopeless. While standing here, Shaykh Hamid vaunted the strong walls and turrets of Yambu, which he said were superior to those of Jeddah†: they kept Saud, the Wahhabi, at bay in A. D. 1802, but would scarcely, I should say, resist a field battery in A. D. 1853. The moon rose fair and clear, dazzling us with light as we emerged from the shadowy streets, and when we launched into the Desert the sweet air delightfully contrasted with the close offensive atmosphere of the town. My companions, as Arabs will do on such occasions, began to sing.

* Wassit means, "Go in the middle of the road;" Jannib, "Keep clear of the sides." These words are fair specimens of how much may be said by two Arabic syllables. Ya hu (O he) is an address common in Arabia as in Egypt, and Y'al Jammal (O camel-man) is perhaps a little more civil.

† The rivalry between the sons of the two Holy cities extends even to these parts; the Madanis contending for Yambu, the Meccans for Jeddah.

## CHAP. XIII.

### FROM YAMBU TO BIR ABBAS.

On the 18th July, about 7 P. M., we passed through the gate of Yambu, and took a due easterly course. Our route lay over the plain between the mountains of Radhwah on the left, and the sea on the right hand; the land was desert, that is to say, a hard level plain, strewed with rounded lumps of granite and greenstone schist, with here and there a dwarf Acacia, and a tuft of rank camel grass. By the light of a glorious moon, nearly at the full, I was able to see the country tolerably well.

Our little party consisted of twelve camels, and we travelled in Indian file, head tied to tail, with but one outrider, Umar Effendi, whose rank required him to mount a dromedary with showy trappings. Immediately in front of me was Amm Jemal, whom I had to reprove for asking the boy Mahommed "Where have you picked up that Hindi, (Indian)?" "Are we, the Afghans, the Indian-slayers *, become Indians?" I vociferated with indignation, and brought the thing home to his feelings, by asking him how he, an Arab, would like to be called an Egyptian, —a Fellah? The rest of the party was behind, sitting or dozing upon the rough platforms made by the lids of the two huge boxes slung to the sides of their camels. Only one old woman, El Sitt Maryam (the lady Mary), returning to El Medinah, her adopted country, after a visit to a

* Alluding to the celebrated mountain, the "Hindu-kush," whence the Afghans sallied forth to lay waste India.

sister at Cairo, allowed herself the luxury of a half dollar Shibriyah or cot, fastened crosswise over the animal's load. Moreover, all the party, except Umar Effendi, in token of poverty, were dressed in the coarsest and dirtiest of clothes,—the general suit consisting of a shirt torn in divers places and a bit of rag wrapped round the head. They carried short chibouques without mouth-pieces, and tobacco-pouches of greasy leather. Though the country hereabouts is perfectly safe, all had their arms in readiness, and the unusual silence that succeeded to the singing, (even Saad the Devil held his tongue,) was sufficient to show how much they feared for themselves and their property. After a slow march of two hours facing the moon, we turned somewhat towards the N.E., and began to pass over undulating ground, in which a steady rise was perceptible. We arrived at the halting-place at three in the morning after a short march of about eight hours, during which we could not have passed over more than sixteen miles.* The camels were "nakh'd"†; the boxes were taken off and piled together as a precaution against invisible robbers; my little tent, the only one in the party, was pitched; we then spread our rugs upon the ground and lay down to sleep.

We arose at about 9 A. M., and after congratulating one another upon being once more in the "dear Desert," we proceeded in exhilarated mood to light the fire for pipes and breakfast. The meal—a biscuit, a little rice, and a cup of milkless tea—was soon despatched, after which I proceeded to inspect our position.

About a mile to the westward lay the little village of

* Throughout this work I have estimated the pace of a Hejazi camel laden and walking in caravan line, under ordinary circumstances, at two miles an hour. A sandy plain or a rocky pass might make a difference of half a mile each way, but not more.

† See Chap. VIII.

Musahhal*, a group of miserable mud hovels. On the south was a strip of bright blue sea, and all around, an iron plain producing naught but stones and grass-hoppers, bounded northward by a grisly wall of blackish rock. Here and there a shrub fit only for fuel, or a tuft of coarse grass, crisp with heat, met the eye. All was sun-parched; the furious heat from above was drying up the sap and juice of the land, as the shivering and quivering atmosphere showed; moreover the heavy dews of these regions, forming in large drops upon the plants and stones, concentrate the morning rays upon them like a system of burning-glasses. After making these few observations I followed the example of my companions, and went to sleep.

At 2 P. M. we were roused to a dinner as simple as the breakfast had been. Boiled rice with an abundance of clarified butter †, in which Easterns delight, some fragments of Kahk ‡, and stale bread § and a handful of stoned and pressed date-paste, called Ajwah, formed the menu. Our potations began before dinner with a vile-tasted but wholesome drink called Akit ‖; at the meal we drank

* The reader must be warned that these little villages in Arabia, as in Sindh and Belochistan, are continually changing their names, whilst the larger settlements always retain the same. The traveller, too, must beware of writing down the first answer he receives; in one of our maps a village on the Euphrates is gravely named "M'adri" ("Don't know.")

† Here called Samn, the Indian ghee.

‡ The "Kahk" in this country is a light and pleasant bread made of ground wheat, kneaded with milk, leavened with sour bean flour, and finally baked in an oven, not, as usual in the East, upon an iron plate. The Kahk of Egypt is a kind of cake.

§ Stale unleavened bread is much relished by Easterns, who say that keeping it on journeys makes it sweet. To prevent its becoming mouldy, they cut it up into little bits, and, at the risk of hardening it to the consistence of wood, they dry it by exposure to the air.

‖ This Akit has different names in all parts of Arabia; even in El Hejaz it is known by the name of Mazir, as well as "Igt" (the corruption

leather-flavoured water, and ended with a large cupful of scalding tea. Enormous quantities of liquid were consumed, for the sun seemed to have got into our throats, and the perspiration trickled from us as after a shower of rain. Whilst we were eating, a Bedouin woman passed close by the tent, leading a flock of sheep and goats, seeing which I expressed a desire to drink milk. My companions sent by one of the camel-men a bit of bread, and asked in exchange for a cupful of "laban." * Thus I learned that the Arabs, even in this corrupt region, still adhere to the meaningless custom of their ancestors, who chose to make the term "Labban" (milk-seller) † an opprobrium and a disgrace. Possibly the origin of the prejudice might be the recognising of a traveller's guest-right to call for milk gratis. However this may be, no one will in the present day sell this article of consumption, even at civilised Meccah, except Egyptians, a people supposed to be utterly without honor. As a general rule in the Hejaz, milk abounds in the spring, but at all other times of the year it is difficult to be procured. The Bedouin woman managed, however, to send me back a cupful.

of Akit). When very sour, it is called "Saribah," and when dried, without boiling, "Jamidah." The Arabs make it by evaporating the serous part of the milk; the remainder is then formed into cakes or lumps with the hand, and spread upon hair cloth to dry. They eat with clarified butter, and drink it melted in water. It is considered a cooling and refreshing beverage, but boasts few attractions to the stranger. The Belochis and wild tribes of Sindhians call this preparation of milk "Krut," and make it in the same way as the Bedouins do.

* In Arabic and Hebrew sweet milk; the Maltese give the word a very different signification, and the Egyptians confine their use of it to sour milk or curds—calling sweet milk "laban halib," or simply "halib."

† In a previous work (History of Sindh), I have remarked that there exists some curious similarity in language and customs, between the Arabs and the various races occupying the broad ranges of hills that separate India from Persia. Amongst these must be numbered the prejudice alluded to above. The lamented Dr. Stocks, of Bombay, who travelled

At 3 P.M. we were ready to start, and all saw, with unspeakable gratification, a huge black nimbus rise from the shoulder of Mount Radhwah, and range itself, like a good Genius, between us and our terrible foe, the sun. We hoped that it contained rain, but presently a blast of hot wind, like the breath of a volcano, blew over the plain, and the air was filled with particles of sand. This is the "dry storm" of Arabia; it appears to depend upon some electrical phenomena which it would be desirable to investigate.* When we had loaded and mounted, my coachmen, two in number, came up to the Shugduf and demanded "Bakhshish," which, it appears, they are now in the habit of doing each time the traveller starts. I was at first surprised to find the word here, but after a few days of Bedouin society, my wonder diminished. The men were Beni-Harb of the great Hejazi tribe, which has kept its blood pure for the last thirteen centuries, — how much more we know not, — but they had been corrupted by intercourse with pilgrims, retaining none of their ancestral qualities but greed of gain, revengefulness, pugnacity, and a frantic kind of bravery, displayed on rare occasions. Their nobility, however, did not prevent my quoting the Prophet's saying, "Of a truth, the worst names among the Arabs are the Beni-Kalb and the Beni-Harb,"† whilst I taunted them severely with their resemblance to the Fellahs of Egypt. They would have resented this with asperity, had it proceeded from their own people, but the Turkish pilgrim — the character in which they knew me, despite my Arab dress — is a privi-

amongst and observed the Brahui and the Belochi nomades, in the Peshin valley, informed me that, though they will give milk in exchange for other commodities, yet they consider it a disgrace to make money by it.

* At Aden, as well as in Sindh, these dry storms abound, and there the work of meteorological investigation would be easier than in El Hejaz.

† "Beni-Kalb" would mean the "*dogs'-sons*"— "Beni-Harb," the "sons of fight."

leged person. Their outer man was contemptible; small chocolate-colored beings, stunted and thin, with mops of coarse bushy hair burned brown by the sun, straggling beards, vicious eyes, frowning brows, screaming voices, and well-made, but attenuated, limbs. On their heads were Kufiyahs (kerchiefs) in the last stage of wear; a tattered shirt, indigo-dyed, and girt with a bit of common rope, composed their clothing; and their feet were protected from the stones by soles of thick leather, kept in place by narrow thongs tied to the ancle. Both were armed, one with a matchlock, and a Shintiyan* in a leathern scabbard, slung over the shoulder, the other with a Nebut, and both showed at the waist the Arab's invariable companion, the Jambiyah (dagger). These ragged fellows, however, had their pride. They would eat with me, and not disdain, like certain self-styled Caballeros, to ask for more, but of work they would do none. No promise of "Bakhshish," potent as the spell of that word is, would induce them to assist in pitching my tent; they even expected Shaykh Nur to cook for them, and I had almost to use violence, for even the just excuse of a sore foot was insufficient to procure the privilege of mounting my Shugduf while the camel was sitting. It was, they said, the custom of the country from time immemorial to use a ladder when legs would not act. I agreed with them, but objected that I had no ladder. At

* The Shintiyan is the common sword-blade of the Bedouins; in Western Arabia, it is called Majar (from the Magyars?), and is said to be of German manufacture. Good old weapons of the proper curve, marked like Andrew Feraras with a certain number of lines down their length, will fetch, even in Arabia, from 7*l.* to 8*l.* The modern and cheap ones cost about 10*s.* Excellent weapons abound in this country, the reason being, that there is a perpetual demand for them, and when once purchased, they become heir-looms in the family. I have heard that when the Beni Bu Ali tribe, near Ras el Khaymah, was defeated with slaughter by Sir Lionel Smith's expedition, the victors found many valuable old European blades in the hands of the slain.

last, wearied with their thick-headedness, I snatched the camel's string, and by main force made him kneel.

Our party was now strong enough. We had about 200 camels carrying grain, attended by their proprietors, truculent looking as the contrabandistas of the Pyrenees. The escort was composed of seven Irregular Turkish cavalry, tolerably mounted, and supplied each with an armoury in epitome. They were privily derided by our party, who, being Arabs, had a sneaking fondness for the Bedouins, however loth they might be to see them amongst the boxes.

For three hours we travelled in a south-easterly direction upon a hard plain and a sandy flat, on which several waters from the highlands find a passage to the sea westward. Gradually we were siding towards the mountains, and at sunset I observed that we had sensibly neared them. We dismounted for a short halt, and, strangers being present, my companions before sitting down to smoke said their prayers—a pious exercise in which they did not engage for three days afterwards, when they met certain acquaintances at El Hamra. As evening came on, we emerged from a scrub of Acacias and tamarisk and turned due east, traversing an open country with a perceptible rise. Scarcely was it dark before the cry of "Harami" (thieves) rose loud in the rear, causing such confusion as one may see in a boat in the Bay of Naples when suddenly neared by a water-spout. All the camelmen brandished their huge staves, and rushed back vociferating in the direction of the robbers. They were followed by the horsemen, and truly, had the thieves possessed the usual acuteness of the profession, they might have driven off the camels in our van with safety and convenience.* But these contemptible beings were only

The way of carrying off a camel in this country is to loosen him, and then to hang on heavily to his tail, which causes him to start at full gallop.

half a dozen in number, and they had lighted their matchlocks, which drew a bullet or two in their direction, whereupon they ran away. This incident aroused no inconsiderable excitement, for it seemed ominous of worse things about to happen to us when entangled in the hills, and the faces of my companions, perfect barometers of fair and foul tidings, fell to zero. For nine hours we journeyed through a brilliant moonlight, and as the first grey streak appeared in the Eastern sky we entered a scanty "Misyal,"* or Fiumara, strewed with pebbles and rounded stones, about half a mile in breadth, and flanked by almost perpendicular hills of primitive formation. I began by asking the names of peaks and other remarkable spots, when I found that a folio volume would not contain a three months' collection†: every hill and dale, flat, valley, and water-course here has its proper name or rather names. The ingenuity shown by the Bedouins in distinguishing between localities the most similar, is the result of a high organisation of the perceptive faculties, perfected by the practice of observing a recurrence of landscape features few in number and varying but little amongst themselves. After travelling two hours up this torrent bed, winding in an easterly direction, and crossing some "Harrah," or ridges of rock, and "Ria," steep

* The Arabic Misyal, Masyal, Masil, or Masilah, is the Indian Nullah and the Sicilian "Fiumara," a hill water-course, which rolls a torrent during and after rain, and is either partially or wholly dry at other seasons, — the stream flowing slowly underground.

† Generalisation is not the forte of the Arabic language. "El Kulzum" (the Red Sea), for instance, will be unintelligible to the native of Jeddah; call it the Sea of Jeddah, and you at once explain yourself: the Bedouins will have names for each separate part, but no single one to express the whole. This might be explained by their ignorance of any thing but details. The same thing is observable, however, in the writings of the Arabian geographers when they come to treat of the objects near home.

descents*, we found ourselves at 8 A. M., after a march of about thirty-four miles, at Bir Said (Said's well), our destination.

I had been led to expect a pastoral scene, wild flowers, flocks and flowing waters at the "well;" so I looked with a jaundiced eye upon a deep hole full of slightly brackish water dug in a tamped hollow — a kind of punch-bowl with granite walls, upon whose grim surface a few thorns of exceeding hardihood braved the sun for a season. Not a house was in sight — it was as barren and desolate a spot as the sun ever "viewed in his wide career." But this is what the Arabian traveller must expect. He is to traverse, for instance, a Vale of Flowers. He indulges in sweet recollections of Indian lakes beautiful with the lotus, and Persian plains upon which Narcissus is the meanest of grasses. He sees a plain like tamp-work, where knobs of granite act daisies, and at every fifty yards some hapless bud or blossom dying of inanition among the stones.

The sun scorched our feet as we planted the tent, and, after drinking our breakfast, we passed the usual day of perspiration and semi-lethargy. In discomfort man naturally hails a change, even though it be one from bad to worse. When our enemy began slanting towards the west, we felt ready enough to proceed on our journey. The camels were laden shortly after 3 P. M., and we started with water jars in our hands through a storm of Simoom.

We travelled five hours in a north-easterly course up a diagonal valley †, through a country fantastic in its deso-

* About the classic "Harrah," I shall have more to say at a future time. The word "Ria" in literary and in vulgar Arabic is almost synonymous with Akabah, a steep descent, a path between hills or a mountain road.

† Valleys may be divided into three kinds. 1. Longitudinal, *i. e.* parallel

lation—a mass of huge hills, barren plains, and desert vales. Even the sturdy Acacias here failed, and in some places the camel grass could not find earth enough to take root in. The road wound among mountains, rocks and hills of granite, over broken ground, flanked by huge blocks and boulders, piled up as if man's art had aided Nature to disfigure herself. Vast clefts seamed like scars the hideous face of earth; here they widened into dark caves, there they were choked up with glistening drift sand. Not a bird or a beast was to be seen or heard; their presence would have argued the vicinity of water, and though my companions opined that Bedouins were lurking among the rocks, I decided that these Bedouins were the creatures of their fears. Above, a sky like polished blue steel with a tremendous blaze of yellow light glared upon us without the thinnest veil of mist cloud. The distant prospect, indeed, was more attractive than the near view, because it borrowed a bright azure tinge from the intervening atmosphere; but the jagged peaks and the perpendicular streaks of shadow down the flanks of the mountainous background showed that no change for the better was yet in store for us.

Between 10 and 11 P.M., we reached human habitations—a phenomenon unseen since we left Musahhal—in the long straggling village called El Hamra, from the redness of the sands near which it is built, or El Wasitah, the "half-way" village, because it is the middle station between Yambu and El Medinah. It is therefore considerably out of place in Burckhardt's map, and those who copy from him make it about half-way nearer the seaport than it really is. We wandered about nearly an

to the axis of their ridges; 2. Transversal or perpendicular to the same; and, 3. Diagonal, which form an acute or an obtuse angle with the main chain of mountains.

hour in search of an encamping place, for the surly villagers ordered us off every flatter bit of ground, without, however, deigning to show us where the jaded beasts might rest. At last, after much wrangling, we found the usual spot; the camels were unloaded, the boxes and baggage were disposed in a circle for greater security against the petty pilferers in which this part of the road abounds, and my companions spread their rugs so as to sleep upon their valuables. I was invited to follow the general example, but I absolutely declined the vicinity of so many steaming and snoring fellow-travellers. Some wonder was excited by the Afghan Haji's obstinacy and recklessness; but resistance to these people is sometimes bien placé, and a man from Cabool is allowed to say and to do strange things. In answer to their warnings of nightly peril I placed a drawn sword by my side* and a cocked pistol under my pillow; the saddle-bag, a carpet spread upon the cool loose sand, formed by no means an uncomfortable couch, and upon it I enjoyed a sound sleep till day-break.

Rising at dawn, I proceeded to visit the village. It is built upon a narrow shelf at the top of a precipitous hill to the North, and on the South runs a sandy Fiumara about half a mile broad. On all sides are rocks and mountains rough and stony; so you find yourself in another of those punch-bowls which the Arabs seem to consider choice sites for settlements.† The Fiumara, which hereabouts is very winding, threads the high grounds all the way down from the plateau of El Medinah, and during the rainy season it becomes a raging torrent, car-

* This act, by the bye, I afterwards learned to be a greater act of imprudence than the sleeping alone. Nothing renders the Arab thief so active as the chance of stealing a good weapon.

† Probably, because water is usually found in such places. In the wild parts of the country, wells are generally protected by some fortified building, for men consider themselves safe from an enemy until their supply of water is cut off.

rying westwards to the Red Sea the drainage of a hundred hills. Water of good quality is readily found in it by digging a few feet below the surface at the angles where the stream as it runs forms the deepest hollows, and in some places the stony sides give out bubbling springs.*

El Hamra itself is a collection of stunted houses or rather hovels, made of unbaked brick and mud, roofed over with palm leaves, and pierced with air-holes, which occasionally boast a bit of plank for a shutter. It appears thickly populated in the parts where the walls are standing, but, like all settlements in El Hejaz†, it abounds in ruins. It is well supplied with provisions, which are here cheaper than at El Medinah,—a circumstance that induced Saad the Devil to overload his hapless camel with a sack of wheat. In the village are a few shops where grain, huge plantains, ready-made bread, rice, clarified butter, and other edibles are to be purchased. Palm orchards of considerable extent supply it with dates. The bazar is, like the generality of such places in the Eastern villages, a long lane, here covered with matting, there open to the sun, and the streets — if they may be so called — though narrow are full of dust and glare. Near the encamping ground of caravans is a fort for the officer commanding a troop of Albanian cavalry, whose duty it is to defend the village‡, to hold the country, and to escort merchant

* Near El Hamra, at the base of the southern hills, within fire of the forts, there is a fine spring of sweet water. All such fountains are much prized by the people, who call them "rock-water," and attribute to them tonic and digestive virtues.

† As far as I could discover, the reason of the ruinous state of the country at present is the effect of the old Wahhabi and Egyptian wars in the early part of the present century, and the misrule of the Turks. In Arabia the depopulation of a village or a district is not to be remedied, as in other countries, by an influx of strangers; the land still belongs to the survivors of the tribe, and trespass would be visited with a bloody revenge.

‡ Without these forts the Turks, at least so said my companions, could never hold the country against the Bedouins. There is a little amour

travellers. The building consists of an outer wall of hewn stone, loopholed for musketry, and surmounted by "Shararif," — "remparts coquets," — about as useful against artillery as the sugar gallery round a twelfth-cake. Nothing would be easier than to take the place: a false attack would draw off the attention of the defenders, who in these latitudes know nothing of sentry-duty, whilst scaling-ladders or a bag full of powder would command a ready entrance into the other side. Around the El Hamra fort are clusters of palm-leaf huts, where the soldiery lounge and smoke, and near it the usual coffee-house, a shed kept by an Albanian. These places are frequented probably on account of the intense heat inside the fort.

We passed a comfortless day at the "Red Village." Large flocks of sheep and goats were being driven in and out of the place, but their surly shepherds would give no milk, even in exchange for bread and meat. The morning was spent in watching certain Bedouins, who, matchlock in hand, had climbed the hills in pursuit of a troop of cranes: not one bird was hit of the many fired at — a circumstance which did not say much for their vaunted marksmanship. Before breakfast I bought a moderately sized sheep for a dollar. Shaykh Hamid "halaled"* it, according to rule, and my companions soon prepared a feast of boiled mutton. But that sheep proved a "bone of contention." The boy Mohammed had, in a fit of economy, sold its head to a Bedouin for three piastres, and the others, disappointed in their anticipations of haggis, lost temper. With the Devil's voluble tongue and impudent countenance in the van, they opened such a volley

propre in the assertion, but upon the whole it is true. There are no Mohammed Alis, Jezzars, and Ibrahim Pachas in these days.

* To "halal" is to kill an animal according to Moslem rites: a word is wanted to express the act, and we cannot do better than to borrow it from the people to whom the practice belongs.

of raillery and sarcasm upon the young "tripe-seller," that he in his turn became excited—furious. I had some difficulty to keep the peace, for it did not suit my interests that they should quarrel. But to do the Arabs justice, nothing is easier for a man who knows them than to work upon their good feelings. "He is a stranger in your country—a guest!" acted as a charm; they listened patiently to Mohammed's gross abuse, only promising to answer him when in *his* land, that is to say, near Meccah. But what especially soured our day was the report that Saad, the great robber-chief, and his brother were in the field; consequently that our march would be delayed for some time: every half-hour some fresh tattle from the camp or the coffee-house added fuel to the fire of our impatience.

A few particulars about this Schinderhans of El Hejaz may not be unacceptable. He is the chief of the Sumaydah and the Mahamid, two influential sub-families of the Hamidah, the principal family of the Beni-Harb tribe of Bedouins. He therefore aspired to rule all the Hamidah, and through them the Beni-Harb, in which case he would have been, de facto, monarch of the Holy Land. But the Sherif of Meccah, and Ahmed Pacha, the Turkish governor of the chief city, for some political reason degraded him, and raised up a rival in the person of Shaykh Fahd, another ruffian of a similar stamp, who calls himself chief of the Beni-Amr, the third sub-family of the Hamidah family. Hence all kinds of confusion. Saad's people, who number it is said 5000, resent, with Arab asperity, the insult offered to their chief, and beat Fahd's, who do not amount to 800. Fahd, supported by the government, cuts off Saad's supplies. Both are equally wild and reckless, and—nowhere doth the glorious goddess, Liberty, show a more brazen face than in this Eastern

"Inviolate land of the brave and the free;"—

both seize the opportunity of shooting troopers, of plundering travellers, and of closing the roads. This state of things continued till I left the Hejaz, when the Sherif of Meccah proposed, it was said, to take the field in person against the arch-robber. And, as will afterwards be seen in these pages, Saad, because the Pachas of El Medinah and of the Damascus caravan would not guarantee his restitution to his former dignity, had the audacity to turn back the Sultan's Mahmal—the ensign of Imperial power,—and to shut the road against its cortége. That such vermin is allowed to exist proves the imbecility of the Turkish government. The Sultan pays pensions in corn and cloth to the very chiefs who arm their varlets against him, and the Pachas, after purloining all they can, hand over to their enemies the means of resistance. It is more than probable, that Abdul Mejid has never heard a word of truth concerning El Hejaz, and that fulsome courtiers persuade him that men there tremble at his name. His government, however, is desirous, if report speaks truth, of thrusting El Hejaz upon the Egyptian, who on his side would willingly pay a large sum to avert such a calamity. The Holy Land drains off Turkish gold and blood in abundance, and the lords of the country hold in it a contemptible position. If they catch a thief, they dare not hang him. They must pay black mail, and yet be shot at in every pass. They affect superiority over the Arabs, hate them, and are despised by them. Such in El Hejaz are the effects of the charter of Gulkhaneh, a panacea like Holloway's pills for all the evils to which Turkish, Arab, Syrian, Greek, Egyptian, Persian, Armenian, Kurd, and Albanian flesh is heir to. Such the results of the Tanzimat, the silliest copy of Europe's folly—bureaucracy and centralisation—that the pen of empirical statecraft ever traced.* Under a strong-handed and

* The greatest of all its errors was that of appointing to the provinces,

strong-hearted despotism, like Mohammed Ali's, El Hejaz, in one generation, might be purged of its pests. By a proper use of the blood feud, by vigorously supporting the weaker against the stronger classes, by regularly defeating every Bedouin who earned a name for himself, and, above all, by the exercise of unsparing, unflinching, justice*, the few thousands of half naked bandits, who now make the land a fighting field, would soon sink into utter insignificance. But to effect such end, the Turks require the old stratocracy, which, bloody as it was, worked with far less misery than the charter and the new code. What Milton calls

"The solid rule of civil government"

has done wonders for the race that nurtured and brought to perfection an idea spontaneous to their organisation. But the world has yet to learn that the admirable exotic will thrive amongst the country gentlemen of Monomotapa or the ragged nobility of El Hejaz.

Saad, the old man of the mountains, was described to me as a little brown Bedouin, contemptible in appearance, but remarkable for courage and ready wit. He has a keen

instead of the single Pacha of the olden time, three different governors, civil, military, and fiscal, all depending upon the supreme council at Constantinople. Thus, each province has three plunderers instead of one, and its affairs are referred to a body that can take no interest in it.

* Ziyad bin Abihi was sent by El Muawiyah, the caliph, to reform Bussora, a den of thieves; he made a speech, noticed that he meant to rule with the sword, and advised all offenders to leave the city. The inhabitants were forbidden under pain of death to appear in the streets after evening prayers, and dispositions were made to secure the execution of the penalty. Two hundred persons were put to death by the patrol during the first night, only five during the second, and not a drop of blood was shed afterwards.

By similar severity, the French put an end to assassination at Naples, and the Austrians at Leghorn. We may deplore the necessity of having recourse to such means, but it is a silly practice to salve the wound which requires the knife.

scent for treachery, and requires to keep it in exercise. A blood feud with Abdel Muttalib, the present Sherif of Meccah, who slew his nephew, and the hostility of several Sultans has rendered his life an eventful one. He lost all his teeth by poison, which would have killed him, had he not in mistake, after swallowing the potion, corrected it by drinking off a large pot-full of clarified butter. Since that time he has lived entirely upon fruits, which he gathers for himself, and coffee which he prepares with his own hand. In Sultan Mahmud's time he received from Constantinople a gorgeous purse, which he was told to open himself, as it contained something for his private inspection. Suspecting treachery, he gave it for this purpose to a slave, bidding him carry it to some distance; the bearer was shot by a pistol cunningly fixed, like Rob Roy's, in the folds of the bag. But whether this well-known story be "true or only well found," it is certain that Shaykh Saad now fears the Turks, even when they bring gifts. The Sultan sends, or is supposed to send him presents of fine horses, robes of honor, and a large quantity of grain. But the Shaykh, trusting to his hills rather than to steeds, sells them; he gives away the dresses to his slaves, and distributes the grain among his clansmen. Of his character men tell two tales: some praise his charity, and call him the friend of the poor, as certainly as he is a foe to the rich. Others on the contrary describe him as cruel, cold-blooded, and notably, even among Arabs, revengeful and avaricious. The truth probably lies between these two extremes, but I observed that those of my companions who spoke most highly of the robber chief when at a distance seemed to be in the sudori freddi whilst under the shadow of his hills.

El Hamra is the third station from El Medinah in the Darb Sultani—the Sultan's or High Road,—the westerly line leading to Meccah along the sea coast. When the

robbers permit, the pilgrims prefer this route on account of its superior climate, the facility of procuring water and supplies, the vicinity of the sea, and the circumstance of its passing through "Bedr," the scene of the Prophet's principal military exploits. After mid-day (on the 21st July), when we had made up our minds that fate had determined we should halt at El Hamra, a caravan arrived from Meccah, and the new travellers had interest to procure an escort, and permission to proceed towards El Medinah without delay. The good news filled us with joy. A little after 4 P.M. we urged our panting camels over the fiery sands to join the Meccans, who were standing ready for the march, on the other side of the torrent bed, and at 5 we started in an easterly direction.

My companions had found friends and relations in the Meccan caravan,—the boy Mohammed's elder brother, about whom more anon, was of the number;—they were full of news and excitement. At sunset they prayed with unction: even Saad and Hamid had not the face to sit their camels during the halt, when all around were washing, sanding themselves*, and busy with their devotions. We then ate our suppers, remounted, and started once more. Shortly after night set in, we came to a sudden halt. A dozen different reports rose to account for this circumstance, which was occasioned by a band of Bedouins, who had manned a gorge, and sent forward a "parliamentary" ordering us forthwith to stop. They at first demanded money to let us pass; but at last, hearing that we were sons of the Holy cities, they granted us transit on the sole condition that the military,—whom they, like Irish peasants, hate and fear,—should return to whence

* When water cannot be obtained for ablution before prayers, Moslems clap the palms of their hands upon the sands, and draw them down the face and both fore-arms. This operation, which is performed once or twice—it varies in different schools—is called Tayammum.

they came. Upon this, our escort, 200 men, wheeled their horses round and galloped back to their barracks. We moved onwards, without, however, seeing any robbers; my camel-man pointed out their haunts, and showed me a small bird hovering over a place where he supposed water trickled from the rock. The fellow had attempted a sneer at my expense when the fray was impending. "Why don't you load your pistols, Effendi," he cried, "and get out of your litter, and show fight?" "Because," I replied as loudly, "in my country, when dogs run at us, we thrash them with sticks." This stopped Mansur's mouth for a time, but he and I were never friends. Like the lowest orders of Orientals he required to be ill-treated; gentleness and condescension he seemed to consider a proof of cowardice or of imbecility. I began with kindness, but was soon compelled to use hard words at first, and then threats, which, though he heard them with frowns and mutterings, produced manifest symptoms of improvement.

> "Oignez vilain, il vous poindra!
> Poignez vilain, il vous oindra!"

says the old French proverb, and the axiom is more valuable in the East even than in the West.

Our night's journey had no other incident. We travelled over rising ground with the moon full in our faces, and about midnight passed through another long straggling line of villages, called Jadaydah*, or El Khayf.† The principal part of it lies on the left of the road going to El Medinah; it has a fort like that of El Hamra, springs of tolerable drinking water, a Nakhil or date ground, and a

* I write this word as my companions pronounced it. Burckhardt similarly gives it "Djedeyde," and Ali Bey "Djideïda." Giovanni Finati wrongly calls the place "Jedeed Bughaz," which Mr. Bankes, his editor, rightly translates the "new opening or pass."

† El Khayf is a common name for places in this part of Arabia. The word literally means a declivity or a place built upon a declivity.

celebrated (dead) saint, Abd el Rahim el Burai. A little beyond it lies the Bughaz*, or defile, where in A. D. 1811 Tussun Bey and his 8000 Turks were totally defeated by 25,000 Harbi Bedouins and Wahhabis.† This is a famous attacking point of the Beni-Harb. In former times both Jezzar Pacha, the celebrated "butcher" of Syria, and Abdullah Pacha of Damascus, were baffled at the gorge of Jadaydah‡; and this year the commander of the Syrian caravan, afraid of risking an attack at a place so ill-omened, avoided it by marching upon Meccah by the desert of Nejd. At 4 A. M., having travelled about twenty-four miles due east, we encamped at Bir Abbas.

* Bughaz means in Turkish the fauces, the throat, and signifies also here a gorge, or a mountain pass. It is the word now commonly used in El Hejaz for the classical "Nakb," or "Mazik." Vincent (Periplus) errs in deriving the word from the Italian "Bocca."

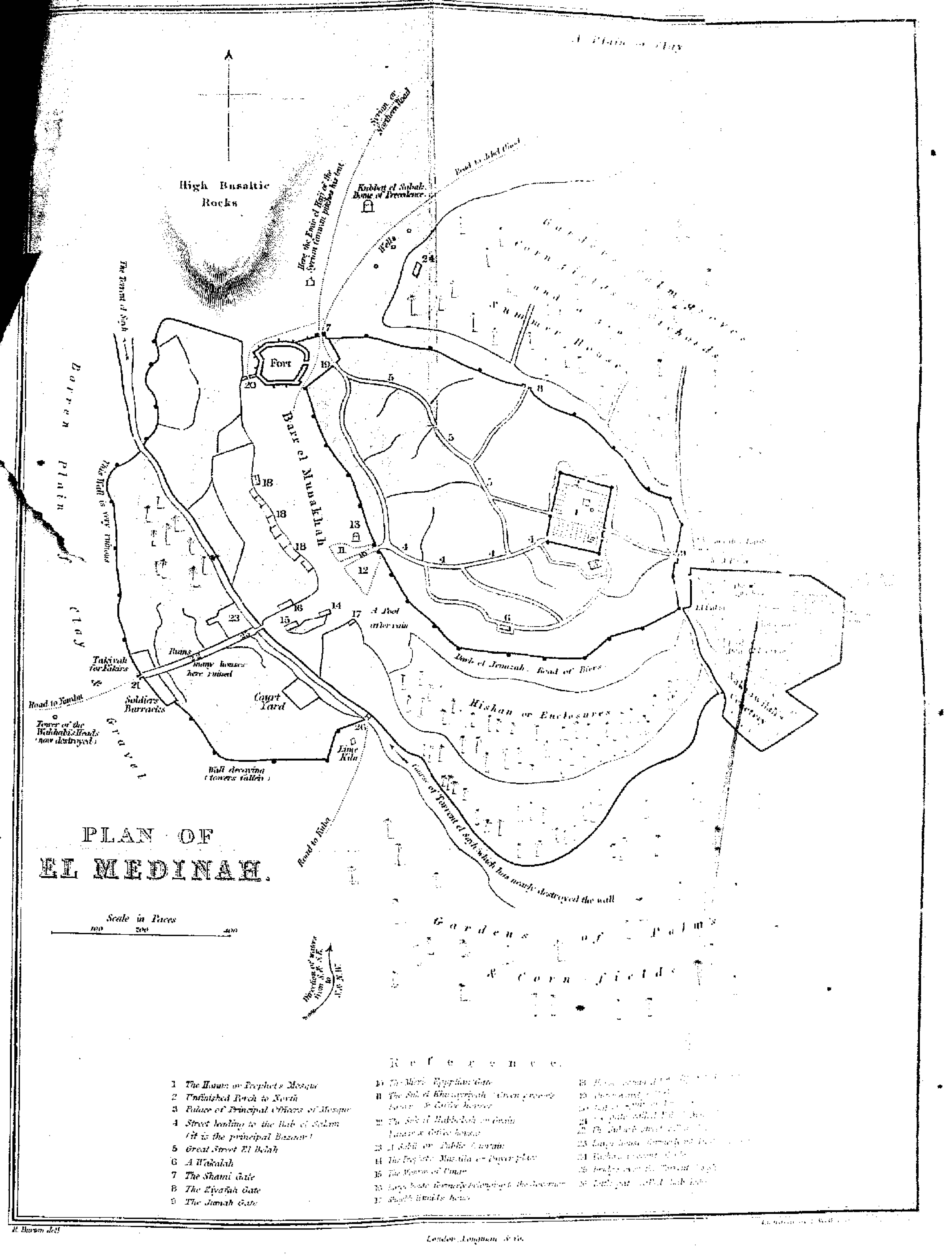
† Giovanni Finati, who was present at this hard-fought field as a soldier in Tussun's army, gives a lively description of the disastrous "day of Jadaydah" in vol. i. of his work.

‡ This Abdullah, Pacha of Damascus, led the caravan in A. D. 1756. When the Shaykhs of the Harb tribe came to receive their black-mail, he cut off their heads, and sent the trophies to Stamboul. During the next season the Harb were paralysed by the blow, but in the third year they levied 80,000 men, attacked the caravan, pillaged it, and slew every Turk that fell into their hands.

## CHAP. XIV.

### FROM BIR ABBAS TO EL MEDINAH.

THE 22nd of July was a grand trial of temper to our little party. The position of Bir Abbas exactly resembles that of El Hamra, except that the bulge of the hill-girt Fiumara is at this place about two miles wide. There are the usual stone forts and palm-leaved hovels for the troopers, stationed here to hold the place and to escort travellers, with a coffee-shed, and a hut or two, called a bazar, but no village. Our encamping ground was a bed of loose sand, with which the violent Simoom filled the air: not a tree or a bush was in sight; a species of hardy locust and swarms of flies were the only remnants of animal life: the scene was a caricature of Sindh. Although we were now some hundred feet, to judge by the water-shed, above the level of the sea, the mid-day sun scorched even through the tent; our frail tenement was more than once blown down, and the heat of the sand made the work of repitching it painful. Again my companions, after breakfasting, hurried to the coffee-house, and returned one after the other with dispiriting reports. Then they either quarrelled desperately about nothing, or they threw themselves on their rugs, pretending to sleep for very sulkiness. The Lady Maryam soundly rated her surly son, for refusing to fill her chibouque for the twelfth time that morning, with the usual religious phrases, "Ali direct thee into the right way, O my son!" — meaning that he was going to the bad,— and "O my calamity, thy mother is a lone woman, O Allah!" — equivalent to the European parental plaint



PLAN OF
EL MEDINAH.
High Basaltic Rocks
Syrian or Northern Road
Road to Ahd Ohod
Here the Emir el Hajj or the Syrian Caravan pitches his tent
Kubbet el Subak. Dome of Precedence
Wells
Fort
Barr el Munakhah
Barren Plain
Clay
Gravel
The Torrent el Sayh
This Wall is very ruinous
Takiyah for Fakirs
Ruins
many houses here ruined
Road to Yambu
Tower or the Wahhabi's Heads (now destroyed)
Soldiers Barracks
Court Yard
Wall decaying (towers fallen)
Lime Kiln
Road to Kuba
A Pool after rain
Darb el Jenazah. Road of Biers
Hishan or Enclosures
Course of Torrent el Sayh which has nearly destroyed the wall
Gardens of Palms & Corn fields
Scale in Paces
100 200 400
Direction of waters from S.E. to N.W.
Reference.
1 The Haram or Prophet's Mosque
2 Unfinished Porch to North
3 Palace of Principal Officers of Mosque
4 Street leading to the Bab el Salam (it is the principal Bazaar)
5 Great Street El Balah
6 A Wakalah
7 The Shami Gate
8 The Ziyarah Gate
9 The Jumah Gate
10 The Misri Egyptian Gate
11 The Suk el Khuzayriyah (Green grocery Bazaar) & Coffee houses
12 The Suk el Habbabah or Grain Bazaar & Coffee house
13 A Sabil or Public Fountain
14 The Prophet's Musalla or Prayer place
15 The Mosque of Omar
16 Large house formerly belonging to the Governor
17 Shaykh Hamid's house
R. Burton del.
London Longman & Co.

about grey hairs being brought down in sorrow to the grave. Before noon a small Caravan which followed us came in with two dead bodies,—a trooper shot by the Bedouins, and an Albanian killed by sun-stroke, or the fiery wind.* Shortly after mid-day a Cafila, travelling in an opposite direction, passed by us; it was composed chiefly of Indian pilgrims, habited in correct costume, and hurrying towards Meccah in hot haste. They had been allowed to pass unmolested, because probably a pound sterling could not have been collected from a hundred pockets, and Saad the Robber sometimes does a cheap good deed. But our party having valuables with them

* The natives of El Hejaz assured me that in their Allah-favoured land, the Simoom never kills a man. I "doubt the fact." This Arnaut's body was swollen and decomposing rapidly, the true diagnostic of death by the poison-wind. (See Ibn Batuta's voyage, "Kabul.") However, as troopers drink hard, the Arabs may still be right, the Simoom doing half the work, arrack the rest. I travelled during the months of July, August, and September, and yet never found myself inconvenienced by the "Poison-wind" sufficiently to make me tie my Kufiyah, Bedouin-fashion, across my mouth. At the same time I can believe that to an invalid it would be trying, and that a man almost worn out by hunger and fatigue would receive from it a coup de grâce.

Niebuhr attributes the extraordinary mortality of his companions, amongst other causes, to a want of stimulants. Though these would doubtless be useful in the cold weather, or in the mountains of El-Yemen, for men habituated to them from early youth, yet nothing, I believe, could be more fatal than strong drink when travelling through the Desert in summer heat. The common beverage should be water or lemonade; the strongest stimulants coffee or tea. It is what the natives of the country do, and doubtless it is wise to take their example. The Duke of Wellington's dictum about the healthiness of India to an abstemious man does not require to be quoted. Were it more generally followed, we should have less of sun-stroke and sudden death in our Indian armies, when soldiers, fed with beef and brandy, are called out to face the violent heat.

At the same time it must be remembered that foul and stagnant water, abounding in organic matter, is the cause of half the diarrhœa and dysentery which prove so fatal to travellers in these regions. To the water-drinker, therefore, a pocket-filter is indispensable.

did not seem to gather heart from this event. In the evening we all went out to see some Arab Shaykhs who were travelling to Bir Abbas in order to receive their salaries. Without such douceurs, it is popularly said and believed, no stone walls could enable a Turk to hold El Hejaz against the hill-men. Such was our system in Afghanistan—most unwise, teaching in limine the subject to despise rulers subject to black-mail. Besides which these highly paid Shaykhs do no good. When a fight takes place or a road is shut, they profess inability to restrain their clansmen, and the richer they are, of course the more formidable they become. The party looked well; they were Harb, dignified old men in the picturesque Arab costume, with erect forms, fierce thin features, and white beards, well armed, and mounted upon high-bred and handsomely equipped dromedaries from El Shark.* Preceded by their half-naked clansmen, carrying spears twelve or thirteen feet long, garnished with single or double tufts of black ostrich feathers, and ponderous matchlocks, which were discharged on approaching the fort, they were not without a kind of barbaric pomp.

Immediately after the reception of these Shaykhs, there was a parade of the Arnaut Irregular Horse. About 500 of them rode out to the sound of a Nakus or little kettle-drum, whose puny notes strikingly contrasted with this really martial sight. The men, it is true, were mounted on lean Arab and Egyptian nags, ragged looking as their clothes, and each trooper was armed in his own way,

* El Shark, "the East," is the popular name in the Hejaz for the western region as far as Baghdad and Bussora, especially Nejd. The latter province supplies the Holy Land with its choicest horses and camels. The heat of the plains, near the Red Sea appears prejudicial to animal generation; whereas the lofty table-lands and the broad pastures of Nejd, combined with the attention paid by the people to purity of blood, have rendered it the principal breeding country in Arabia.

though all had swords, pistols, and matchlocks, or firelocks of some kind. But they rode hard as Galway buckeens, and there was a gallant reckless look about the fellows which prepossessed me strongly in their favour. Their animals, too, though notable "screws," were well trained, and their accoutrements were intended for use, not show. I watched their manœuvres with curiosity. They left their cantonments one by one, and, at the sound of the tom-tom, by degrees formed a "plump" or "herse"—*column** it could not be called—all huddled together in confusion. Presently the little kettle-drum changed its note and the parade its aspect. All the serried body dispersed as Light Infantry would, continuing their advance, now hanging back, then making a rush, and all the time keeping up a hot fire upon the enemy. At another signal they suddenly put their horses to full speed, and, closing upon the centre, again advanced in a dense mass. After three quarters of an hour parading, sometimes charging singly, often in bodies, now to the right, then to the left, and then straight in front, when requisite halting, and occasionally retreating, Parthian-like, the Arnauts turned en masse towards their lines. As they neared them all broke off and galloped in, ventre à terre, discharging their shotted guns with much recklessness against objects assumed to denote the enemy. But ball cartridge seemed to be plentiful hereabouts; during the whole of this and the next day, I remarked that bullets were fired away in mere fun.†

* I mean a civilised column. "Herse" is the old military name for a column opposed to "Haye," a line. So we read at far-famed Cressy the French fought *en bataille à haye*, the English drawn up *en herse*. This appears to have been the national predilection of that day. In later times, we and our neighbours changed style, the French preferring heavy columns, the English extending themselves into lines.

† The Albanians, delighting in the noise of musketry, notch the ball in order to make it sing the louder. When fighting, they often adopt the excellent plan — excellent, when rifles are not procurable — of driving a long

Barbarous as these movements may appear to the Cavalry Martinet of the "good old school," yet to something of the kind will the tactics of that arm, I humbly opine, return, when the perfect use of the rifle, the revolver, and field artillery shall have made the present necessarily slow system fatal. Also, if we adopt the common-sense opinion of a modern writer*, and determine that "individual prowess, skill in single combats, good horsemanship, and sharp swords render cavalry formidable," these semi-barbarians are wiser in their generation than the civilised, who never practise arms (properly so called), whose riding-drill never made a good rider, whose horses are over-weighted, and whose swords are worthless. They have another point of superiority over us,—they cultivate the individuality of the soldier, whilst we strive to make him a mere automaton. In the days of European chivalry, battles were a system of well fought duels. This was succeeded by the age of discipline, when, to use the language of Rabelais, "men seemed rather a consort of organ-pipes, or mutual concord of the wheels of a clock, than an infantry and cavalry, or army of soldiers." Our aim should now be to combine the merits of both systems; to make men individually excellent in the use of weapons, and still train them to act naturally and habitually in concert. The French have given a model

iron nail through the bullet, and fixing its head into the cartridge. Thus the cartridge is strengthened, the bullet is rifled, and the wound which it inflicts is death. Round balls are apt to pass into and out of savages without killing them, and many an Afghan, after being shot or run through the body, has mortally wounded his English adversary before falling. It is false philanthropy, also, to suppose that in battle, especially when a campaign is commencing, it is sufficient to maim, not to kill the enemy. Nothing encourages men to fight so much, as a good chance of escaping with a wound — especially a flesh wound.

I venture to hope that the reader will not charge these sentiments with cruelty. He who renders warfare fatal to all engaged in it will be the greatest benefactor the world has yet known.

* Captain Nolan.

to Europe in the Chasseurs de Vincennes,—a body capable of most perfect combination, yet never more truly excellent than when each man is fighting alone. We, I suppose, shall imitate them at some future time.*

A distant dropping of fire-arms ushered in the evening of our first melancholy day at Bir Abbas. This, said my companions, was a sign that the troops and the hill-men were fighting at no great distance. They communicated the intelligence, as if it ought to be an effectual check upon my impatience to proceed; it acted, however, in the contrary way. I supposed that the Bedouins, after battling out the night, would be less warlike the next day; the others, however, by no means agreed in opinion with me. At Yambu the whole party had boasted loudly that the people of El Medinah could keep their Bedouins in order, and had twitted the boy Mohammed with their superiority in this respect to his townsmen, the Meccans. But now that a trial was impending I saw none of the fearlessness so conspicuous when peril was only possible. The change was charitably to be explained by the presence of their valuables; the "Sahharahs," like conscience, making cowards of them all. But the young Meccan, who, having sent on his box by sea from Yambu to Jeddah, felt merry, like the empty traveller, would not lose the opportunity to pay off old scores. He taunted the Medinites till they stamped

* The first symptom of improvement will be a general training to the Bayonet Exercise. The British is, and for years has been, the only army in Europe that does not learn the use of this weapon: how long does it intend to be the sole authority on the side of ignorance? We laughed at the Calabrese levies, who in the French war threw away their muskets and drew their stilettos; and we cannot understand why the Indian would always prefer a sabre to a rifle. Yet we read without disgust of our men being compelled, by want of proper training, to "club their muskets" in hand-to-hand fights,—when they have in the bayonet the most formidable of offensive weapons,—and of the Kafirs and other savages wresting the piece, after drawing off its fire, from its unhappy possessor's grasp.

and raved with fury. At last, fearing some violence, and feeling answerable for the boy's safety to his family, I seized him by the nape of his neck and the upper posterior portion of his nether garments, and drove him before me into the tent.

When the hubbub had subsided and all sat smoking the pipe of peace after supper in the cool night air, I rejoined my companions, and found them talking, as usual, about old Shaykh Saad. The scene was appropriate for the subject. In the distance rose the blue peak said to be his eyrie, and with fearful meaning the place was pointed out. As it is inaccessible to strangers, report has converted it into another garden of Irem.* A glance, however, at its position and formation satisfied me that the bubbling springs, the deep forests, and the orchards of apple trees, quinces and pomegranates, with which my companions furnished it, were a "myth," whilst some experience of Arab ignorance of the art of defence suggested to me strong doubts about the existence of an impregnable fortress on the hill-top. The mountains, however, looked beautiful in the moonlight, and distance gave them a semblance of mystery well suited to the themes connected with them.

That night I slept within my Shugduf, for it would have been mere madness to lie on the open plain in a place so infested by banditti. The being armed is but a poor precaution near this robbers' den. If a man be wounded in the very act of plundering, an exorbitant sum must be paid for blood-money. If you kill him, even to save your life, then adieu to any chance of escaping destruction. I was roused three or four times during the night by jackals and dogs prowling about our little camp, and thus ob-

* Bruce calls the Mountains of Ruddua (Rudhwah) the Paradise of the people of Yambu: he was informed that water freezes there in winter, and that the inhabitants had red hair and blue eyes.

served that my companions, who had agreed amongst themselves to keep watch by turns, had all fallen into a sound sleep. However, when we awoke in the morning, the usual inspection of goods and chattels showed that nothing was missing.

The next day was a forced halt, a sore stimulant to the traveller's ill-humour; and the sun, the sand, the dust, the furious Simoom, and the want of certain small supplies, aggravated our grievance. My sore foot had been inflamed by a dressing of onion skin which the Lady Maryam had insisted upon applying to it.* Still I was resolved to push forward by any conveyance that could be procured, and offered ten dollars for a fresh dromedary to take me on to El Medinah. Shaykh Hamid also declared he would leave his box in charge of a friend and accompany me. Saad the Devil flew into a passion at the idea of any member of the party escaping the general evil, and he privily threatened Mohammed to cut off the legs of any camel that ventured into camp. This, the boy — who, like a boy of the world as he was, never lost an opportunity of making mischief — instantly communicated to me, and it brought on a furious dispute. Saad was reproved and apologised for by the rest of the party, and presently he himself was pacified, principally, I believe, by the intelligence that no camel was to be hired at Bir Abbas. One of the Arnaut garrison, who had obtained leave to go to El Medinah, came to ask us if we could mount him, as otherwise he should be obliged to walk the whole way. With him we debated the propriety of attempting a passage through the hills by one of the

* I began to treat it hydropathically with a cooling bandage, but my companions declared that the water was poisoning the wound, and truly it seemed to become worse every day. This idea is prevalent throughout El Hejaz; even the Bedouins, after once washing a cut or a sore, never allow air or water to touch it.

many by-paths that traverse them: the project was amply discussed, and duly rejected.

We passed the day in the usual manner; all crowded together for shelter under the tent. Even Maryam joined us, loudly informing Ali, her son, that his mother was no longer a woman but a man; whilst our party generally, cowering away from the fierce glances of the sun, were either eating or occasionally smoking, or were occupied in cooling and drinking water. About sunset-time came a report that we were to start that night. None could believe that such good was in store for us; before sleeping, however, we placed each camel's pack apart, so as to be ready for loading at a moment's notice, and we took care to watch that our Bedouins did not drive their animals away to any distance. At last about 11 P. M., as the moon was beginning to peep over the eastern wall of rock, was heard the glad sound of the little kettle-drum calling the Albanian troopers to mount and march. In the shortest possible time all made ready, and hurriedly crossing the sandy flat, we found ourselves in company with three or four caravans, forming one large body for better defence against the dreadful Hawamid.* By dint of much manœuvring, arms in hand — Shaykh Hamid and the "Devil" took the prominent parts — we, though the last comers, managed to secure places about the middle of the line. On such occasions all push forward recklessly, as an English mob in the strife of sight-seeing; the rear, being left unguarded, is the place of danger, and none seek the honor of occupying it.

We travelled that night up the Fiumara in an easterly direction, and at early dawn found ourselves in an ill-famed gorge called Shuab el Hajj † (the "Pilgrim's Pass").

* Hawamid is the plural of Hamidah, Shaykh Saad's tribe.

† Shuab properly means a path through mountains, or a watercourse

The loudest talkers became silent as we neared it, and their countenances showed apprehension written in legible characters. Presently from the high precipitous cliff on our left, thin blue curls of smoke — somehow or other they caught every eye — rose in the air, and instantly afterwards rang the loud sharp cracks of the hill-men's matchlocks echoed by the rocks on the right. My Shugduf had been broken by the camels falling during the night, so I called out to Mansur that we had better splice the frame-work with a bit of rope: he looked up, saw me laughing, and with an ejaculation of disgust disappeared. A number of Bedouins were to be seen swarming like hornets over the crests of the rocks, boys as well as men carrying huge weapons, and climbing with the agility of cats. They took up comfortable places on the cut-throat eminence, and began firing upon us with perfect convenience to themselves. The height of the hills and the glare of the rising sun prevented my seeing objects very distinctly, but my companions pointed out to me places where the rock had been scarped, and a kind of breastwork of rough stones — the Sangah of Afghanistan — piled up as a defence, and a rest for the long barrel of the matchlock. It was useless to challenge the Bedouins to come down and fight us upon the plain like men; they will do this on the eastern coast of Arabia, but rarely, if ever, in El Hejaz. And it was equally unprofitable for our escort to fire upon a foe ensconced behind stones. Besides which, had a robber been killed, the whole country would have risen to a man; with a force of 3000 or 4000, they might have gained courage to overpower a caravan, and in such a case not a soul would have escaped. As it was, the Bedouins directed their fire principally against the

between hills. It is generally used in Arabia for a "Valley," and sometimes instead of Nakb, or the Turkish Bughaz, a "Pass."

Albanians. Some of these called for assistance to the party of Shaykhs that accompanied us from Bir Abbas, but the dignified old men, dismounting and squatting round their pipes in council, came to the conclusion that, as the robbers would probably turn a deaf ear to their words, they had better spare themselves the trouble of speaking. We had therefore nothing to do but to blaze away as much powder, and to veil ourselves in as much smoke, as possible; the result of the affair was that we lost twelve men, besides camels and other beasts of burden. Though the bandits showed no symptoms of bravery, and confined themselves to slaughtering the enemy from their hill-top, my companions seemed to consider this questionable affair a most gallant exploit.

After another hour's hurried ride through the Wady Sayyalah appeared Shuhada, to which we pushed on,

> "Like nighted swain on lonely road,
> When close behind fierce goblins tread."

Shuhada is a place which derives its name "The Martyrs," because here are supposed to be buried forty braves that fell in one of Mohammed's many skirmishes. Some authorities consider it the cemetery of the people of Wady Sayyalah.* The once populous valley is now barren, and one might easily pass by the consecrated spot without observing a few ruined walls and a cluster of

* Others attribute these graves to the Beni Salim, or Salmah, an extinct race of Hejazi Bedouins. Near Shuhada is Jebel Warkan, one of the mountains of Paradise, also called Irk el Zabyat, or Thread of the Winding Torrent. The Prophet named it "Hamt" (sultriness), when he passed through it on his way to the battle of Bedr. He also called the valley "Sajasaj" (plural of Sajsaj, a temperate situation), declared it was a valley of heaven, that 70 prophets had prayed there before himself, that Moses with 70,000 Israelites had traversed it on his way to Meccah, and that, before the Resurrection day, Isa bin Maryam should pass through it with the intention of performing the Greater and the Lesser Pilgrimages. Such are the past and such the future honors of the place.

rude Bedouin graves, each an oval of rough stones lying beneath the thorn trees on the left of and a little off the road. Another half hour took us to a favourite halting-place, Bir el Hindi *, so called from some forgotten Indian who dug a well there. But we left it behind, wishing to put as much space as we could between our tents and the nests of the Hamidah. Then quitting the Fiumara, we struck northwards into a well-trodden road running over stony rising ground. The heat became sickening; here, and in the East generally, at no time is the sun more dangerous than between 8 and 9 A. M.: still we hurried on. It was not before 11 A. M. that we reached our destination, a rugged plain covered with stones, coarse gravel, and thorn trees in abundance, and surrounded by inhospitable rocks, pinnacle-shaped, of granite below, and in the upper parts fine limestone. The well was at least two miles distant, and not a hovel was in sight: a few Bedouin children belonging to an outcast tribe fed their starveling goats upon the hills. This place is called "Suwaykah;" it is, I was told, that celebrated in the history of the Arabs.† Yet not for this reason did my comrades look lovingly upon its horrors: their boxes were safe, and

* The Indians sink wells in Arabia for the same reason which impels them to dig tanks at home, — "nam ke waste," — "for the purpose of name;" thereby denoting, together with a laudable desire for posthumous fame, a notable lack of ingenuity in securing it. For it generally happens that before the third generation has fallen, the well and the tank have either lost their original names, or have exchanged them for others newer and better known.

† Suwaykah derives its name from the circumstance that in the second, or third, year of the Hijrah, Mohammed here attacked Abu Sufiyan, who was out on a foray with 200 men. The Infidels, in their headlong flight, lightened their beasts by emptying their bags of "Sawik." This is the old and modern Arabic name for a dish of green grain, toasted, pounded, mixed with dates or sugar, and eaten on journeys when it is found difficult to cook. Such is the present signification of the word: M. C. de Perceval (vol. iii. p. 84.) gives it a different and a now unknown meaning. And our popular authors erroneously call the affair the "War of the *Meal-sacks.*"

with the eye of imagination they could now behold their homes. That night we must have travelled about twenty-two miles; the direction of the road was due east, and the only remarkable feature in the ground was its steady rise.

We pitched the tent under a villanous Mimosa, the tree whose shade is compared by poetic Bedouins to the false friend who deserts you in your utmost need. I enlivened the hot dull day by a final dispute with Saad the Devil. His alacrity at Yambu obtained for him the loan of a couple of dollars: he had bought grain at El Hamra, and now we were near El Medinah; still there was not a word about repayment. And knowing that an Oriental debtor discharges his debt as he pays his rent,—namely, with the greatest unwillingness, — and that, on the other hand, an Oriental creditor will devote the labor cf a year to recovering a sixpence, I resolved to act as a native of the country, placed in my position, would, and by dint of sheer dunning and demanding pledges to recover my property. About noon Saad the Devil, after a furious rush, bare-headed, through the burning sun, flung the two dollars down upon my carpet: however, he presently recovered, and, as subsequent events showed, I had chosen the right part. Had he not been forced to repay his debt, he would have despised me as a "freshman," and asked for more. As it was, the boy Mohammed bore the brunt of unpopular feeling, my want of liberality being traced to his secret and perfidious admonitions. He supported his burden the more philosophically, because, as he notably calculated, every dollar saved at El Medinah would be spent under his stewardship at Meccah.

At 4 P. M. we left Suwaykah, all of us in the crossest of humours, and travelled in a N. E. direction. So out of temper were my companions, that at sunset, of the whole party, Umar Effendi was the only one who would eat supper. The rest sat upon the ground, pouting, grumbling,

and — they had been allowed to exhaust my stock of Latakia — smoking Syrian tobacco as if it were a grièvance. Such a game at naughty children, I have seldom seen played even by Oriental men. The boy Mohammed privily remarked to me that the camel-men's beards were now in his fist, — meaning that we were out of their kinsmen, the Harb's, reach. He soon found an opportunity to quarrel with them; and, because one of his questions was not answered in the shortest possible time, he proceeded to abuse them in language which sent their hands flying in the direction of their swords. Despite, however, this threatening demeanour, the youth, knowing that he now could safely go to any lengths, continued his ill words, and Mansur's face was so comically furious, that I felt too much amused to interfere. At last the camel-men disappeared, thereby punishing us most effectually for our sport. The road lay up rocky hill and down stony vale; a tripping and stumbling dromedary had been substituted for the usual one: the consequence was that we had either a totter or a tumble once per mile during the whole of that long night. In vain the now fiery Mohammed called for the assistance of the camel-men with the full force of his lungs: "Where be those owls, those oxen of the oxen, those beggars, those cut-off ones, those foreigners, those Sons of Flight*? withered be their hands! palsied be their fingers! the foul mustachioed fellows, basest of the Arabs that ever hammered tent-peg, sneaking cats, goats of El Akhfash!† Truly I will torture them the torture of the oil‡, the mines of infamy! the cold of counte-

* A popular but not a bad pun — "*H*arb" (Fight) becomes, by the alteration of the H, "Harb" (Flight).

† The old Arabic proverb is "a greater wiseacre than the goat of Akhfash;" it is seldom intelligible to the vulgar.

‡ That is to say, "I will burn them (metaphorically) as the fiery wick consumes the oil," — a most idiomatic Hejazi threat.

nance!"* The Bedouin brotherhood of the camel-men looked at him wickedly, muttering the while "By Allah! and by Allah! and by Allah! O boy, we will flog thee like a hound when we catch thee in the Desert!" All our party called upon him to desist, but his temper had got completely the upper hand over his discretion, and he expressed himself in such classic and idiomatic Hejazi, that I had not the heart to stop him. Some days after our arrival at El Medinah, Shaykh Hamid warned him seriously never again to go such perilous lengths, as the Beni-Harb were celebrated for shooting or poniarding the man who ventured to use even the mild epithet "O jackass!" to them. And in the quiet of the city the boy Mohammed, like a sobered man shuddering at dangers braved when drunk, hearkened with discomposure and penitence to his friend's words. The only immediate consequence of his abuse was that my broken Shugduf became a mere ruin, and we passed the night perched like two birds upon the only entire bits of frame-work the cots contained.

The sun had risen before I shook off the lethargic effects of such a night. All around me were hurrying their camels, regardless of rough ground, and not a soul spoke a word to his neighbour. "Are there robbers in sight?" was the natural question. "No!" replied Mohammed; "they are walking with their eyes†, they will presently see their homes!" Rapidly we passed the Wady el Akik‡, of which,

* A "cold of countenance" is a fool. Arabs use the word "cold" in a peculiar way. "May Allah refrigerate thy countenance!" *i. e.* may it show misery and want. "By Allah, a cold speech!" that is to say, a silly or an abusive tirade.

† That is to say, they would use, if necessary, the dearest and noblest parts of their bodies (their eyes) to do the duty of the basest (*i. e.* their feet).

‡ Writers mention two El Akik. The superior comprises the whole

"O my friend, this is Akik, then stand by it,
Endeavouring to be distracted by love, if not really a lover," *

and a thousand other such pretty things, have been said by the Arab poets. It was as "dry as summer's dust," and its "beautiful trees" appeared in the shape of vegetable mummies. Half an hour after leaving the "Blessed Valley" we came to a huge flight of steps roughly cut in a long broad line of black scoriaceous basalt. This is called the Mudarraj or flight of steps over the western ridge of the so-called El Harratayn.† It is holy ground; for the Prophet spoke well of it. Arrived at the top, we passed through a lane of black scoria, with steep banks on both sides, and after a few minutes a full view of the city suddenly opened upon us.‡

We halted our beasts as if by word of command. All of us descended, in imitation of the pious of old, and sat down, jaded and hungry as we were, to feast our eyes with a view of the Holy City. "O Allah! this is the

site of El Medinah, extending from the Western Ridge, mentioned below, to the cemetery, El Bakia. The inferior is the Fiumara here alluded to; it is on the Meccan road, about 4 miles S.W. of El Medinah, and its waters fall into the El Hamra torrent. It is called the "Blessed Valley" because the Prophet was ordered by an angel to pray in it.

* The esoteric meaning of this couplet is, "Man! this is a lovely portion of God's creation: then stand by it, and here learn to love the perfections of thy Supreme Friend."

† El Harratayn for El Harratani, the oblique case of the dual and plural noun being universally used for the nominative in colloquial Arabic.

The other one of the Two Ridges will be described in a future part of this volume.

‡ The city is first seen from the top of the valley called Nakb, or Shuab Ali, close to the Wady el Akik, a long narrow pass, about 5 miles from El Medinah. Here, according to some, was the Mosque Zu'l Halifah, where the Prophet put on the Pilgrim's garb when travelling to Meccah. It is also called "The Mosque of the Tree," because near it grew a fruit tree under which the Prophet twice sat. Ibn Jubayr considers that the Haram (or sacred precincts of El Medinah) is the space enclosed by three points, Zu'l Halifah, Mount Ohod, and the Mosque of Kuba. To the present day pilgrims doff their worldly garments at Zu'l Halifah.

Haram (sanctuary) of thy Prophet; make it to us a protection from hell fire, and a refuge from eternal punishment! O open the gates of thy mercy, and let us pass through them to the land of joy!" and "O Allah, bless the last of Prophets, the seal of prophecy, with blessings in number as the stars of heaven, and the waves of the sea, and the sands of the waste — bless him, O Lord of Might and Majesty, as long as the corn field and the date grove continue to feed mankind!"* And again, "Live, for ever, O most excellent of Prophets! — live in the shadow of happiness during the hours of night and the times of day, whilst the bird of the tamarisk (the dove) moaneth like the childless mother, whilst the west wind bloweth gently over the hills of Nejd, and the lightning flasheth bright in the firmament of El Hejaz!" Such were the poetical exclamations that rose all around me, showing how deeply tinged with imagination becomes the language of the Arab under the influence of strong passion or religious enthusiasm. I now understood the full value of a phrase in the Moslem ritual, "And when his (the pilgrim's) eyes *fall upon the trees of El Medinah*, let him raise his voice and bless the Prophet with the choicest of blessings." In all the fair view before us nothing was more striking, after the desolation through which we had passed, than the gardens and orchards about the town. It was impossible not to enter into the spirit of my companions, and truly I believe that for some minutes my enthusiasm rose as high as theirs. But presently, when we remounted†, the traveller returned strong upon me:

* That is to say, "throughout all ages and all nations." The Arabs divide the world into two great bodies, first themselves, and, secondly, "Ajam," *i. e.* all that are not Arabs. Similar bi-partitions are the Hindus and Mlenchhas, the Jews and Gentiles, the Greeks and Barbarians, &c. &c.

† Robust religious men, especially those belonging to the school of El Malik, enter into El Medinah, after the example of Ali, on foot, reverently, as the pilgrims approach Meccah.

I made a rough sketch of the town, put questions about the principal buildings, and in fact collected materials for the next chapter.

The distance traversed that night was about twenty miles in a direction varying from easterly to north-easterly. We reached El Medinah on the 25th July, thus taking nearly eight days to travel over little more 130 miles. This journey is performed with camels in four days, and a good dromedary will do it without difficulty in half that time.*

* Barbosa makes three days' journey from Yambu to El Medinah, D'Herbelot eight, and Ovington six. The usual time is from four to five days. A fertile source of error to home geographers, computing distances in Arabia, is their neglecting the difference between the slow camel travelling and the fast dromedary riding.

# CHAP. XV.

## THROUGH THE SUBURB OF EL MEDÎNAH TO HAMID'S HOUSE.

As we looked eastward the sun arose out of the horizon of low hill, blurred and dotted with small tufted trees, which from the morning mists gained a giant stature, and the earth was stained with purple and gold. Before us lay a spacious plain, bounded in front by the undulating ground of Nejd; on the left was a grim barrier of rocks, the celebrated Mount Ohod, with a clump of verdure and a white dome or two nestling at its base. Rightwards, broad streaks of lilac-coloured mists, here thick with gathered dew, there pierced and thinned by the morning rays, stretched over the date groves and the gardens of Kuba, which stood out in emerald green from the dull tawny surface of the plain. Below, distant about two miles, lay El Medinah; at first sight it appeared a large place, but a closer inspection proved the impression to be erroneous. A tortuous road from the Harah to the city, wound across the plain, and led to a tall rectangular gateway, pierced in the ruinous mud wall which surrounds the suburb. This is the "Ambari" entrance. It is flanked on the left (speaking as a sketcher) by the domes and minarets of a pretty Turkish building, a "Takiyah," erected by the late Mohammed Ali for the reception of Dervish travellers; on the right by a long low line of white-washed buildings garnished with ugly square windows, an imitation of civilised barracks. Beginning from the left hand, as we sat upon the ridge, the remarkable features of the town thus

presented themselves in succession. Outside, amongst the palm trees to the north of the city, were the picturesque ruins of a large old Sebil, or public fountain, and between this and the enceinte, stood a conspicuous building, in the Turkish pavilion style — the governor's palace. On the north-west angle of the town wall is a tall white-washed fort, partly built upon an outcropping mass of rock; its ramparts and embrasures give it a modern and European appearance, which contrasts strangely with its truly Oriental history.* In the suburb "El Munakhah" rise the bran-new domes and minarets of the Five Mosques, standing brightly out from the dull grey mass of house and ground. And behind, in the most easterly part of the city, remarkable from afar, is the gem of El Medinah, — the four tall substantial towers, and the flashing green dome under which the Prophet's remains rest.† Half concealed by this mass of buildings and by the houses of the town, are certain white specks upon a green surface, the tombs that adorn the venerable cemetery of El Bakia. From that point southwards begins the mass of palm groves celebrated in El Islam as the "trees of El Medinah." The foreground is well fitted to set off such a view; fields of black basaltic scoriæ showing clear signs of a volcanic origin, are broken up into huge blocks and boulders, through which a descent, tolerably steep for camels, winds down into the plain.

* In the East, wherever there is a compound of fort and city, that place has certainly been in the habit of being divided against itself. Surat in Western India is a well-known instance. I must refer the reader to Burckhardt (Travels in Arabia, vol. ii. p. 281., and onwards) for a detailed account of the feuds and affrays between the "Agha of the Castle" and the "Agha of the Town." Their day has gone by,— for the moment.

† Sir John Mandeville, writing in the 14th century, informed Europe that "Machomet lyeth in the Cytee of Methone." In the 19th century, Mr. Halliwall, his editor, teaches us in a foot-note that "Methone" is Meccah! It is strange how often this gross mistake is still made by respectable authors in France as well as in England.

After a few minutes' rest I remounted, and slowly rode on towards the gate. Even at this early hour the way was crowded with an eager multitude coming out to meet the Caravan. My companions preferred walking, apparently for the better convenience of kissing, embracing, and shaking hands with relations and friends. Truly the Arabs show more heart on these occasions than any Oriental people I know; they are of a more affectionate nature than the Persians, and their manners are far more demonstrative than those of the Indians. The respectable Maryam's younger son, a pleasant contrast to her surly elder, was weeping aloud for joy as he ran round his mother's camel, he standing on tiptoe, she bending double in vain attempts to exchange a kiss; and, generally, when near relatives or intimates, or school companions, met, the fountains of their eyes were opened. Friends and comrades greeted each other, regardless of rank or fortune, with affectionate embraces, and an abundance of queries, which neither party seemed to think of answering. The general mode of embracing was to throw one arm over the shoulder and the other round the side, placing the chin first upon the left and then upon the right collar bone, and rapidly shifting till a "jam satis" suggested itself to both parties. Inferiors saluted their superiors by attempting to kiss hands, which were violently snatched away; whilst mere acquaintances gave each other a cordial "poignée de mains," and then raising the finger tips to their lips, kissed them with apparent relish.

Passing through the Bab Ambari we defiled slowly down a broad dusty street, and traversed the Harah, or Quarter of the same name, El Ambariyah, the principal one in the Munakhah suburb. The street is by no means remarkable after Cairo; only it is rather wider and more regular than the traveller is accustomed to in Asiatic cities. I was astonished to see on both sides of the way,

in so small a place, so large a number of houses too ruinous to be occupied. Then we crossed a bridge,—a single little round arch of roughly hewn stone, built over the bed of a torrent *, which in some parts appeared about fifty feet broad, with banks showing a high and deeply indented water-mark. Here the road abuts upon an open space called the "Barr el Munakhah" †, or more concisely El Barr, "the Plain." Straightforward a line leads directly into the Bab el Misri, the Egyptian gate of the city. But we turned off to the right, and, after advancing a few yards, found ourselves at the entrance of our friend Shaykh Hamid's house.

The Shaykh had preceded us early that morning, in order to prepare an apartment for his guests, and to receive the first loud congratulations and embraces of his mother and the daughter of his uncle.‡ Apparently he had not concluded this pleasing office when we arrived, for the camels were kneeling at least five minutes at his door, before he came out to offer the usual hospitable salutation. I stared to see the difference of his appearance this morning. The razor had passed over his head and face §; the former was now surmounted by a muslin turban of goodly size, wound round a new embroidered cap, and the latter, besides being clean, boasted of neat little mustachios

* This torrent is called El Sayh,—"the Running Water,"—which, properly speaking, is the name of a well-wooded Wady outside the town, in the direction of Kuba.

† "Munakhah" is a place where camels kneel down; it is a derivation from the better known root to "Nakh," or cause the animal to kneel.

‡ Arabs, and, indeed, most Orientals, are generally received, after returning from a journey, with shrill cries of joy by all the fair part of the household, and they do not like strangers to hear this demonstration.

§ An Eastern Barber is not content to pass the razor over hairy spots; he must scrape the forehead, trim the eyebrows, clean the cheeks, run the blade rapidly over the nose, correct the upper and under lines of the moustachios, parting them in the centre, and so on.

turned up like two commas, and a well-trimmed goat's beard narrowed until it resembled what our grammars call an "exclamation point." The dirty torn shirt, with the bits of rope round the loins, had been exchanged for a Jubbah or outer cloak of light pink merinos, a long-sleeved Caftan of rich flowered stuff, a fine shirt of Halaili * and a grand silk sash, of a plaid pattern, elaborately fringed at both ends, and wound round two-thirds of his body for better display. His pantaloons were also of Halaili with tasteful edgings like a "pantilette's" about the ankles, and his bare and sun-burnt feet had undergone a thorough purification before being encased in new Mizz † and Papushes of bright lemon-colored leather of the newest and most fashionable Constantinople cut. In one of his now delicate hands the Shaykh bore a mother-of-pearl rosary, token of piety, in the other a handsome pipe with a jasmine stick, and an expensive amber mouth-piece; his tobacco-pouch dangling from his waist, as well as the little purse in the bosom pocket of his coat, was of broad cloth richly embroidered with gold. In course of time I saw that all my companions had metamorphosed themselves in an equally remarkable manner. Like men of sense they appeared in tatters where they were, or when they wished to be, unknown, and in fine linen where the world judged their prosperity by their attire. Their grand suits of clothes, therefore, were worn only for a few days after returning from the journey, as a proof that the wearer had wandered to some purpose; they were afterwards laid up in lavender, and reserved, as old ladies in Europe store up their state dresses, for choice occasions.

* Halaili is a cotton stuff, with long stripes of white silk, a favourite material amongst the city Arabs. At Constantinople where the best is sold, the piece, which will cut into two shirts, costs about thirty shillings.

† The "Mizz" are the tight-fitting inner slippers of soft Cordovan leather, worn as stockings inside the slipper; they are always clean, so they may be retained in the Mosque or on the Divan.

The Shaykh, whose manners had changed with his garments, from the vulgar and boisterous to a certain staid courtesy, took my hand, and led me up to the Majlis*, which was swept and garnished with all due apparatus for the forthcoming reception ceremony. And behind us followed the boy Mohammed, looking more downcast and ashamed of himself than I can possibly describe; he was still in his rags, and he felt keenly that every visitor staring at him would mentally inquire "Who may that snob be?" With the deepest dejectedness he squeezed himself into a corner, and Shaykh Nur, who was foully dirty, as an Indian en voyage always is, would have joined him in his shame, had I not ordered the "slave" to make himself generally useful. It is customary for all relations and friends to call upon the traveller the very day he returns, that is to say, if amity is to endure. The pipes therefore stood ready filled, the Divans were duly spread, and the coffee† was being boiled upon a brazier in the passage. Scarcely had I taken my place at the cool win-

* The Majlis ("the Place of Sitting") is the drawing or reception room; it is usually in the first story of the house, below the apartments of the women.

† The coffee drank at El Medinah is generally of a good quality. In Egypt that beverage in the common coffee-shops is,—as required to be by the people who frequent those places,—"bitter as death, black as Satan, and hot as Jehannum." To effect this desideratum, therefore, they toast the grain to blackness, boil it to bitterness, and then drink scalding stuff of the consistency of water-gruel. At El Medinah, on the contrary,—as indeed in the houses of the better classes even in Egypt,—the grain is carefully picked, and, that the flavor may be preserved, it is never put upon the fire until required. It is toasted too till it becomes yellow, not black; and afterwards is bruised, not pounded to powder. The water into which it is thrown is allowed to boil up three times, after which a cold sprinkling is administered to clear it, and then the fine light-dun infusion is poured off into another pot. Those who admire the "Kaimak," or froth, do not use a second vessel. The Arabs seldom drink more than one cup of coffee at a time, but with many the time is every half hour of the day. The coffee-husk, or "Kishr," of Yemen is here unknown.

dow-sill, — it was the best in the room, — before the visitors began to pour in, and the Shaykh rose to welcome and embrace them. They sat down, smoked, chatted politics, asked all manner of questions about the other wayfarers and absent friends, drank coffee, and after half an hour's visit, rose abruptly, and, exchanging embraces, took leave. The little men entered the assembly, after an accolade at the door, noiselessly, squatted upon the worst seats with polite congés to the rest of the assembly, smoked, and took their coffee, as it were, under protest, and glided out of the room as quietly as they crept in. The great people, generally busy and consequential individuals, upon whose countenances were written the words "well to do in the world," appeared with a noise that made each person in the room rise reverentially upon his feet, sat down with importance, monopolised the conversation, and, departing in a dignified manner, expected all to stand on the occasion. The Holy war, as usual, was the grand topic of conversation. The Sultan had ordered the Czar to become a Moslem. The Czar had sued for peace, and offered tribute and fealty. But the Sultan had exclaimed, "No, by Allah! El Islam!" The Czar could not be expected to take such a step without a little hesitation, but "Allah smites the faces of the Infidels!" Abd el Mejid would dispose of the "Moskow"* in a short time; after which he would turn his victorious army against all the idolaters of Feringistan, beginning with the English, the French, and the Arwam or Greeks.† Amongst much of this nonsense, — when applied to for my opinion, I was careful to

* The common name for the Russians in Egypt and El Hejaz.

† The Greeks are well known at El Medinah, and several of the historians complain that some of the minor holy places had fallen into the hands of this race (Moslems, or pretended Moslems, I presume), who prevented people visiting them. It is curious that the impostor Cagliostro should have hit upon the truth when he located Greeks at El Medinah.

make it popular,—I heard news foreboding no good to my journey towards Muscat. The Bedouins had decided that there was to be an Arab contingent, and had been looking forward to the spoils of Europe: this had caused quarrels, as all the men wanted to go, and not a ten-year-old would be left behind. The consequence was, that this amiable people was fighting in all directions. At least so said the visitors, and I afterwards found out that they were not far wrong. The Samman is a great family in numbers, as in dignity; from 8 A.M. till midday the Majlis was crowded with people, and politeness delayed our breakfasts until an unconscionable hour.

To the plague of strangers succeeded that of children. No sooner did the Majlis become, comparatively speaking, vacant than they rushed in en masse; treading upon our toes, making the noise of a nursery of madlings, pulling to pieces everything they could lay their hands upon, and using language that would have alarmed an old man-o'war's-man.* In fact, no one can conceive the plague but those who have studied the "enfans terribles" which India sends home in cargoes. One urchin, scarcely three years old, told me that his father had a sword at home with which he would cut my throat from ear to ear, suiting the action to the word, because I objected to his perching upon my wounded foot. By a few taunts, I made the little wretch almost mad with rage; he shook his infant fist at me, and then opening his enormous round black eyes to their utmost stretch, he looked at me, and licked his knee with portentous meaning. Shaykh Hamid, happening to come in at the moment, stood aghast at the doorway, hand

* Parents and full-grown men amuse themselves with grossly abusing children, almost as soon as they can speak, in order to excite their rage and to judge of their dispositions. This supplies the infant population with a large stock-in-trade of ribaldry. They literally lisp in bad language.

on chin, to see the Effendi subject to such indignity, and it was not without trouble that I saved the offender from summary nursery discipline. Another scamp caught up one of my loaded pistols before I could snatch it out of his hand, and clapped it to his neighbour's head; fortunately, it was on half-cock, and the trigger was stiff. Then a serious and majestic boy about six years old, with an ink-stand in his belt, in token of his receiving a literary education, seized my pipe and began to smoke it with huge puffs. I ventured laughingly to institute a comparison between his person and the pipe-stick, when he threw it upon the ground, and stared at me fixedly with flaming eyes and features distorted by anger. The cause of this "boldness" soon appeared. The boys, instead of being well beaten, were scolded with fierce faces, a mode of punishment which only made them laugh. They had their redeeming points, however; they were manly angry boys, who punched one another like Anglo-Saxons in the house, and abroad they are always fighting with sticks and stones. And they examined our weapons,—before deigning to look at anything else,—as if eighteen instead of five had been the general age.

At last I so far broke through the laws of Arab politeness as to inform my host in plain words,—how inconceivably wretched the boy Mohammed was thereby rendered!—that I was hungry, thirsty, and sleepy, and that I wanted to be alone before visiting the Haram. The good-natured Shaykh, who was preparing to go out at once in order to pray at his father's grave, immediately brought me breakfast, lighted a pipe, spread a bed, darkened the room, turned out the children, and left me to the society I most desired—my own. I then overheard him summon his mother, wife, and other female relatives into the store-room, where his treasures had been carefully

stored away. During the forenoon, in the presence of the visitors, one of Hamid's uncles had urged him, half jocularly, to bring out the Sahharah. The Shaykh did not care to *do anything* of the kind. Every time a new box is opened in this part of the world, the owner's generosity is appealed to by those whom a refusal offends, and he must allow himself to be plundered with the best possible grace. Hamid therefore prudently suffered all to depart before exhibiting his spoils; which, to judge by the exclamations of delight which they elicited from feminine lips, proved a satisfactory collection to those concerned.

After sleeping, we all set out in a body to the Haram, as this is a duty which must not be delayed by the pious. The boy Mohammed was in better spirits,—the effect of having borrowed, amongst other articles of clothing, an exceedingly gaudy embroidered coat from Shaykh Hamid. As for Shaykh Nur, he had brushed up his Tarbush, and, by means of some cast-off dresses of mine, had made himself look like a respectable Abyssinian slave, in a nondescript toilette, half Turkish, half Indian. I propose to reserve the ceremony of Ziyarat, or visitation, for another chapter, and to conclude this with a short account of our style of living at the Shaykh's hospitable house.

Hamid's abode is a small corner building, open on the north and east to the Barr el Munakhah: the ground floor contains only a kind of vestibule, in which coarse articles, like old Shugdufs, mats and bits of sacking, are stowed away; the rest is devoted to purposes of sewerage. Ascending dark winding steps of ragged stone covered with hard black earth, you come to the first floor, where the men live. It consists of two rooms to the front of the house, one a Majlis or sitting room, and another converted into a store. Behind them is a dark passage, into which the doors open; and the back part of the first story is a

long windowless room, containing a Hanafiyah*, and other conveniences for purification. The kitchen is on the second floor, which I did not inspect, it being as usual occupied by the Harem. The Majlis has dwarf windows, or rather apertures in the northern and eastern walls, with rude wooden shutters and reed blinds,—the embrasures being garnished with cushions, where you sit, morning and evening, to enjoy the cool air; the ceiling is of date sticks laid across palm rafters stained red, and the walls are of rough scoriæ, burnt bricks, and wood-work cemented with lime. The only signs of furniture in the sitting-room are a Diwan† round the sides and a carpet in the centre. A huge wooden box, like a seaman's chest, occupies one of the corners. In the southern wall there is a Suffeh, or little shelf of common stone, supported by a single arch; upon this are placed articles in hourly use, perfume-bottles, coffee-cups, a stray book or two, and sometimes a turban, to be out of the children's way. Two hooks on the western wall, placed

* The Hanafiyah is a large vessel of copper, sometimes tinned, with a cock in the lower part, and, generally, a ewer, or a basin, to receive the water.

† It is wonderful that this most comfortable, inexpensive, and ornamental style of furnishing a room, has not been oftener imitated in India and the hot countries of Europe.

The Diwan,—it must not be confounded with the leathern perversion which obtains that name in our club smoking-rooms,—is a line of flat cushions ranged round the room, either placed upon the ground, or on wooden benches, or on a step of masonry, varying in height according to the fashion of the day. When such foundation is used, it should be about a yard in breadth, and slope very gently from the outer edge towards the wall, for the greater convenience of reclining. Cotton-stuffed pillows, covered with chintz for summer and silk for winter, are placed against the wall, and can be moved to make a luxurious heap; their covers are generally all of the same colour, except those at the end. The seat of honor is denoted by a small square cotton-stuffed silk coverlet, placed in one of the corners, which the position of the windows determines, the place of distinction being on the left of the host. Thus in Egypt you have a neatly-furnished room for *5l.* or *6l.*

jealously high up, support a pair of pistols with handsome crimson cords and tassels, and half a dozen cherry-stick pipes. The centre of the room is never without one or more Shishas*, and in the corner is a large copper brazier containing fire, with all the utensils for making coffee either disposed upon its broad brim or lying about the floor. The passage, like the stairs, is spread over with hard black earth, and regularly watered twice a day during the hot weather.

The household consisted of Hamid's mother, wife, some nephews and nieces, small children who ran about in a half wild and more than half nude state, and two African slave girls. When the Damascus Caravan came in, it was further reinforced by the arrival of his three younger brothers.

Though the house was not grand, it was made lively by the varied views from the Majlis' windows. From the east, you looked upon El Barr, the town walls and houses beyond it, the Egyptian gate, the lofty minarets of the Haram, and the distant outlines of Jebel Ohod.† The north commanded a view of Mohammed's Mosque — one of the Khamsah Masajid, or the Five Mosques of the suburb ‡, part of the fort wall, and, when the Damascus caravan came in, the gay scene of the "Prado" beneath. The Majlis was tolerably cool during the early part of the day; in the afternoon the sun shone fiercely upon it. I have described

* The Medinah Shisha is a large cocoa-nut, with a tall wooden stem, both garnished with brass ornaments; some trifling differences in the latter distinguish it from the Meccah pipe. Both are inconveniently mounted upon small brass tripods, and are easily overturned, scattering fire and water over the carpets. The "lay," or snakes, are the substantial manufacture of Yemen. Some grandees at El Medinah have glass Turkish Shishas and Constantinople snakes, which are of admirable elegance, compared with the clumsy and unsightly Arab inventions.

† From this window I sketched the walls and the Egyptian gate of El Medinah.

‡ This mosque must not be confounded with the Haram. It is described in Chapter XV.

the establishment at some length as a specimen of how the middle classes of society are lodged at El Medinah. The upper classes affect Turkish and Egyptian luxuries in their homes, as I had an opportunity of seeing at Umar Effendi's house in the "Barr;" and the abodes of the poorer classes are everywhere in these countries very similar.

Our life in Shaykh Hamid's house was quiet, but not disagreeable. I never once set eyes upon the face of woman there, unless the African slave girls be allowed the title. Even these at first attempted to draw their ragged veils over their sable charms, and would not answer the simplest question; by degrees they allowed me to see them, and they ventured their strange voices to reply to me; still they never threw off a certain appearance of shame.* I never saw, nor even heard, the youthful mistress of the household, who stayed all day in the upper rooms. The old lady, Hamid's mother, would stand upon the stairs, and converse aloud with her son, and, when few people were about the house, with me. She never, however, as afterwards happened to an ancient dame at Meccah, came and sat by my side. When lying during mid-day in the gallery, I often saw parties of women mount the stairs to the Gynæconitis, and sometimes an individual would stand to shake a muffled hand† with Hamid, to gossip awhile, and to put some questions concerning absent friends; but they were most decorously wrapped up, nor did they ever deign to déroger, even by exposing an inch of cheek.

At dawn we arose, washed, prayed, and broke our

* Their voices are strangely soft and delicate, considering the appearance of the organs from which they proceed. Possibly this may be a characteristic of the African races; it is remarkable amongst the Somali women.

† After touching the skin of a strange woman, it is not lawful in El Islam to pray without ablution. For this reason, when a fair dame shakes hands with you, she wraps up her fingers in a kerchief, or in the end of her veil.

fast* upon a crust of stale bread, before smoking a pipe, and drinking a cup of coffee.† Then it was time to dress, to mount, and to visit the Haram in one of the holy places outside the city. Returning before the sun became intolerable, we sat together, and with conversation, Shishas and Chibouques‡, coffee, and cold water perfumed with mastich-smoke§, we whiled away the time till our Ariston, a dinner which appeared at the primitive hour of 11 A. M. The meal, here called El Ghada, was served in the Majlis on a large copper tray, sent from the upper apartments. Ejaculating "Bismillah"—the Moslem grace—we all sat round it, and dipped equal hands in the dishes set before us. We had usually unleavened bread, different kinds of meat and vegetable stews, and at the end of the first course plain boiled rice, eaten with spoons; then came the fruits, fresh dates, grapes, and pomegranates. After dinner I used invariably to find some excuse—such as the habit of a "Kaylulah" (mid-day siesta)‖ or the

* Nafukku'r rik, literally, "Let us open the saliva," is most idiomatic Hejazi for the first morsel eaten in the morning. Hence it is called Fakkur' rik, also Gura and Tasbih: the Egyptians call it "El Fatur."

† Orientals invariably begin by eating an "akratisma" in the morning before they will smoke a pipe, or drink a cup of coffee; they have also an insuperable prejudice against the internal use of cold water at this hour.

‡ The tobacco generally smoked here is Syrian, which is brought down in large quantities by the Damascus caravan. Latakia is more expensive, and generally too dry to retain its flavor.

§ The interior of the water-jar is here perfumed with the smoke of mastich, exactly as described by Lane (Mod. Egyptians, vol. i. ch. 5.) I found at El Medinah the prejudice alluded to by Sonnini, namely, that the fumes of the gum are prejudicial, and sometimes fatal to invalids.

‖ Kaylulah is the half hour's siesta about noon. It is a Sunnat, and the Prophet said of it, "Kilu, fa 'inna 'sh' Shayatina la Takil,"—"Take the mid-day siesta, for, verily, the devils sleep not at this hour." "Aylulah" is the sleeping after morning prayers, which causes heaviness and inability to work. Ghaylulah is the sleeping about 9 A.M., the effect of which is poverty and wretchedness. *Kalulah* (with the guttural kaf) is sleeping before evening prayers, a practice reprobated in every part of the East.

being a "Saudawi"* or person of melancholy temperament, to have a rug spread in the dark passage behind the Majlis, and there to lie reading, dozing, smoking or writing, en cachette, in complete déshabille all through the worst part of the day, from noon to sunset. Then came the hour for receiving or paying visits. We still kept up an intimacy with Umar Effendi and Saad the Devil, although Salih Skakkar and Amm Jemal, either disliking our society, or perhaps thinking our sphere of life too humble for their dignity, did not appear once in Hamid's house. The evening prayers ensued, either at home or in the Haram, followed by our Asha or "deipnon," another substantial meal like the dinner, but more plentiful, of bread, meat, vegetables, plain rice and fruits, concluding with the invariable pipes and coffee. To pass our soirée, we occasionally dressed in common clothes, shouldered a Nebut †, and went to the café; sometimes on festive occasions we indulged in a Taatumah (or Itmiyah), a late supper of sweetmeats, pomegranates and dried fruits. Usually we sat upon mattresses spread upon the ground

And, finally, Faylulah is sleeping immediately after sunset, — also considered highly detrimental.

* The Arabs, who suffer greatly from melancholia, are kind to people afflicted with this complaint; it is supposed to cause a distaste for society, and a longing for solitude, an unsettled habit of mind, and a neglect of worldly affairs. Probably it is the effect of overworking the brain in a hot dry atmosphere. I have remarked, that in Arabia students are subject to it, and that amongst their philosophers and literary men, there is scarcely an individual who was not spoken of as a "Saudawi." My friend Umar Effendi used to complain, that at times his temperament drove him out of the house — so much did he dislike the sound of the human voice — to pass the day seated upon some eminence in the vicinity of the city.

† This habit of going out at night in common clothes, with a *Nebut* upon one's shoulder, is, as far as I could discover, popular at El Medinah, but confined to the lowest classes at Meccah. The boy Mohammed always spoke of it with undisguised disapprobation. During my stay at Meccah, I saw no such costume amongst respectable people there; though oftentimes there was a suspicion of a disguise.

in the open air at the Shaykh's door, receiving evening visits, chatting, telling stories, and making merry, till each, as he felt the approach of the drowsy god, sank down into his proper place, and fell asleep.

Whatever may be the heat of the day, the night at El Medinah, owing, I suppose, to its elevated position, is cool and pleasant. In order to allay the dust, the ground before the Shaykh's door was watered every evening, and the evaporation was almost too great to be safe,—the boy Mohammed suffered from a smart attack of lumbago, which, however, yielded readily to frictions of olive oil in which ginger had been boiled. Our greatest inconvenience at night time was the pugnacity of the animal creation. The horses of the troopers tethered in the Barr were sure to break loose once in twelve hours. Some hobbled old nag, having slipped his head-stall, would advance with kangaroo-leaps towards a neighbour against whom he had a private grudge. Their heads would touch for a moment; then came a snort and a whinny, a furious kick, and lastly, a second horse loose and dashing about with head and tail viciously cocked. This was the signal for a general breaking of halters and heel-ropes; after which, a "stampedo" scoured the plain, galloping, rearing, kicking, biting, snorting, pawing, and screaming, with the dogs barking sympathetically, and the horse-keepers shouting in hot pursuit. It was a strange sight to see by moonlight the forms of these "demon steeds" exaggerated by the shades; and on more than one occasion we had all to start up precipitately from our beds, and yield them to a couple of combatants who were determined to fight out their quarrel à l'outrance, wherever the battle-field might be.

The dogs at El Medinah are not less pugnacious than the horses.* They are stronger and braver than those

* Burckhardt (Travels in Arabia, vol. ii. p. 268.) remarks that El Medi-

that haunt the streets at Cairo; like the Egyptians, they have amongst themselves a system of police regulations, which brings down all the posse comitatus upon the unhappy straggler who ventures into a strange quarter of the town. They certainly met in El Barr upon common ground, to decide the differences which must arise in so artificial a state of canine society. Having had many opportunities of watching them, I can positively assert that they were divided into two parties, which fought with a skill and an *acharnement* which astounded me. Sometimes when one side gave way, and the retreat was degenerating into a sauve qui peut, some proud warrior, a dog-hero, would sacrifice himself for the public weal, and with gnashing teeth and howls of rage encounter the assaults of the insolent victors whilst his flying friends had time to recover heart. Such a one my Arab companions called "Mubariz."* At other times, some huge animal, an Ajax of his kind, would plunge into the ring with frantic yells, roll over one dog, snap at a second, worry a third for a minute or two, and then dash off to a distant part, where a thicker field required his presence. This uncommon sagacity has been remarked by the Arabs, who look on amused at their battles. There are also certain superstitions about the dog resembling ours, only, as usual, more poetical and less grotesque, current in El Hejaz. Most people believe that when the animal howls without apparent cause in the neighbourhood of a house, it forebodes death to one of the inmates. For the dog

nah is the only town in the East from which dogs are excluded. This was probably as much a relic of Wahhabeism (that sect hating even to look at a dog), as arising from apprehension of the mosque being polluted by canine intrusion. I have seen one or two of these animals in the town, but I was told, that when they enter it in any numbers, the police-magistrate issues orders to have them ejected.

* The "Mubariz" is the single combatant, the champion of the Arabian classical and chivalrous times.

they say can distinguish the awful form of Azrael, the angel of death, hovering over the doomed abode, whereas man's spiritual sight is dull and dim by reason of his sins.

When the Damascus caravan entered El Medinah, our day became a little more amusing. From the windows of Shaykh Hamid's house there was a perpetual succession of strange scenes. A Persian nobleman, also, had pitched his tents so near the door, that the whole course of his private life became public and patent to the boy Mohammed, who amused his companions by reporting all manner of ludicrous scenes. The Persian's wife was rather a pretty woman, and she excited the youth's fierce indignation, by not veiling her face when he gazed at her, — thereby showing that, as his beard was not grown, she considered him a mere boy. "I will ask her to marry me," said Mohammed, "and thereby rouse her shame!" He did so, but, unhappy youth! the Persian never even ceased fanning herself. The boy Mohammed was for once confounded.

# CHAP. XVI.

## A VISIT TO THE PROPHET'S TOMB.

Having performed the greater ablution, and used the tooth-stick as directed, and dressed ourselves in white clothes, which the Prophet loved, we were ready to start upon our holy errand. As my foot still gave me great pain, Shaykh Hamid sent for a donkey. A wretched animal appeared, raw-backed, lame of one leg, and wanting an ear, with accoutrements to match, and pack-saddle without stirrups, and a halter instead of a bridle. Such as the brute was, however, I had to mount it, and to ride through the Misri gate, to the wonder of certain Bedouins, who, like the Indians, despise the ass.

> "Honorable is the riding of a horse to the rider,
> But the mule is a dishonor, and the ass a disgrace,"

says their song. The Turkish pilgrims, however, who appear to take a pride in ignoring all Arab points of prejudice, generally mount donkeys when they cannot walk. The Bedouins therefore settled among themselves, audibly enough, that I was an Osmanli, who of course could not understand Arabic, and put the question generally, "By what curse of Allah they had been subjected to ass-riders?"

But Shaykh Hamid is lecturing me upon the subject of the mosque.

The Masjid El Nabawi, or the Prophet's Mosque, is one of the Haramayn, or the "two sanctuaries" of El Islam, and is the second of the three* most venerable

* Others add a fourth, namely, the Masjid El Takwa, at Kuba.

places of worship in the world; the other two being the Masjid El Haram at Meccah (connected with Abraham) and the Masjid El Aksa of Jerusalem (the peculiar place of Solomon). A Hadís or traditional saying of Mohammed asserts, "One prayer in this my mosque is more efficacious than a thousand in other places, save only the Masjid El Haram."* It is therefore the visitor's duty, as long as he stays at El Medinah, to pray the five times per diem there, to pass the day in it reading the Koran, and the night, if possible, in watching and devotion.

A visit to the Masjid El Nabawi, and the holy spots within it, is technically called "Ziyarat" or Visitation.† An essential difference is made between this rite and Hajj or pilgrimage. The latter is obligatory by Koranic order upon every Moslem once in his life: the former is only a meritorious action. "Tawaf," or circumambulation of the House of Allah at Meccah, must never be performed at the Prophet's tomb. This should not be visited in the Ihram or pilgrim dress; men should not kiss it, touch it with the hand, or press the bosom against it, as at the Kaabah; or rub the face with dust collected near the sepulchre; and those who prostrate themselves before it, like certain ignorant Indians, are held to be guilty of deadly sin. On the other hand, to spit upon any part of

* The Moslem divines, however, naïvely remind their readers, that they are not to pray once in the El Medinah Mosque, and neglect the other 999, as if absolved from the necessity of them. The passage in the text merely promises 1000 blessings upon that man's devotion who prays at the Prophet's Mosque.

† The visitor, who approaches the sepulchre as a matter of religious ceremony, is called "Zair," his conductor "Muzawwir," whereas the pilgrim at Meccah becomes a "Haji." The Imam Malik disapproved of a Moslem's saying, "I have visited the Prophet's Tomb," preferring him to express himself thus—"I have visited the Prophet." Others again dislike the latter formula, declaring the Prophet too venerable to be so visited by Amr and Zayd.

the Mosque, or to treat it with contempt, is held to be the act of an infidel.

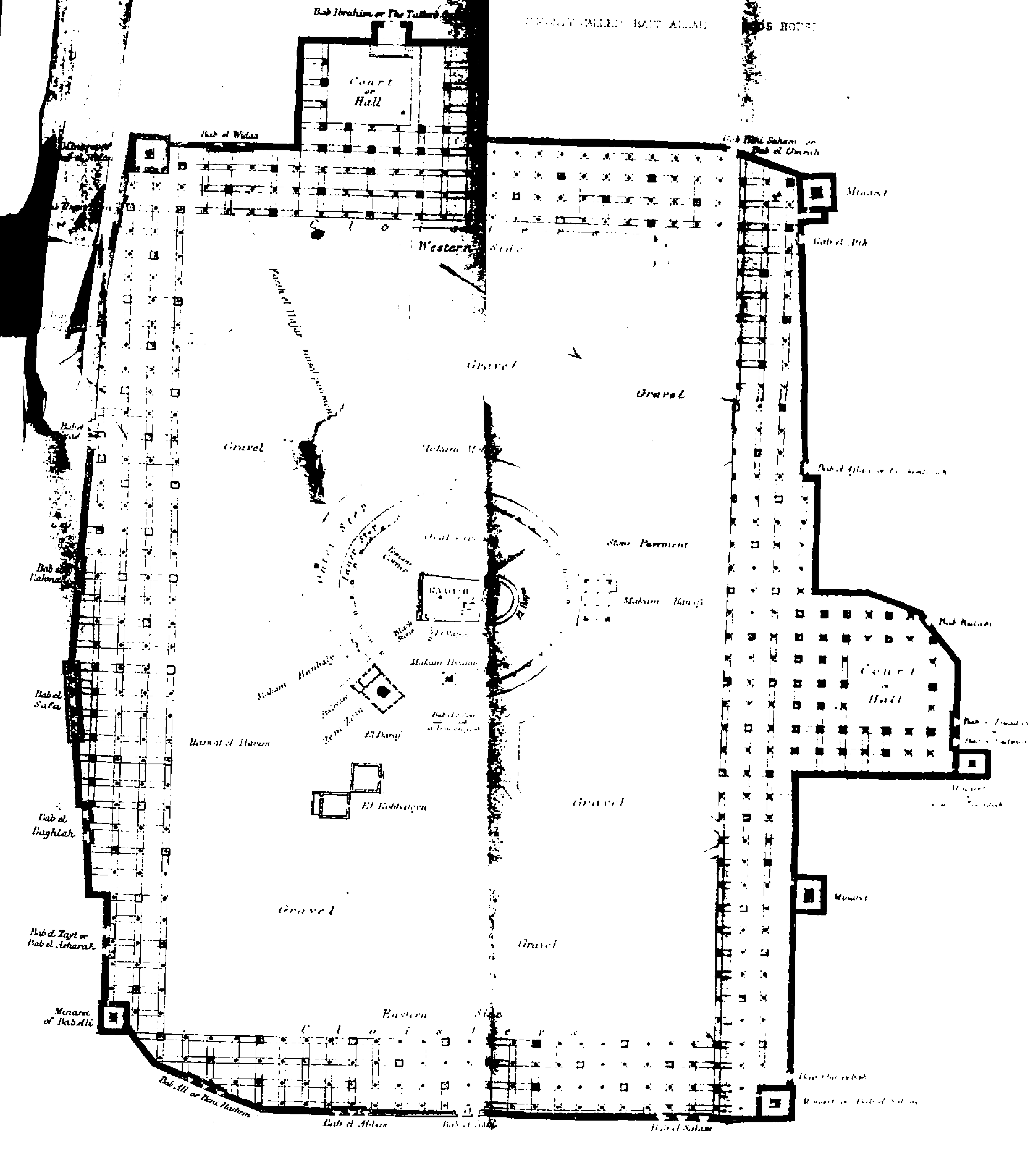
Thus learning and the religious have settled, one would have thought, accurately enough the spiritual rank and dignity of the Masjid El Nabawi. But mankind, especially in the East, must always be in extremes. The orthodox school of El Malik holds El Medinah, on account of the sanctity of, and the religious benefits to be derived from, Mohammed's tomb, more honorable than Meccah. The Wahhabis, on the other hand, rejecting the intercession of the Prophet on the day of judgment, considering the grave of a mere mortal unworthy of notice, and highly disgusted by the idolatrous respect paid to it by certain foolish Moslems, plundered the sacred building with sacrilegious violence, and forbade visitors from distant countries to enter El Medinah.* The general consensus of El Islam admits the superiority of the Bayt Allah ("House of God") at Meccah to the whole world, and declares El Medinah to be more venerable than every part of Meccah, and consequently all the earth, except only the Bayt Allah.

Passing through muddy streets,—they had been freshly watered before evening time,—I came suddenly upon the Mosque. Like that at Meccah, the approach is choked up by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy "enceinte," others separated by a lane compared with which the road round St. Paul's is a Vatican square.† There is no outer front, no general prospect of the Prophet's Mosque; consequently, as a building, it has

* In A.D. 1807, they prevented Ali Bey (the Spaniard Badia) from entering El Medinah, and it appears that he had reason to congratulate himself upon escaping without severe punishment.

† Nothing in the Spanish cathedrals suggests their Oriental origin and the taste of the people, more than the way in which they are hedged in by secular buildings.

PLAN OF ... MOSQUE AT ME...H.



neither beauty nor dignity. And entering the Bab el Rahmah * — the Gate of Pity, — by a diminutive flight of steps, I was astonished at the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Moslem world. It is not, like the Meccan Temple, grand and simple — the expression of a single sublime idea: the longer I looked at it, the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity-shop, full of ornaments that are not accessaries, and decorated with pauper splendor.

The Masjid el Nabi is a parallelogram about 420 feet in length by 340 broad, the direction of the long walls being nearly north and south. As usual in El Islam, it is a hypæthral building with a spacious central area, called El Sahn, El Hosh, El Haswah, or El Ramlah †, surrounded by a peristyle with numerous rows of pillars like the colonnades of an Italian monastery. Their arcades or porticoes are flat-ceilinged, domed above with the small "Media Naranja," or half-orange cupola of Spain, and divided into four parts by narrow passages, three or four steps below the level of the pavement. Along the whole inner length of the northern short wall runs the Mejidi Riwak, so called from the reigning Sultan.‡ The western long wall is occupied by the Riwak

* The ceremony of Ziyarat, however, begins at the Bab el Salam. We rode up to this gate only in order to avoid the sun.

† Haswah is a place covered with gravel: Ramlah, one which is sanded over. Both are equally applicable, and applied to the areas of mosques. El Sahn is the general word; El Hosh is occasionally used, but is more properly applied to the court-yard of a dwelling-house.

‡ This Riwak was begun about five or six years ago by Abd el Mejid. To judge from the size of the columns, and the other preparations which encumber the ground, this part of the building will surpass all the rest But the people of El Medinah assured me that it will not be finished for some time, — a prophecy likely to be fulfilled by the present state of Turkish finance.

of the Rahmah Gate; the eastern by that of the Bab el Nisa, the "Women's Entrance."* Embracing the inner length of the southern short wall, and deeper by nearly treble the amount of columns than the other porticoes, is the main colonnade, called El Rauzah †, the adytum containing all that is venerable in the building. These four Riwaks, arched externally, are supported internally by pillars of different shape and material, varying from fine porphyry to dirty plaster; the southern, where the sepulchre or cenotaph stands, is paved with handsome slabs of white marble and marquetry work, here and there covered with coarse matting, and above this by unclean carpets, well worn by faithful feet.‡

But this is not the time for Tafarruj, or lionizing. Shaykh Hamid warns me with a nudge, that other things are expected of a Zair. He leads me to the Bab el Salam, fighting his way through a troop of beggars, and inquires markedly if I am religiously pure.§ Then, placing our hands a little below and on the left of the waist, the palm of the right covering the back of the left, in the position of prayer, and beginning with the right feet ‖, we pace slowly forwards down the line called

* This gate derives it peculiar name from its vicinity to the Lady Fatimah's tomb; women, when they do visit the mosque, enter it through all the doors indifferently.

† It is so called by the figure synecdoche: it contains the Rauzah, or the Prophet's Garden, and therefore the whole portico enjoys that honored name.

‡ These carpets are swept by the eunuchs, who let out the office for a certain fee to pilgrims, every morning, immediately after sunrise. Their diligence, however, does by no means prevent the presence of certain little parasites, concerning which politeness is dumb.

§ Because if not pure, ablution is performed at the well in the centre of the hypæthra. Zairs are ordered to visit the mosque perfumed, and in their best clothes, and the Hanafi school deems it lawful on this occasion only to wear dresses of pure silk.

‖ In this Mosque, as in all others, it is proper to enter with the right foot, and to retire with the left.

the Muwajihat el Sharifah, or "the Holy Fronting," which, divided off like an aisle, runs parallel with the southern wall of the Mosque. On my right hand walks the Shaykh, who recites aloud the following prayer, which I repeat after him.* It is literally rendered, as, indeed, are all the formulæ, and the reader is requested to excuse the barbarous fidelity of the translation.

"In the name of Allah and in the Faith of Allah's Prophet! O Lord cause me to enter the entering of Truth, and cause me to issue forth the issuing of Truth, and permit me to draw near to thee, and make me a Sultan Victorious!" † Then follow blessings upon the Prophet, and afterwards: "O Allah! open to me the doors of thy mercy, and grant me entrance into it, and protect me from the Stoned Devil!"

During this preliminary prayer we had passed down two-thirds of the Muwajihat el Sharifah. On the left hand is a dwarf wall, about the height of a man, painted with arabesques, and pierced with four small doors which open into the Muwajihat. In this barrier are sundry small erections, the niche called the Mihrab Sulaymani ‡, the Mambar, or pulpit, and the Mihrab el Nabawi.§ The two niches are of beautiful mosaic, richly worked with various coloured marbles, and the pulpit is a graceful

* I must warn the reader that almost every Muzawwir has his own litany, which descends from father to son: moreover all the books differ at least as much as do the oral authorities.

† That is to say "over the world, the flesh, and the devil."

‡ This by strangers is called the Masalla Shafei, or the Place of Prayer of the Shafei school. It was sent from Constantinople about 100 years ago, by Sultan Sulayman the Magnificent. He built the Sulaymaniyah minaret, and has immortalised his name at El Medinah, as well as at Meccah, by the number of his donations to the shrine.

§ Here is supposed to have been one of the Prophet's favorite stations of prayer. It is commonly called the Musalla Hanafi, because now appropriated by that school.

collection of slender columns, elegant tracery, and inscriptions admirably carved. Arrived at the western small door in the dwarf wall, we entered the celebrated spot called El Rauzah, or the Garden, after a saying of the Prophet's, "Between my Tomb and my Pulpit is a Garden of the Gardens of Paradise."* On the north and west sides it is not divided from the rest of the portico; on the south lies the dwarf wall, and on the east it is limited by the west end of the lattice-work containing the tomb. Accompanied by my Muzawwir I entered the Rauzah, and was placed by him with the Mukabbariyah† behind me, fronting Meccah, with my right shoulder opposite to and about twenty feet distant from the dexter pillar of the Prophet's Pulpit.‡ There, after saying the

* This tradition, like most others referring to events posterior to the Prophet's death, is differently given, and so important are the variations, that I only admire how all El Islam does not follow Wahhabi example, and summarily consign them to oblivion. Some read "Between my dwelling-house (in the Mosque) and my Place of Prayer (in the Barr el Munakhah) is a Garden of the Gardens of Paradise." Others again, "Between my house and my pulpit is a Garden of the Gardens of Paradise." A third tradition — "Between my tomb and my pulpit is a Garden of the Gardens of Paradise, and verily my pulpit is on my Full Cistern," or "upon a Full Cistern of the Cisterns of Paradise," — has given rise to a new superstition. "Tara," according to some commentators, alludes especially to the cistern El Kausar; consequently this Rauzar is, like the black stone at Meccah, bonâ fide, a bit of Paradise, and on the day of resurrection, it shall return bodily to the place whence it came. Be this as it may, all Moslems are warned that the Rauzah is a most holy spot. None but the Prophet and his son-in-law Ali ever entered it, when ceremonially impure, without being guilty of deadly sin. The Mohammedan of the present day is especially informed that on no account must he here tell lies, or even perjure himself. Thus the Rauzah must be respected as much as the interior of the Bayt Allah at Meccah.

† This is a stone desk on four pillars, where the Muballighs (or clerks) recite the Ikamah, the call to divine service. It was presented to the mosque by Kaid-Bey, the Mamluk Sultan of Egypt.

‡ I shall have something to say about this pulpit when entering into the history of the Haram.

afternoon prayers*, I performed the usual two bows in honor of the temple†, and at the end of them recited the 109th and the 112th chapters of the Koran — the "Kul ya ayyuha'l Kafiruna," and the "Surat el Ikhlas," called also the "Kul Huw' Allah," or the Declaration of Unity; and may be thus translated:

"Say, He is the one God!"
"The eternal God!"
"He begets not, nor is he begot,"
"And unto him the like is not."

After which was performed a single Sujdah of thanks‡, in gratitude to Allah for making it my fate to visit so holy a spot. This being the recognised time to give alms, I was besieged by beggars, who spread their napkins before us on the ground sprinkled with a few coppers to excite generosity. But not wishing to be distracted by them, before leaving Hamid's house I had asked change of two dollars, and had given it to the boy Mohammed, who accompanied me, strictly charging him to make that sum

* The afternoon prayers being Farz, or obligatory, were recited, because we feared that evening might come on before the ceremony of Ziyarat (visitation) concluded, and thus the time for El Asr (afternoon prayers) might pass away. The reader may think this rather a curious forethought in a man, who, like Hamid, never prayed except when he found the case urgent. Such, however, is the strict order, and my Muzawwir was right to see it executed.

† This two-bow prayer, which generally is recited in honor of the Mosque, is here, say divines, addressed especially to the Deity by the visitor who intends to beg the intercession of his Prophet. It is only just to confess that the Moslems have done their best by all means in human power, here as well as elsewhere, to inculcate the doctrine of eternal distinction between the creature and the Creator. Many of the Maliki school, however, make the ceremony of Ziyarat to precede the prayer to the Deity.

‡ The Sujdah is a single prostration with the forehead touching the ground. It is performed from a sitting position, after the Dua or supplication that concludes the two-bow prayer. Some of the Olema, especially those of the Shafei school, permit this "Sujdah of thanks" to be performed before the two-bow prayer, if the visitor have any notable reason to be grateful.

last all through the Mosque. My answer to the beggars was a reference to my attendant, backed by the simple action of turning my pockets inside out, and whilst he was battling with the beggars, I proceeded to cast my first coup-d'œil upon the Rauzah.

The "Garden" is the most elaborate part of the Mosque. Little can be said in its praise by day, when it bears the same relation to a second-rate church in Rome as an English chapel-of-ease to Westminster Abbey. It is a space of about eighty feet in length, tawdrily decorated so as to resemble a garden. The carpets are flowered, and the pediments of the columns are cased with bright green tiles, and adorned to the height of a man with gaudy and unnatural vegetation in arabesque. It is disfigured by handsome branched candelabras of cut crystal, the work, I believe, of a London house, and presented to the shrine by the late Abbas Pacha of Egypt.* The only admirable feature of the view is the light cast by the windows of stained glass† in the southern wall. Its peculiar background, the railing of the tomb, a splendid filagree-work of green and polished brass, gilt or made to resemble gold, looks more picturesque near than at a distance, when it suggests the idea of a gigantic bird-cage. But at night the eye, dazzled by oil-lamps suspended from the roof‡, by huge wax candles, and by smaller illuminations falling upon crowds of visitors in handsome attire, with the richest and the noblest of the city sitting in congregation when service is performed§, becomes less critical. Still the scene must be viewed with a Moslem's spirit,

* The candles are still sent from Cairo.

† These windows are a present from Kaid-Bey, the Mamluk Sultan of Egypt.

‡ These oil lamps are a present from the Sultan.

§ The five daily liturgies are here recited by Imams, and every one presses to the spot on account of its peculiar sanctity.

and until a man is thoroughly embued with the East, the last place the Rauzah will remind him of, is that which the architect primarily intended it to resemble — a garden.

Then with Hamid, professionally solemn, I reassumed the position of prayer, as regards the hands; and retraced my steps. After passing through another small door in the dwarf wall that bounds the Muwajihah, we did not turn to the right, which would have led us to the Bab el Salam; our course was in an opposite direction, towards the eastern wall of the temple. Meanwhile we repeated, "Verily Allah and his Angels bless* the Prophet! O ye who believe, bless him, and salute him with honor!" At the end of this prayer, we arrived at the Mausoleum, which requires some description before the reader can understand the nature of our proceedings there.

The Hujrah † or "Chamber" as it is called, from the

* In Moslem theology "Salat" from Allah means mercy, from the angels intercession for pardon, and from mankind blessing.

The act of blessing the Prophet is one of peculiar efficacy in a religious point of view. Cases are quoted of sinners being actually snatched from hell by a glorious figure, the personification of the blessings which had been called down by them upon Mohammed's head. This most poetical idea is borrowed, I believe, from the ancient Guebres, who fabled that a man's good works assumed a beautiful female shape, which stood to meet his soul when wending its way to judgment. Also when a Moslem blesses Mohammed at El Medinah, his sins are not written down for three days — thus allowing ample margin for repentance — by the recording angel. El Malakayn (the two Angels), or Karim el Katibin (the Generous Writers), are mere personifications of the good principle and the evil principle of man's nature; they are fabled to occupy each a shoulder, and to keep a list of words and deeds. This is certainly borrowed from a more ancient faith. In Hermas II. (command. 6), we are told that "every man has two angels, one of godliness, the other of iniquity," who endeavour to secure his allegiance, — a superstition seemingly founded upon the dualism of the old Persians. Mediæval Europe, which borrowed so much from the East at the time of the Crusades, degraded these angels into good and bad fairies for children's stories.

† Burckhardt writes this word Hedjra (which means "flight"). Nor is M. Caussin de Perceval's "El Hadjarat" less erroneous. At Medinah it is

circumstance of its having been Ayisha's room, is an irregular square of from 50 to 55 feet in the S.E. corner of the building, and separated on all sides from the walls of the Mosque by a passage about 26 feet broad on the S. side, and 20 on the eastern. The reason of this isolation has been before explained, and there is a saying of Mohammed's, "O Allah, cause not my tomb to become an object of idolatrous adoration! May Allah's wrath fall heavy upon the people who make the tombs of their prophets places of prayer!"* Inside there are, or are supposed to be, three tombs facing the south, surrounded by stone walls without any aperture, or, as others say, by strong planking.† Whatever this material may be, it is hung outside with a curtain, somewhat like a large four-post bed. The outer railing is separated by a dark narrow passage from the inner, which it surrounds, and is of iron filagree painted of a vivid grass green,—with a view to the garden,—whilst carefully inserted in the verdure, and doubly bright by contrast, is the gilt or burnished brass work forming the long and graceful letters of the Suls character, and disposed into the Moslem creed, the pro-

invariably called El Hujrah—the chamber. The chief difficulty in distinguishing the two words, meaning "chamber" and "flight," arises from our only having one *h* to represent the hard and soft *h* of Arabic (حجرة and هجرة).

In the case of common saints, the screen or railing round the cenotaph is called a "Maksurah."

* Yet Mohammed enjoined his followers to frequent grave-yards. "Visit graves; of a verity they shall make you think of futurity!" and again, "Whoso visiteth the grave of his two parents every Friday, or one of the two, he shall be written a pious child, even though he might have been in the world, before that, disobedient to them."

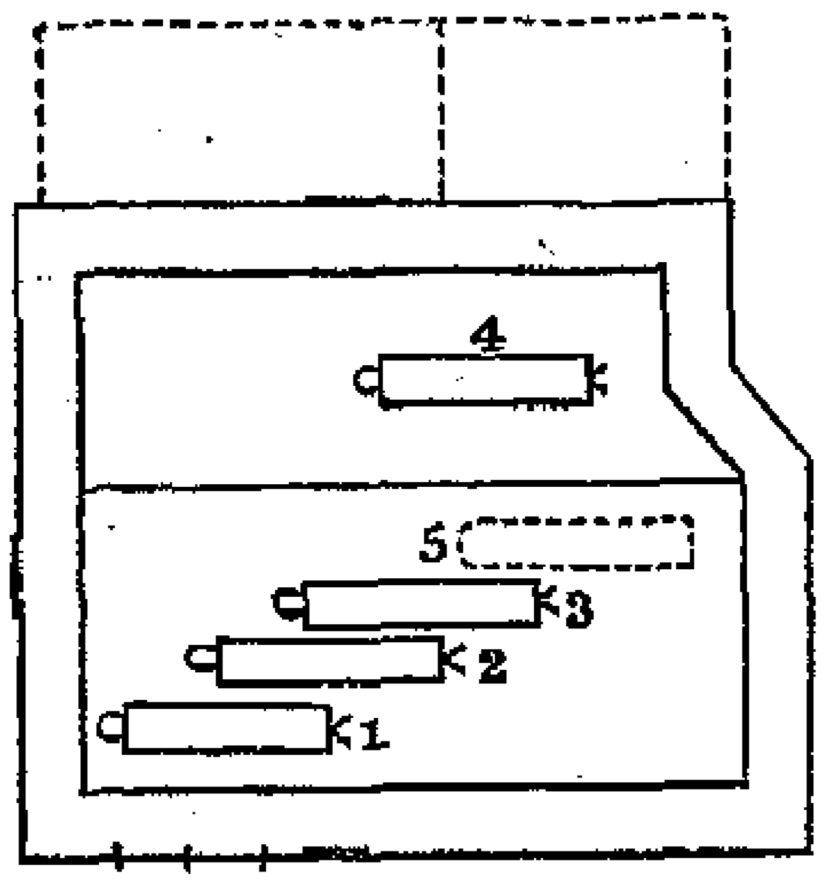
† The truth is, no one knows what is there. I have even heard a learned Persian declare that there is no wall behind the curtain, which hangs so loosely that, when the wind blows against it, it defines the form of a block of marble, or a built-up tomb. I believe this to be wholly apocryphal, for reasons which will presently be offered.

fession of unity, and similar religious sentences. On the south side, for greater honor, the railing is plated over with silver, and silver letters are interlaced with it. This fence, which connects the columns and forbids passage to all men, may be compared to the baldacchino of Roman churches. It has four gates: that to the south is the Bab el Muwajihah; eastward is the gate of our Lady Fatimah; westward the Bab el Taubah (of repentance), opening into the Rauzah or garden, and to the north, the Bab el Shami or Syrian gate. They are constantly kept closed, except the fourth, which admits, into the dark narrow passage above alluded to, the officers who have charge of the treasures there deposited, and the eunuchs who sweep the floor, light the lamps, and carry away the presents sometimes thrown in here by devotees.* In the southern side of the fence are three windows, holes about half a foot square, and placed from four to five feet above the ground; they are said to be between three and four cubits distant from the Prophet's head. The most westerly of these is supposed to front Mohammed's tomb, wherefore it is called the Shubak el Nabi, or the Prophet's window. The next, on the right as you front it, is Abubekr's, and the most easterly of the three is Omar's. Above the Hujrah is the Green Dome, surmounted outside by a large gilt crescent springing from a series of globes. The glowing imaginations of the Moslems crown this gem of the building with a pillar of heavenly light, which directs from three days' distance the pilgrims' steps towards El Medinah. But alas! none save holy men (and perhaps, odylic sensitives), whose

* The peculiar place where the guardians of the tomb sit and confabulate is the Dakkat el Aghawat (eunuch's bench) or el Mayda—the table—a raised bench of stone and wood, on the north side of the Hujrah. The remaining part of this side is partitioned off from the body of the mosque by a dwarf wall, inclosing the "Khasafat el Sultan," the place where Fakihs are perpetually engaged in Khitmahs, or perusals of the Koran, on behalf of the reigning Sultan.

material organs are piercing as their vision is spiritual, are allowed the privilege of beholding this poetic splendor.

Arrived at the Shubak el Nabi, Hamid took his stand about six feet or so out of reach of the railing, and at that repectful distance from, and facing* the Hazirah (or presence), with hands raised as in prayer, he recited the following supplication in a low voice, telling me in a stage whisper to repeat it after him with awe, and fear, and love.




1. Mohammed.
2. Abubekr.
3. Omar.
4. Fatimah's tomb.
5. The dotted space left empty for Isa.

"Peace be upon thee, O Prophet of Allah, and the mercy of Allah and his blessings! Peace be upon thee, O Prophet of Allah! Peace be upon thee, O friend of Allah! Peace be upon thee, O best of Allah's creation! Peace be upon thee, O pure creature of Allah! Peace be upon thee, O chief of Prophets! Peace be upon thee, O seal of the Prophets! Peace be upon thee, O prince of the pious! Peace be upon thee, O Prophet of the Lord of the (three) worlds! Peace be upon thee, and upon thy family, and upon thy pure wives! Peace be upon thee, and upon all thy companions! Peace be upon thee, and upon all the Prophets, and upon those sent to preach Allah's word! Peace be upon thee, and upon all Allah's righteous worshippers! Peace be upon thee, O thou bringer of glad tidings! Peace be upon thee, O bearer of threats! Peace be upon thee, O thou bright

* The ancient practice of El Islam during the recitation of the following benedictions was to face Meccah, the back being turned towards the tomb, and to form a mental image of the Prophet, supposing him to be in front. El Kirmani and other doctors prefer this as the more venerable custom, but in these days it is completely exploded, and the purist would probably be soundly bastinadoed by the eunuchs for attempting it.

lamp! Peace be upon thee, O thou Prophet of mercy! Peace be upon thee, O ruler of thy faith! Peace be upon thee, O opener of grief! Peace be upon thee! and Allah bless thee! and Allah repay thee for us, O thou Prophet of Allah! the choicest of blessings with which he ever blessed prophet! Allah bless thee as often as mentioners have mentioned thee, and forgetters have forgotten thee! And Allah bless thee among the first and the last, with the best, the highest, and the fullest of blessings ever bestowed on man, even as we escaped error by means of thee, and were made to see after blindness, and after ignorance were directed into the right way. I bear witness that there is no god but Allah, and I testify that thou art his servant, and his prophet, and his faithful follower, and best creature. And I bear witness, O Prophet of Allah! that thou hast delivered thy message, and discharged thy trust, and advised thy faith, and opened grief, and published proofs, and fought valiantly for thy Lord, and worshipped thy God till certainty came to thee (*i. e.* to the hour of death); and we thy friends, O Prophet of Allah appear before thee travellers from distant lands and far countries, through dangers and difficulties, in the times of darkness, and in the hours of day, longing to give thee thy rights (*i. e.* to honor thee by benediction and visitation), and to obtain the blessings of thine intercession, for our sins have broken our backs, and thou intercedest with the Healer. And Allah said*, 'And though they have injured themselves, they came to thee, and begged thee to secure their pardon, and they found God an acceptor of penitence, and full of compassion.' O Prophet of Allah, intercession! intercession! intercession!† O

* This is the usual introduction to a quotation from the Koran.

† It may easily be conceived how offensive this must be to the Wahhabis, who consider it blasphemy to assert that a mere man can stand between the Creator and the creature on the last day.

Allah, bless Mohammed and Mohammed's family, and give him superiority and high rank, even as thou didst promise him, and graciously allow us to conclude this visitation. I deposit on this spot, and near thee, O Prophet of God, my everlasting profession (of faith) from this our day, to the day of judgment, that there is no god but Allah, and that our Lord Mohammed is his servant, and his Prophet.* Amen! O Lord of the (three) worlds!' "†

After which, performing Ziyarat for ourselves‡, we repeated the Fatihah or "opening" chapter of the Koran.

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!

"Praise be to Allah, who the (three) worlds made.

"The Merciful, the Compassionate.

"The King of the day of Faith.

"Thee (alone) do we worship, and of thee (alone) do we ask aid.

"Guide us to the path that is straight—

"The path of those for whom thy love is great, not those on whom is hate, nor they that deviate.

* This is called the Testification. Like the Fatihah, it is repeated at every holy place and tomb visited at El Medinah.

† Burckhardt mentions that in his day, among other favors supplicated in prayer to the Deity, the following request was made,—"Destroy our enemies, and may the torments of hell-fire be their lot!" I never heard it at the Prophet's tomb.

As the above benediction is rather a long one, the Zair is allowed to shorten it à discrétion, but on no account to say less than "Peace be upon thee, O Prophet of Allah"— this being the gist of the ceremony.

‡ Though performing Ziyarat for myself, I had promised my old Shaykh at Cairo to recite a Fatihah in his name at the Prophet's tomb; so a double recitation fell to my lot. If acting Zair for another person (a common custom we read, even in the days of El Walid, the Caliph of Damascus), you are bound to mention your principal's name at the beginning of the benediction, thus: "Peace be upon thee, O Prophet of Allah, from such a one, the son of such a one, who wants thine intercession, and begs for pardon and mercy." Most Zairs recite Fatihahs for all their friends and relations at the tomb.

"Amen! O Lord of Angels, Jinns, and men!"*

After reciting this mentally with upraised hands, the forefinger of the right hand being extended to its full length, we drew our palms down our faces and did alms-deeds, a vital part of the ceremony. Thus concludes the first part of the ceremony of visitation at the Prophet's tomb.

Hamid then stepped about a foot and a half to the right, and I followed his example, so as to place myself exactly opposite the second aperture in the grating called Abubekr's window. There, making a sign towards the mausoleum, we addressed its inmate, as follows:—

"Peace be upon thee, O Abubekr, O thou truthful one! Peace be upon thee, O caliph of Allah's Prophet over his people! Peace be upon thee, O Companion of the Cave, and friend in travel! Peace be upon thee, O thou banner of the Fugitives and the Auxiliaries! I testify thou didst ever stand firm in the right way, and wast a smiter of the Infidel, and a benefactor to thine own people. Allah grant thee through his Prophet weal! We pray Almighty God to cause us to die in thy friendship, and to raise us up in company with his Prophet and thyself, even as he hath mercifully vouchsafed to us this visitation."†

After which we closed one more step to the right, and standing opposite Omar's window, the most easterly of the three, after making a sign with our hands, we addressed the just Caliph in these words:—

"Peace be upon thee, O Omar! O thou just one! thou

* I have endeavoured in this translation to imitate the imperfect rhyme of the original Arabic. Such an attempt, however, is full of difficulties: the Arabic is a language in which, like Italian, it is almost impossible not to rhyme.

† It will not be necessary to inform the reader more than once that all these several divisions of prayer ended with the Testification and the Fatihah.

prince of true believers! Peace be upon thee, who spakest with truth, and who madest thy word agree with the Strong Book! (the Koran), O thou Faruk!* O thou faithful one! who girdedst thy loins with the Prophet, and the first believers, and with them didst make up the full number forty†, and thus causedst to be accomplished the Prophet's prayer‡, and then didst return to thy God a martyr leaving the world with praise! Allah grant thee, through his Prophet and his Caliph and his followers, the best of good, and may Allah feel in thee all satisfaction!"

Shaykh Hamid, after wrenching a beggar or two from my shoulders, then permitted me to draw near to the little window, called the Prophet's, and to look in. Here my proceedings were watched with suspicious eyes. The Persians have sometimes managed to pollute the part near Abubekr's and Omar's graves by tossing through the aperture what is externally a handsome shawl intended as a present for the tomb.§ After straining my eyes for a

* Faruk,—the separator,—a title of Omar.

† When the number of the Ashab or "Companions" was thirty-nine, they were suddenly joined by Omar, who thus became the fortieth.

‡ It is said that Mohammed prayed long for the conversion of Omar to El Islam, knowing his sterling qualities, and the aid he would lend to the establishment of the faith.

§ This foolish fanaticism has lost many an innocent life, for the Arabs on these occasions seize their sabres, and cut down every Persian they meet. Still, bigoted Shiahs persist in practising and applauding it, and the man who can boast at Shiraz of having defiled Abubekr's, Omar's, or Osman's tomb becomes at once a lion and a hero. I suspect that on some occasions when the people of El Medinah are anxious for an "avanie," they get up some charge of the kind against the Persians. So the Meccans have sometimes found these people guilty of defiling the house of Allah — at which infidel act a Shiah would shudder as much as a Sunni. This style of sacrilege is, we read, of ancient date in Arabia. Nafil, the Hejazi, polluted the Kilis (Christian church) erected by Abrahah of Sanaa to outshine the Kaabah, and draw off worshippers from Meccah. The outrage caused the celebrated "affair of the Elephant." (See D'Herbelot, Bibl. Or., v. "Abrahah."

time I saw a curtain*, or rather hangings, with three inscriptions in long gold letters, informing readers, that behind them lie Allah's Prophet and the two first caliphs. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is moreover distinguished by a large pearl rosary, and a peculiar ornament, the celebrated Kaukab el Durri, or constellation of pearls, suspended to the curtain breast high.† This is described to be a "brilliant star set in diamonds and pearls," and placed in the dark in order that man's eye may be able to bear its splendors: the vulgar believe it to be a "jewel of the jewels of Paradise." To me it greatly resembled the round stoppers of glass, used for the humbler sorts of decanters, but I never saw it quite

* Burckhardt, with his usual accuracy, asserts that a new curtain is sent when the old one is decayed, or when a new Sultan ascends the throne, and those authors err who, like Maundrell, declare the curtain to be removed every year.

The Damascus caravan conveys, together with its Mahmal or emblem of royalty, the new Kiswah (or "garment") when required for the tomb. It is put on by the eunuchs, who enter the baldaquin by its northern gate at night time, and there is a superstitious story amongst the people that they guard their eyes with veils against the supernatural splendors which pour from the tomb.

The Kiswah is a black, purple, or green brocade, embroidered with white or with silver letters. A piece in my possession, the gift of Umar Effendi is a handsome silk and cotton Damascus brocade, with white letters worked in it — manifestly the produce of manual labour, not the poor dull work of machinery. It contains the formula of the Moslem faith in the cursive style of the Suls character, seventy-two varieties of which are enumerated by caligraphers. Nothing can be more elegant or appropriate than its appearance. The old curtain is usually distributed amongst the officers of the mosque, and sold in bits to pilgrims; in some distant Moslem countries, the possessor of such a relic would be considered a saint. When treating of the history of the mosque, some remarks will be offered about the origin of this curtain.

† The place of the Prophet's head is, I was told, marked by a fine Koran hung up to the curtain. This volume is probably a successor to the relic formerly kept there, the Cufic Koran belonging to Osman, the fourth caliph, which Burckhardt supposes to have perished in the conflagration which destroyed the mosque.

near enough to judge fairly of it, and did not think fit to pay an exorbitant sum for the privilege of entering the inner passage of the baldaquin.* Altogether the coup-d'œil had nothing to recommend it by day. At night, when the lamps hung in this passage shed a dim light upon the mosaic work of the marble floors, upon the glittering inscriptions, and the massive hangings, the scene is more likely to become "ken-speckle."

Never having seen the tomb†, I must depict it from books,—by no means an easy task. Most of the historians are silent after describing the inner walls of the Hujrah. El Kalkashandi declares "in eo lapidem nobilem continere sepulchra Apostoli, Abubecr et Omar, circumcinctum peribole in modum conclavis fere usque ad tectum assurgente quæ velo serico nigro obligatur." This author, then, agrees with my Persian friends, who declare the sepulchre to be a marble slab. Ibn Jubayr, who travelled A. H. 580, relates that the Prophet's coffin is a box of ebony (abnus) covered with sandal-wood, and plated with silver; it is placed, he says, behind a curtain, and surrounded by an iron grating. El Samanhudi‡, quoted by Burckhardt,

* The eunuchs of the tomb have the privilege of admitting strangers. In this passage are preserved the treasures of the place; they are a "Bayt Mal el Muslimin," or public treasury of the Moslems; therefore to be employed by the Caliph (*i. e.* the reigning Sultan) for the exigencies of the faith. The amount is said to be enormous, which I doubt.

† And I might add, never having seen one who has seen it. Niebuhr is utterly incorrect in his hearsay description of it. It is not "enclosed within iron railings for fear lest the people might superstitiously offer worship to the ashes of the Prophet." The tomb is not "of plain mason-work in the form of a chest," nor does any one believe that it is "placed within or between two other tombs, in which rest the ashes of the two first caliphs." The traveller appears to have lent a credulous ear to the eminent Arab merchant, who told him that a guard was placed over the tomb to prevent the populace scraping dirt from about it, and preserving it as a relic.

‡ Burckhardt writes this author's name El Samhoudy, and in this he is followed by all our popular book-makers. Moslems have three ways of

declares that the curtain covers a square building of black stones, in the interior of which are the tombs of Mohammed and his two immediate successors. He adds that the tombs are deep holes, and that the coffin which contains the Prophet is cased with silver, and has on the top a marble slab inscribed "Bismillah! Allahumma salli alayh!" ("In the name of Allah! Allah have mercy upon him!")*

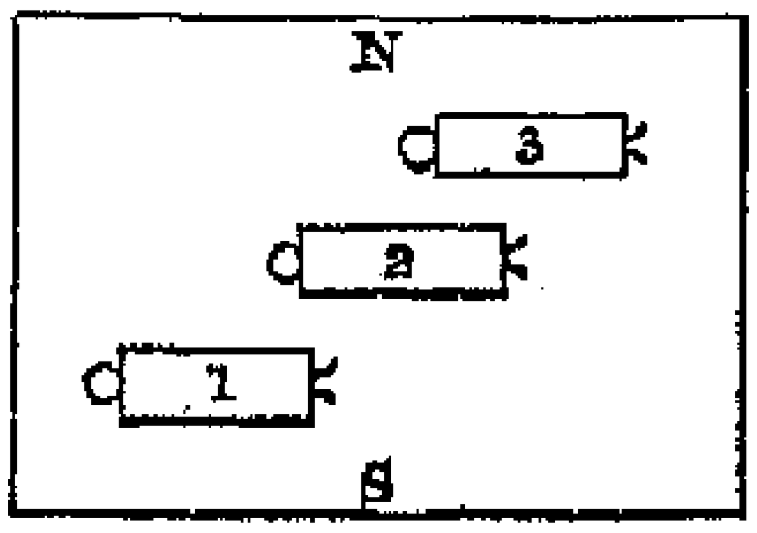
The Prophet's body, it should be remembered, lies, or is supposed to lie, stretched at full length on the right side, with the right palm supporting the right cheek, the face fronting Meccah, as Moslems are always buried, and consequently the body lies with the head almost to due West and the feet to due East. Close behind him is placed Abubekr, whose face fronts the Prophet's shoulder†, and lastly Omar holds the same position with respect to his

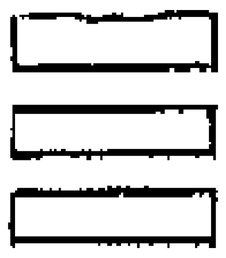
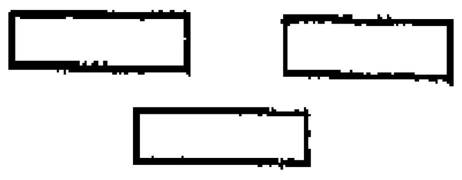
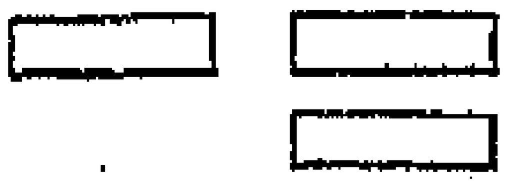
spelling it: 1. El Samhudi, 2. El Samahnudi, and 3. El Samanhudi. I prefer the latter, believing that the learned Shaykh, Nur El Din Ali bin Abdullah El Hasani (or El Husayni) was originally from Samanhud in Egypt, the ancient Sebennitis. He died in A.H. 911, and was buried in the Bakia cemetery.

* Burckhardt, however, must be in error when he says "The tombs are also covered with precious stuffs, and in the shape of catafalques, like that of Ibrahim in the great mosque of Meccah." The eunuchs positively declare that no one ever approaches the tomb, and that he who ventured to do so would at once be blinded by the supernatural light. Moreover the historians of El Medinah all quote tales of certain visions of the Prophet, directing his tomb to be cleared of dust that had fallen upon it from above, in which case some man celebrated for piety and purity was *let through a hole in the roof*, by cords, down to the tomb, with directions to wipe it with his beard. This style of ingress is explained by another assertion of El Samanhudi, quoted by Burckhardt. In A. H. 892, when Kaid Bey rebuilt the mosque, which had been destroyed by lightning, three deep graves were found in the inside, full of rubbish, but the author of this history, who himself entered it, saw no traces of tombs. The original place of Mohammed's tomb was ascertained with great difficulty; the walls of the Hujrah *were then rebuilt*, and the iron railing placed round it, which is now there."

† Upon this point authors greatly disagree. Ibn Jubayr, for instance, says, that Abubekr's head is opposite the Prophet's feet, and that Omar's face is on a level with Abubekr's shoulder.

predecessor. The places they are usually supposed to occupy, then, would be thus disposed. But




Moslem historians are not agreed even upon so simple a point as this. Many prefer this position, in line ; some thus, in unicorn, , and others the right angle.* 

It is popularly believed that in the Hujrah there is now spare place for only a single grave, which is reserved for Isa bin Maryam after his second coming. The historians of El Islam are full of tales proving that though many of their early saints, as Osman the Caliph and Hasan the Imam, were desirous of being buried there, and that although Ayisha, to whom the room belonged, willingly acceded to their wishes, son of man has as yet been unable to occupy it.

After the Fatihah pronounced at Omar's tomb, and the short inspection of the Hujrah, Shaykh Hamid led me round the south-east corner of the baldaquin.† Turning

* The vulgar story of the suspended coffin has been explained in two ways. Niebuhr supposes it to have arisen from the rude drawings sold to strangers. Mr. William Bankes (Giovanni Finati, vol. ii. p. 289.) more sensibly believes that the mass of rock popularly described as hanging unsupported in the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem was confounded by Christians, who could not have seen either of these Moslem shrines, with the Prophet's Tomb at El Medinah.

† Some Moslems end their Ziyarat at the Prophet's Tomb; others, instead of advancing, as I did, return to the Prophet's window, pray, and beg pardon for their parents and themselves, and ask all they desire, concluding with prayers to the Almighty. Thence they repair to the Rauzah or Garden, and standing at the column called after Abu Lubabah, pray a two-prostration prayer there; concluding with the "Dua," or benediction upon the Prophet, and there repeat these words: "O Allah, thou hast said, and thy word is true, 'Say, O Lord pardon and show mercy; for thou art the best of the Merciful.' (chap. 23.) O God, verily we have heard thy

towards the north we stopped at what is commonly called the Mahbat Jibrail ("Place of the Archangel Gabriel's Descent with the Heavenly Revelations"), or simply El Malaikah — the Angels. It is a small window in the eastern wall of the mosque; we turned our backs upon it, and fronting the Hujrah, recited the following prayer:—

"Peace be upon you, ye Angels of Allah, the Mukarrabin (cherubs), and the Musharrifin (seraphs), the pure, the holy, honored by the dwellers in heaven, and by those who abide upon the earth. O beneficent Lord! O long-suffering! O Almighty! O Pitier! O thou Compassionate One! perfect our light, and pardon our sins, and accept penitence for our offences, and cause us to die among the holy! Peace be upon ye, Angels of the Merciful, one and all! And the mercy of God and his blessings be upon you!" After which I was shown the spot in the Hujrah where Sayyidna Isa shall be buried* by Mohammed's side.

word, and we come for intercession to thy Prophet from our own sins, repenting our errors, and confessing our shortcomings and transgressions! O Allah, pity us, and by the dignity of thy Prophet raise our place (in the heavenly Kingdom)! O Allah, pardon our brothers who have preceded us in the Faith!" Then the Zair prays for himself, and his parents, and for those he loves. He should repeat, "Allah have mercy upon thee, O Prophet of Allah!" seventy times, when an angel will reply, "Allah bless thee, O thou blesser!" Then he should sit before the pulpit, and mentally conceive in it the Prophet surrounded by the Fugitives and the Auxiliaries. Some place the right hand upon the pulpit, even as Mohammed used to do.

The Zair then returns to the column of Abu Lubabah, and repents his sins, there. Secondly, he stands in prayer at Ali's pillar in front of the form. And, lastly, he repairs to the Ustuwanat el Ashab, (the Companions' Column,) the fourth distant from the pulpit on the right, and the third from the Hujrah on the left; here he prays, and meditates, and blesses Allah and the Prophet. After which he proceeds to visit the rest of the holy places.

* It is almost unnecessary to inform the reader that all Moslems deny the personal suffering of Christ, cleaving to the heresy of the Christian Docetes, — certain "beasts in the shape of men," as they are called in the Epistles of Ignatius to the Smyrneans, — who believed that a phantom was crucified in our Saviour's place. They also hold to the second coming of

Then turning towards the west, at a point where there is a break in the symmetry of the Hujrah, we arrived at the sixth station, the sepulchre or cenotaph of the Lady Fatimah. Her grave is outside the enceinte and the curtain which surrounds her father's remains, so strict is Moslem decorum, and so exalted its opinion of the "Virgin's"* delicacy; the eastern side of the Hujrah, here turning a little westward, interrupting the shape of the square, in order to give this spot the appearance of disconnection with the rest of the building. The tomb, seen through a square aperture like those above described, is a long catafalque, covered with a black pall. Though there is great doubt whether the Lady be not buried with her son Hasan in the Bakia cemetery, this place is always visited by the pious Moslem. The following is the prayer opposite the grave of the amiable Fatimah: —

"Peace be upon thee, daughter of the Messenger of Allah! Peace be upon thee, daughter of the Prophet of Allah! Peace be upon thee, thou daughter of Mustafa! Peace be upon thee, thou mother of the Shurafa!† Peace be upon thee, O Lady amongst women! Peace be upon thee, O fifth of the Ahl El Kisa!‡ Peace be upon thee,

the Lord in the flesh, as a forerunner to Mohammed, who shall reappear shortly before the day of judgment.

Bartema (Appendix 2.) relates a story concerning the Saviour's future tomb.

* This epithet will be explained below. The reader must bear in mind, that this part of the Haram was formerly the house of Ali and Fatimah; it was separated from the Hujrah — the abode of Mohammed and Ayisha — only by a narrow brick wall, with a window in it, which was never shut. Umar Bin Abd-el-Aziz enclosed it in the mosque, by order of El Walid, A. H. 90.

† Plural of Sherif, a descendant of Mohammed.

‡ The "people of the garment," so called, because on one occasion the Prophet wrapped his cloak around himself, his daughter, his son-in-law, and his two grandsons, thereby separating them in dignity from other Moslems.

O Zahra and Batul! * Peace be upon thee, O daughter of the Prophet! Peace be upon thee, O spouse of our lord Ali El Murtaza! Peace be upon thee, O mother of Hasan and Husayn, the two moons, the two lights, the two pearls, the two princes of the youth of heaven, and coolness of the eyes † of true believers! Peace be upon thee and upon thy sire, El Mustafa, and thy husband, our lord Ali! Allah honor his face, and thy face, and thy father's face in Paradise, and thy two sons the Hasanayn! And the mercy of Allah and his blessings!"

We then broke away as we best could from the crowd of female "askers," who have established their Lares and Penates under the shadow of the Lady's wing, and, advancing a few paces, we fronted to the north, and recited a prayer in honor of Hamzah, and the martyrs who lie buried at the foot of Mount Ohod.‡ We then turned to the right, and, fronting the easterly wall, prayed for the souls of the blessed whose mortal spirits repose within El Bakia's hallowed circuit.§

After this we returned to the southern wall of the Mosque, and, facing towards Meccah, we recited the following supplication:—"O Allah! (three times repeated)

* Burckhardt translates "Zahra" "bright blooming Fatimah." This I believe to be the literal meaning of the epithet. When thus applied, however, it denotes "virginem τα καταμηνια nescientem," in which state of purity the daughter of the Prophet is supposed to have lived. For the same reason she is called El Batul, the Virgin,—a title given by Eastern Christians to the Mother of our Lord. The perpetual virginity of Fatimah, even after the motherhood, is a point of orthodoxy in El Islam.

† "Meaning joy and gladness in the sight of true believers."

‡ The prayer is now omitted, in order to avoid the repetition of it when describing a visit to Mount Ohod.

§ The prayers usually recited here are especially in honor of Abbas, Hasan, (Ali, called) Zayn El Abidin, Osman, the Lady Halimah, the Martyrs, and the Mothers of the Moslems, *i. e.* the Prophet's wives), buried in the holy cemetery. When describing a visit to El Bakia, they will be translated at full length.

O Compassionate! O Beneficent! O Requiter (of good and evil)! O Prince! O Ruler! O ancient of Benefits! O Omniscient! O thou who givest when asked, and who aidest when aid is required, accept this our Visitation, and preserve us from dangers, and make easy our affairs, and expand our chests *, and receive our prostration, and requite us according to our good deeds, and turn not our evil deeds against us, and place not over us one who feareth not thee, and one who pitieth not us, and write safety and health upon us and upon thy slaves, the Hujjaj, and the Ghuzzat, and the Zawwar †, and the home-dwellers and the wayfarers of the Moslems, by land and by sea, and pardon those of the faith of our lord Mohammed one and all!"

From the southern wall we returned to the "Prophet's Window," where we recited the following tetrastich and prayer.

"O Mustafa! verily, I stand at thy door,
A man, weak and fearful, by reason of my sins:
If thou aid me not, O Prophet of Allah!
I die—for, in the world there is none generous as thou art!"

"Of a truth, Allah and his Angels bless the Prophet! O ye who believe, bless him and salute him with salutation!‡ O Allah! verily I implore thy pardon, and supplicate thine aid in this world as in the next! O Allah! O Allah! abandon us not in this holy place to the consequences of our sins without pardoning them, or to our griefs without consoling them, or to our fears, O Allah! without removing them. And blessings and salutation to thee, O Prince of Prophets, Commissioned (to preach the word), and praise to Allah the lord of the (three) worlds!"

* That is to say, "gladden our hearts."

† Hujjaj is the plural of Hajj—pilgrims; Ghuzzat, of Ghazi—crusaders; and Zawwar of Zair—visitors to Mohammed's tomb.

‡ "Taslim" is "to say Salam" to a person.

We turned away from the Hujrah, and after gratifying a meek-looking but exceedingly importunate Indian beggar, who insisted on stunning me with the Chapter Y, S.*, we fronted southwards, and taking care that our backs should not be in a line with the Prophet's face, stood opposite the niche called Mihrab Osman. There Hamid proceeded with another supplication. "O Allah! (three times repeated), O Safeguard of the fearful, and defender of those who trust in thee, and pitier of the weak, the poor, and the destitute! accept us, O Beneficent! and pardon us, O Merciful! and receive our penitence, O Compassionate! and have mercy upon us, O Forgiver!—for verily none but thou can remit sin! Of a truth thou alone knowest the hidden and veilest man's transgressions: veil, then, our offences, and pardon our sins, and expand our chests, and cause our last words at the supreme hour of life to be the words, 'There is no god but Allah, and our lord Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah!' O Allah! cause us to live according to this saying, O thou Giver of life; and make us to die in this faith, O thou Ruler of death! And the best of blessings and the completest of salutations upon the sole Lord of Intercession, our Lord Mohammed and his family, and his companions one and all!"

Lastly, we returned to the Garden†, and prayed another two-bow prayer, ending, as we began, with the worship of the Creator.

* * * * * *

Unfortunately for me, the boy Mohammed had donned

* The Ya Sin (Y, S), the 36th chapter of the Koran, frequently recited by those whose profession it is to say such masses for the benefit of living, as well as of dead, sinners. Most educated Moslems commit it to memory.

† Some Zairs, after praying at the Caliph Osman's niche, leave the mosque, especially when the "Jamaat," or public worship, is not being performed in the Rauzah. Others, as we did, pray alone in the Garden, and many authors prefer this conclusion to Visitation, for the reason above given.

that grand embroidered coat. At the end of the ceremony the Aghas, or eunuchs of the Mosque, — a race of men considered respectable by their office, and prone to make themselves respected by the freest administration of club law, — assembled in El Rauzah to offer me the congratulation "Ziyaratak Mubarak" — "Blessed be thy Visitation," and to demand fees. Then came the Sakka, or water-carrier of the Zem Zem *, offering a tinned saucer filled from the holy source. And lastly I was beset by beggars, — some, mild beggars and picturesque who sat upon the ground immersed in the contemplation of their napkins; others, angry beggars who cursed if they were not gratified; and others noisy and petulant beggars, especially the feminine party near the Lady's tomb, who captured me by the skirt of my garment, compelling me to ransom myself. There were, besides, pretty beggars, boys who held out the right hand on the score of good looks; ugly beggars, emaciated rascals whose long hair, dirt, and leanness entitled them to charity; and lastly, the blind, the halt, and the diseased, who, as sons of the Holy City, demanded from the Faithful that support with which they could not provide themselves. Having been compelled by my companions, highly against my inclination, to become a man of rank, I was obliged to pay in proportion, and my almoner in the handsome coat, as usual, took a kind of pride in being profuse. This first visit cost me double what I had intended — four dollars — nearly one pound sterling, and never afterwards could I pay less than half that sum.†

Having now performed all the duties of a good Zair, I

* This has become a generic name for a well situated within the walls of a Mosque.

† As might be expected, the more a man pays, the higher he estimates his own dignity. Some Indians have spent as much as 500 dollars during a first visit. Others have "made Maulids," *i. e.* feasted all the poor con-

was permitted by Shaykh Hamid to wander about and see the sights. We began our circumambulation at the Bab el Salam *, —the Gate of Salvation, — in the south portion of the western long wall of the Mosque. It is a fine archway handsomely incrusted with marble and glazed tiles; the number of gilt inscriptions on its sides give it, especially at night-time, an appearance of considerable splendor. The portcullis-like doors are of wood, strengthened with brass plates, and nails of the same metal. Outside this gate is a little Sabil, or public fountain, where those who will not pay for the water, kept ready in large earthen jars by the "Sakka" of the Mosque, perform their ablutions gratis. Here all the mendicants congregate in force, sitting on the outer steps and at the entrance of the Mosque, up and through which the visitors must pass. About the centre of the western wall is the Bab el Rahmah — the Gate of Mercy. It admits the dead bodies of the Faithful when carried to be prayed over in the Mosque; there is nothing remarkable in its appearance; in common with the other gates it has huge folding doors, iron-bound, an external flight of steps, and a few modern inscriptions. The Bab Mejidi, or Gate of the Sultan Abd el Mejid, stands in the centre of the northern wall; like its portico, it is unfinished, but its present appearance promises that it will eclipse all except the Bab el Salam. The Bab el Nisa is in the eastern wall opposite the Bab el Rahmah, with which it is connected by the "Farsh el Hajar," a broad band of stone, two or three steps below the level of the portico, and slightly raised above the Sahn or the hypæthral portion of the Mosque. And lastly, in the southern por-

nected with the temple with rice, meat, &c., whilst others brought rare and expensive presents for the officials. Such generosity, however, is becoming rare in these unworthy days.

* This gate was anciently called the Bab el Atakah, "of Deliverance."

tion of the same eastern wall is the Bab Jibrail, the Gate of the Archangel Gabriel.* All these entrances are arrived at by short external flights of steps leading from the streets, as the base of the temple, unlike that of Meccah, is a little higher than the foundations of the buildings around it. The doors are closed by the eunuchs in attendance immediately after the night prayers, except during the blessed month El Ramazan and the pilgrimage season, when a number of pious visitors pay considerable fees to pass the night there in meditation and prayer.

The minarets are five in number; but one, the Shikayliyah, at the north-west angle of the building, has been levelled, and is still in process of being re-built. The Munar Bab el Salam stands by the gate of that name: it is a tall handsome tower surmounted by a large ball or cone† of brass gilt or burnished. The Munar Bab el Rahmah, about the centre of the western wall, is of more simple form than the others: it has two galleries with the superior portion circular, and surmounted by the conical "extinguisher" roof so common in Turkey and Egypt. On the north-east angle of the Mosque stands the Sulaymaniyah Munar, so named after its founder, Sultan Sulayman the Magnificent. It is a well-built and substantial stone tower divided into three stages; the two lower portions are polygonal, the upper circular, and each terminates in a platform with a railed gallery carried all round for the protection of those who ascend. And lastly, from

* Most of these entrances have been named and renamed. The Bab Jibrail, for instance, which derives its present appellation from the general belief that the archangel once passed through it, is generally called in books Bab el Jabr, the Gate of Repairing (the broken fortunes of a friend or follower). It must not be confounded with the Mahbat Jibrail, or the window near it in the eastern wall, where the archangel usually descended from heaven with the Wahy or Inspiration.

† By some wonderful process the "Printer's Devil" converted, in the first edition, this ball or cone into a "bull or cow."

the south-east angle of the Mosque, supposed to be upon the spot where Belal, the Prophet's crier, called the first Moslems to prayer*, springs the Munar Raisiyah, so called because it is appropriated to the Ruasa or chiefs of the Muezzins. Like the Sulaymaniyah, it consists of three parts: the first and second stages are polygonal, and the circular third is furnished like the lower two with a railed gallery. Both the latter minarets end in solid ovals of masonry, from which project a number of wooden triangles. To these and to the galleries on all festive occasions, such as the arrival of the Damascus caravan, are hung oil lamps —a poor attempt at illumination, which may perhaps rationally explain the origin of the Medinite superstition concerning the column of light which crowns the Prophet's tomb. There is no uniformity in the shape or the size of these four minarets, and at first sight, despite their beauty and grandeur, they appear somewhat bizarre and misplaced. But after a few days I found that my eye grew accustomed to them, and that I had no difficulty in appreciating their massive proportions and lofty forms.

Equally irregular are the Riwaks, or porches, surrounding the hypæthral court. Along the northern wall there will be, when finished, a fine colonnade of granite, paved with marble. The eastern Riwak has three rows of pillars, the western four, and the southern, under which stands the tomb, of course has its columns ranged deeper than all the others. These supports of the building are of different material; some of fine marble, others of rough stone merely plastered over and painted with the most vulgar of arabesques,—vermilion and black in irregular patches, and broad streaks like the stage face of a London

* Belal, the loud-lunged crier, stood, we are informed by Moslem historians, upon a part of the roof on one of the walls of the mosque. The minaret, as the next chapter will show, was the invention of a more tasteful age.

clown.* Their size moreover is different, the southern colonnade being composed of pillars palpably larger than those in the other parts of the Mosque. Scarcely any two shafts have similar capitals; many have no pedestal, and some of them are cut with a painful ignorance of art. I cannot extend my admiration of the minarets to the columns—in *their* "architectural lawlessness" there is not a redeeming point.

Of these unpraisable pillars three are celebrated in the annals of El Islam, for which reason their names are painted upon them, and five others enjoy the honor of distinctive appellations. The first is called El Mukhallak, because, on some occasion of impurity, it was anointed with a perfume called Khaluk. It is near the Mihrab el Nabawi, on the right of the place where the Imam prays, and notes the spot where, before the invention of the pulpit, the Prophet, leaning upon the Ustuwanat el Hannanah—the Weeping Pillar †—used to recite the Khutbah or Friday sermon. The second stands third from the pulpit, and third from the Hujrah. It is called the Pillar of Ayisha, also the Ustuwanat el Kurah, or the Column of Lots, because the Prophet, according to the testimony of his favourite wife, declared that if men knew the value of the place, they would cast lots to pray there: in some books it is known as the Pillar of the Muhajirin or Fugitives, and others mention it as El Mukhallak—the Perfumed. Twenty cubits distant from Ayisha's Pillar, and the second from the Hujrah and the fourth from the pulpit, is the Pillar of Repentance, or of Abu Lubabah. It derives its name from the following circumstance. Abu

* This abomination may be seen in Egypt on many of the tombs,—those outside the Bab el Nasr at Cairo, for instance.

† The tale of this Weeping Pillar is well known. Some suppose it to have been buried beneath the pulpit · others—they are few in number—declare that it was inserted in the body of the pulpit.

Lubabah was a native of El Medinah, one of the Auxiliaries and a companion of Mohammed, originally it is said a Jew, according to others of the Beni Amr bin Auf of the Aus tribe. Being sent for by his kinsmen or his allies, the Beni Kurayzah, at that time capitulating to Mohammed, he was consulted by the distracted tribe: men, women and children threw themselves at his feet, and begged of him to intercede for them with the offended Prophet. Abu Lubabah swore he would do so: at the same time, he drew his hand across his throat, as much as to say, "Defénd yourselves to the last, for if you yield, such is your doom." Afterwards repenting, he bound himself with a huge chain to the date-tree in whose place the column now stands, vowing to continue there until Allah and the Prophet accepted his penitence—a circumstance which did not take place till the tenth day, when his hearing was gone and he had almost lost his sight. The less celebrated pillars are the Ustuwanat Sarir, or Column of the Cot, where the Prophet was wont to sit meditating on his humble couch-frame of date-sticks. The Ustuwanat Ali notes the spot where the fourth caliph used to pray and watch his father-in-law at night. At the Ustuwanat el Wufud, as its name denotes, the Prophet received envoys, couriers, and emissaries from foreign places. The Ustuwanat el Tahajjud now stands where Mohammed, sitting upon his mat, passed the night in prayer. And lastly is the Makam Jibrail (Gabriel's place), for whose other name, Mirbaat el Bair, "the Pole of the Beast of Burden," I have been unable to find an explanation.

The four Riwaks, or porches, of the Medinah Mosque open upon a hypæthral court of parallelogrammic shape. The only remarkable object in it * is a square of wooden railing

* The little domed building which figures in the native sketches, and in all our prints of the El Medinah mosque, was taken down three or four

enclosing a place full of well-watered earth, called the Garden of our Lady Fatimah.* It now contains a dozen date-trees—in Ibn Jubayr's time there were fifteen. Their fruit is sent by the eunuchs as presents to the Sultan and the great men of El Islam; it is highly valued by the vulgar, but the Olema do not think much of its claims to importance. Among the palms are the venerable remains of a Sidr, or Lote tree, whose produce† is sold for inordinate sums. The enclosure is entered by a dwarf gate in the south-eastern portion of the railing, near the well, and one of the eunuchs is generally to be seen in it: it is under the charge of the Mudir, or chief treasurer. These gardens are not uncommon in Mosques, as the traveller who passes through Cairo can convince himself. They form a pretty and an appropriate feature in a building erected for the worship of Him "who spread the earth with carpets of flowers and drew shady trees from the dead ground." A tradition of the Prophet also declares that "acceptable is devotion in the garden and in the orchard." At the south-east angle of the enclosure, under a wooden roof supported by pillars of the same material, stands the Zem Zem, generally called the Bir el Nabi, or "the Prophet's well." My predecessor declares that the

years ago. It occupied part of the centre of the square, and was called Kubbat el Zayt—Dome of Oil,—or Kubbat el Shama—Dome of Candles—from its use as a store-room for lamps and wax candles.

* This is its name among the illiterate, who firmly believe the palms to be descendants of trees planted there by the hands of the Prophet's daughter. As far as I could discover, the tradition has no foundation, and in old times there was no garden in the hypæthral court. The vulgar are in the habit of eating a certain kind of date, "El Sayhani," in the mosque, and of throwing the stones about; this practice is violently denounced by the Olema.

† Rhamnus Nabeca, Forsk. The fruit, called Nebek, is eaten, and the leaves are used for the purpose of washing dead bodies. The visitor is not forbidden to take fruit or water as presents from El Medinah, but it is unlawful for him to carry away earth, or stones, or cakes of dust, made for sale to the ignorant.

brackishness of its produce has stood in the way of its reputation for holiness. Yet a well educated man told me that it was as "light" water* as any in El Medinah, —a fact which he accounted for by supposing a subterraneous passage† which connects it with the great Zem Zem at Meccah. Others, again, believe that it is filled by a vein of water springing directly under the Prophet's grave: generally, however, among the learned it is not more revered than our Lady's Garden, nor is it ranked in books among the holy wells of El Medinah. Between this Zem Zem and the eastern Riwak is the Stoá, or Academia, of the Prophet's city. In the cool mornings and evenings the ground is strewed with professors, who teach, as an eminent orientalist hath it, the young idea how to shout rather than to shoot.‡ A few feet to the south of the palm garden is a moveable wooden planking painted green, and about three feet high; it serves to separate the congregation from the Imam when he prays here; and at the north-eastern angle of the enclosure is a Shajar Kanadil, a large brass chandelier which completes the furniture of the court.

After this inspection, the shadows of evening began to gather round us. We left the Mosque, reverently taking

* The Arabs, who, like all Orientals, are exceedingly curious about water, take the trouble to weigh the produce of their wells; the lighter the water, the more digestible and wholesome it is considered.

† The common phenomenon of rivers flowing underground in Arabia has, doubtless, suggested to the people these subterraneous passages, with which they connect the most distant places. At El Medinah, amongst other tales of short cuts known only to certain Bedouin families, a man told me of a shaft leading from his native city to Hazramaut: according to him, it existed in the times of the Prophet, and was a journey of only three days!

‡ The Mosque Library is kept in large chests near the Bab el Salam; the only MS. of any value here is a Koran written in the Sulsi hand. It is nearly four feet long, bound in a wooden cover, and padlocked, so as to require from the curious a "silver key."

care to issue forth with the left foot and not to back out of it as is the Sunnat — practice derived from the Prophet — when taking leave of the Meccan Temple.

To conclude this long chapter. Although every Moslem, learned and simple, firmly believes that Mohammed's remains are interred in the Hujrah at El Medinah, I cannot help suspecting that the place is at least as doubtful as that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It must be remembered that a tumult followed the announcement of the Prophet's death, when the people, as often happens*, believing him to be immortal, refused to credit the report, and even Omar threatened destruction to any one that asserted it. Moreover the body was scarcely cold when the contest about the succession arose between the fugitives of Meccah and the auxiliaries of El Medinah: in the ardor of which, according to the Shiahs, the house of Ali and Fatimah, — within a few feet of the spot where the tomb of the Prophet is now placed — was threatened with fire, and Abubekr was elected caliph that same evening. If any one find cause to wonder that the last resting-place of a personage so important was not fixed for ever he may find many a parallel case in El Medinah. To quote no other, three several localities claim the honor of containing the Lady Fatimah's mortal spoils, although one might suppose that the daughter of the Prophet and the mother of the Imams would not be laid in an unknown grave. My reasons for incredulity are the following:

From the earliest days the shape of the Prophet's tomb has never been generally known in El Islam. For this

* So the peasants in Brittany believe that Napoleon the First is not yet dead; the Prussians expect Frederick the Second; the Swiss, William Tell; the older English, King Arthur; and certain modern fanatics look forward to the re-appearance of Joanna Southcote. Why multiply instances in so well known a branch of the history of popular superstitions?

reason it is that graves are made convex in some countries, and flat in others: had there been a Sunnat, such would not have been the case.

The accounts of the learned are discrepant. El Samanhudi, perhaps the highest authority, contradicts himself. In one place he describes the coffin; in another he expressly declares that he entered the Hujrah when it was being repaired by Kaid Bey, and saw in the inside three deep graves, but no traces of tombs.* Either, then, the mortal remains of the Prophet had — despite Moslem superstition † — mingled with the dust, (a probable circumstance after nearly 900 years' interment,) or, what is more likely, they had been removed by the Shiah schismatics who for centuries had charge of the sepulchre.

* The reader will bear in mind that I am quoting from Burckhardt. When in El Hejaz and at Cairo, I vainly endeavoured to buy a copy of El Samanhudi. One was shown to me at El Medinah; unhappily, it bore the word *Wakf*, (bequeathed,) and belonged to the mosque. I was scarcely allowed time to read it.

† In Moslem law, prophets, martyrs, and saints, are not supposed to be dead; their property, therefore, remains their own. The Olema have confounded themselves in the consideration of the prophetic state after death. Many declare that prophets live and pray for forty days in the tomb; at the expiration of which time, they are taken to the presence of their Maker, where they remain till the blast of Israfil's trumpet. The common belief, however, leaves the bodies in the graves, but no one would dare to assert that the holy ones are suffered to undergo corruption. On the contrary. their faces are blooming, their eyes bright, and blood would issue from their bodies if wounded.

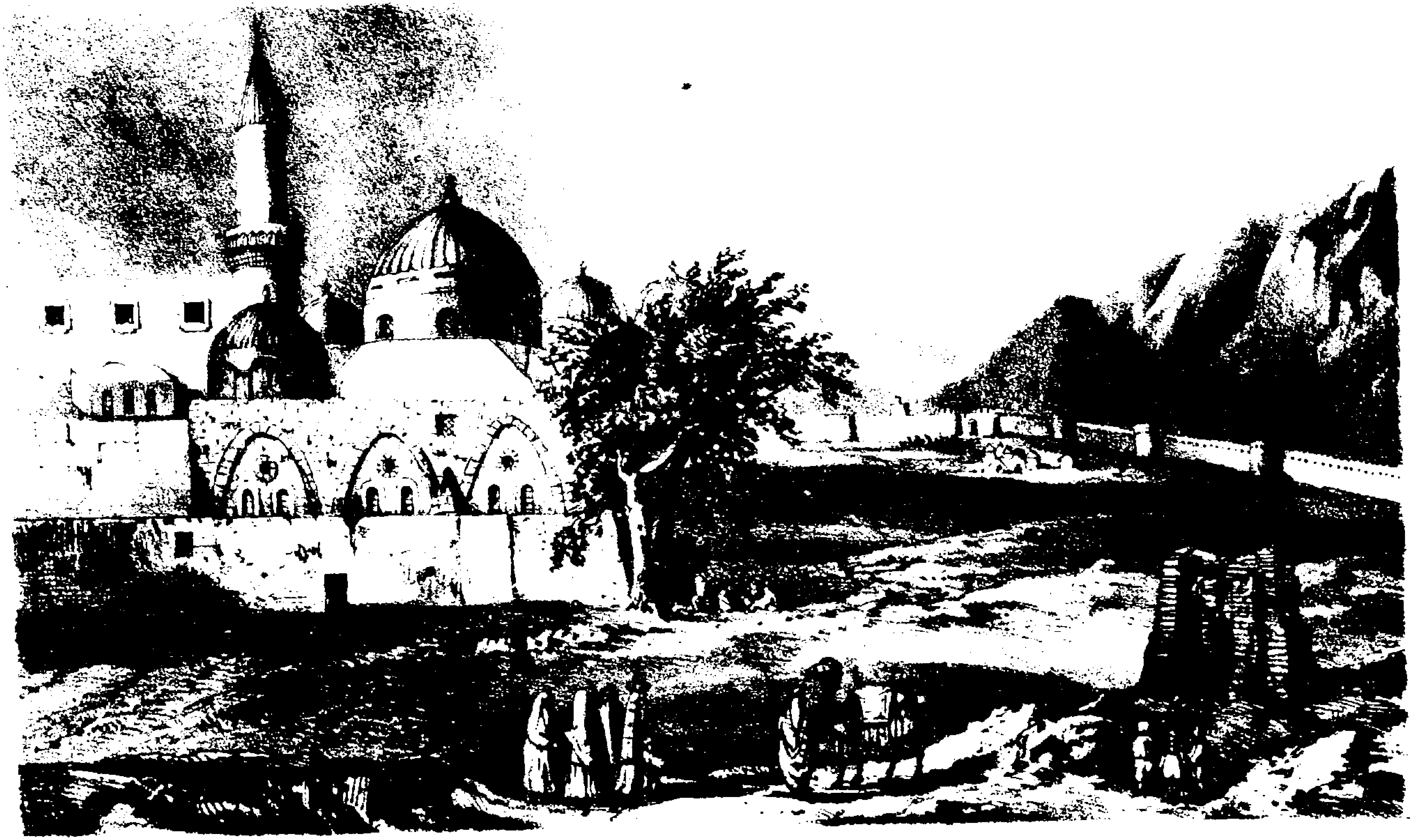
El Islam, as will afterwards appear, abounds in traditions of the ancient tombs of saints and martyrs, when accidentally opened, exposing to view corpses apparently freshly buried. And it has come to pass that this fact, the result of sanctity, has now become an unerring indication of it. A remarkable case in point is that of the late Sherif Ghalib, the father of the present prince of Meccah. In his lifetime he was reviled as a wicked tyrant. But some years after his death, his body was found undecomposed; he then became a saint, and men now pray at his tomb. Perhaps his tyranny was no drawback to his holy reputation. La Brinvilliers was declared after execution, by her confessor and the people generally, a saint — simply, I presume, because of the enormity of her crimes.

And lastly, I cannot but look upon the tale of the blinding light which surrounds the Prophet's tomb, current for ages past and still universally believed upon the authority of the attendant eunuchs, who must know its falsehood, as a priestly gloss intended to conceal a defect.

I here conclude the subject, committing it to some future and more favored investigator. In offering the above remarks, I am far from wishing to throw a doubt upon an established point of history. But where a suspicion of fable arises from popular "facts," a knowledge of man and of his manners teaches us to regard it with favoring eye.*

* I was careful to make a ground plan of the Prophet's mosque, as Burckhardt was prevented by severe illness from so doing. It will give the reader a fair idea of the main points, though, in certain minor details, it is not to be trusted. Some of my papers and sketches, which by precaution I had placed among my medicines, after cutting them into squares, numbering them, and rolling them carefully up, were damaged by the breaking of a bottle. The plan of El Medinah is slightly altered from Burckhardt's.

Nothing can be more ludicrous than the views of the Holy City, as printed in our popular works. They are of the style "bird's-eye," and present a curious perspective. They despise distance like the Chinese,—pictorially audacious,—the Harrah, or ridge in the foreground appears to be 200 yards, instead of 3 or 4 miles, distant from the town. They strip the place of its superb El Munakhah, in order to show the enceinte, omit the fort, and the gardens north and south of the city, enlarge the Mosque twenty-fold for dignity, and make it occupy the whole centre of the city instead of a small corner in the south-east quarter. They place, for symmetry, towers only at the angles of the walls, instead of all along the curtain, and gather up and press into the same field all the venerable and interesting features of the country, those behind the artist's back, and at his sides, as well as what appears in front. Such are the Turkish lithographs. At Meccah, some Indians support themselves by depicting the holy shrines; their works are a truly Oriental mixture of ground plan and elevation, drawn with pen and ink, and brightened with the most vivid colours — grotesque enough, but less unintelligible than the more ambitious imitations of European art.



MUSALLA EL NABI THE PROPHET'S PLACE OF PRAYER

# CHAP. XVII.

## AN ESSAY TOWARDS THE HISTORY OF THE PROPHET'S MOSQUE.

IBN ABBAS has informed the world that when the eighty individuals composing Noah's family issued from the ark, they settled at a place distant 10 marches and 12 parasangs * from Babel or Babylon. There they increased and multiplied and spread into a mighty empire. At length under the rule of Namrud (Nimrod), son of Kanaan (Canaan), son of Ham, they lapsed from the worship of the true God: a miracle dispersed them into distant parts of the earth, and they were further broken up by the one primæval language being divided into seventy-two dialects. A tribe called Aulad Sam bin Nuh (the children of Shem), or Amalikah and Amalik†, from their ancestor Amlak bin Arfakhshad bin Sam bin Nuh, was inspired with a knowledge of the Arabic tongue‡: it settled at El Medinah, and was the first to cultivate the ground and to plant

* In Oriental geography the parasang still, as in the days of Pliny, greatly varies, from 1500 to 6000 yards. Captain Francklin, whose opinion is generally taken, makes it (in his Tour to Persia) a measure of about four miles (Preface to Ibn Haukal, by Sir Gore Ouseley).

† M. C. de Perceval (Essai sur l'Histoire des Arabes avant l'Islamisme), makes Amlak son of Laoud (Lud), son of Shem, or, according to others, son of Ham. That learned writer identifies the Amalik with the Phœnicians, the Amalekites, the Canaanites, and the Hyksos. He alludes also to an ancient tradition which makes them to have colonised Barbary in Africa.

‡ The Dabistan el Mazahib relates a tradition that the Almighty, when addressing the angels in command, uses the Arabic tongue, but when speaking in mercy or beneficence, the Deri dialect of Persian.

palm trees. In course of time these people extended over the whole tract between the seas of El Hejaz (the Red Sea) and El Oman, (a part of the Indian Ocean,) and they became the progenitors of the Jababirah* of Syria as well as the Farainah (Pharaohs) of Egypt.† Under these Amalik such was the age of man that during the space of 400 years a bier would not be seen, nor keening be heard, in their cities.

* These were the giants who fought against Israel in Palestine.

† In this wild tradition we find a confirmation of the sound geographical opinion which makes Arabia "une des pépinières du genre humain" (M. Jomard). It must be remembered that the theatre of all earliest civilisation has been a fertile valley with a navigable stream, like Sindh, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. The existence of such a spot in Arabia would have altered every page of her history; she would then have become a centre, not a source of civilisation. As it is, her immense population—still thick, even in the deserts—has, from the earliest ages, been impelled by drought, famine, or desire of conquest, to emigrate into happier regions. All history mentions two main streams which took their rise in the wilds of the great peninsula:—the first set to the north-east, through Persia, Mekran, Beloochistan, Sindh, the Afghan Mountains, as far as Samarcand, Bokhara, and Tibet; the other, flowing towards the north-west, passed through Egypt and Barbary into Etruria, Spain, the Isles of the Mediterranean, and southern France. There are two minor emigrations chronicled in history, and written in the indelible characters of physiognomy and philology. One of these set in an exiguous but perennial stream towards India, especially Malabar, where, mixing with the people of the country, the Arab merchants become the progenitors of the Moplah race. The other was a partial emigration, also for commercial purposes, to the coast of Berberah, in Eastern Africa, where, mixing with the Galla tribes, the people of Hazramaut became the sires of the extensive Somali and Sawahil nations. Thus we have from Arabia four different lines of emigration, tending N. E. and S. E., N. W. and S. W.

At some future time I hope to develop this curious but somewhat obscure portion of Arabian history. It bears upon a most interesting subject, and serves to explain, by the consanguinity of races, the marvellous celerity with which the faith of El Islam spread from the Pillars of Hercules to the confines of China—embracing part of Southern Europe, the whole of Northern and a portion of Central Africa, and at least three-fourths of the continent of Asia.

The last king of the Amalik, "Arkam bin el Arkam*," was, according to most authors, slain by an army of the children of Israel sent by Moses after the Exodus†, with orders thoroughly to purge Meccah and El Medinah of its Infidel inhabitants. All the tribe was destroyed, with the exception of the women, the children, and a youth of the royal family, whose extraordinary beauty persuaded the invaders to spare him pending a reference to the Prophet. When the army returned, they found that Moses had died during the expedition, and they were received with reproaches by the people for having violated his express command. The soldiers, unwilling to live with their own nation under this reproach, returned to El Hejaz, and settled there. Moslem authors are agreed that after the Amalik, the Beni Israel ruled in the Holy Land of Arabia, but the learned in history are not agreed upon the cause of their emigration. According to some, when Moses was returning from a pilgrimage to Meccah, a multitude of his followers, seeing in El Medinah the signs of the city which, according to the Taurat, or Pentateuch, should hear the preaching of the last Prophet, settled there and were joined by many Bedouins of the neighbourhood who conformed to the law of Moses. Ibn Shaybah also informs us that when Moses and Aaron were wending northwards from Meccah, they, being in fear of certain Jews settled at El Medinah, did not enter the city‡, but pitched their tents on Mount Ohod. Aaron being about to die, Moses dug his tomb, and said,

* Of this name M. C. de Perceval remarks, "Le mot Arcam était une désignation commune à tous ces rois." He identifies it with Rekem (Numbers xxxi. 8.), one of the kings of the Midianites; and recognises in the preservation of the royal youth the history of Agag and Samuel.

† And some most ignorantly add, "after the entrance of Moses into the Promised Land."

‡ In those days, we are told, the Jews, abandoning their original settlement in El Ghabbah or the low lands to the N. of the town, migrated to

"Brother, thine hour is come! turn thy face to the next world!" Aaron entered the grave, lay at full length, and immediately expired, upon which the Jewish lawgiver covered him with earth, and went his way towards the Promised Land.* Abu Hurayrah asserted that the Beni Israel, after long searching, settled in El Medinah, because, when driven from Palestine by the invasion of Bukht el Nasr (Nebuchadnezzar), they found in their books that the last Prophet would manifest himself in a town of the towns of Arabiyah †, called Zat Nakhl, or the "place of palm trees." Some of the sons of Aaron occupied the city; other tribes settled at Khaybar ‡, and in the neighbourhood, building "Utum," or square, flat-roofed, stone

the highest portions of the Medinah plain on the S. and E., and the lands in the neighbourhood of the Kuba mosque.

* When describing Ohod, I shall have occasion to allude to Aaron's dome, which occupies the highest part. Few authorities, however, believe that Aaron was buried there; his grave, under a small stone cupola, is shown over the summit of Mount Hor, in the Sinaitic Peninsula, and is much visited by devotees.

† It must be remembered that many of the Moslem geographers derive the word "Arabia" from a tract of land in the neighbourhood of El Medinah.

‡ Khaybar in Hebrew is supposed to signify a castle. D'Herbelot makes it to mean a pact or association of the Jews against the Moslems.

This fort appears to have been one of the latest as well as the earliest of the Hebrew settlements in El Hejaz. Benjamin of Tudela asserts that there were 50,000 Jews resident at their old colony. Bartema in A.D. 1703 found remnants of the people there, but his account of them is disfigured by fable. In Niebuhr's time the Beni Khaybar had independent Shaykhs, and were divided into three tribes, viz.: the Beni Masad, the Beni Shahan, and the Beni Anizah (this latter, however, is a Moslem name), who were isolated and hated by the other Jews, and therefore the traveller supposes them to have been Karaites. In Burckhardt's day the race seems to have been entirely rooted out. I made many inquiries, and all assured me that there is not a single Jewish family now in Khaybar. It is indeed the popular boast in El Hejaz, that, with the exception of Jeddah (and perhaps Yambu), where the Prophet never set his foot), there is not a town in the country harbouring an Infidel. This has now become a point of fanatic honor; but if history may be trusted, it has become so only lately.

castles for habitation and defence. They left an order to their descendants that Mohammed should be favourably received, but Allah hardened their hearts unto their own destruction. Like asses they turned their backs upon Allah's mercy*, and the consequence is, that they have been rooted out of the land. The Tarikh Tabari declares that when Bukht el Nasr †, after destroying Jerusalem, attacked and slew the king of Egypt, who had given an asylum to a remnant of the house of Israel, the persecuted fugitives made their way into El Hejaz, settled near Yasrib (El Medinah), where they founded several towns, Khaybar, Fadak, Wady el Subu, Wady el Kura, Kurayzah, and many others. It appears, then, by the concurrence of historians, that the Jews at an early time either colonised or supplanted the Amalik at El Medinah.

At length the Israelites fell away from the worship of the one God, who raised up against them the Arab tribes of Aus and Khazraj, the progenitors of the modern Ansar. Both these tribes claimed a kindred origin, and Yemen as the land of their nativity. The circumstances of their emigration are thus described. The descendants of Yarab bin Kahtan bin Shalik bin Arfakhshad bin Sam bin Nuh, kinsmen to the Amalik, inhabited in prosperity the land of Saba.‡ Their sway extended two months' journey from the dyke of Mareb §, near the modern capital of

* When the Arabs see the ass turn tail to the wind and rain, they exclaim, "Lo! he turneth his back upon the mercy of Allah!"

† M. C. de Perceval quotes Judith, ii. 13. 26. and Jeremiah, xlix. 28., to prove that Holofernes, the general of Nebuchadnezzar the 1st, laid waste the land of Midian and other parts of Northern Arabia.

‡ Saba in Southern Arabia.

§ The erection of this dyke is variously attributed to Lukman the Elder (of the tribe of Ad) and to Saba bin Yashjab. It burst, according to some, beneath the weight of a flood; according to others, it was miraculously undermined by rats. A learned Indian Shaykh has mistaken the Arabic word "Jurad," a large kind of mouse or rat, for "Jarad," a locust, and he makes the wall to have sunk under a "bar i Malakh," or weight of

Yemen, as far as Syria, and incredible tales are told of their hospitality and the fertility of their land. As usual, their hearts were perverted by prosperity. They begged Allah to relieve them from the troubles of extended empire and the duties of hospitality by diminishing their possessions. The consequence of their impious supplications was the well-known flood of Irem. The chief of the descendants of Kahtan bin Saba, one of the ruling families in Yemen, was one Amr bin Amin Ma-el-Sama*, called "El Muzaykaih" from his rending in pieces every garment once worn. His wife Tarikah Himyariah, being skilled in divination, foresaw the fatal event, and warned her husband, who, unwilling to break from his tribe without an excuse, contrived the following stratagem. He privily ordered his adopted son, an orphan, to dispute with him, and strike him in the face at a feast composed of the principal persons in the kingdom. The disgrace of such a scene afforded him a pretext for selling off his property, and, followed by his thirteen sons,—all borne to him by his wife Tarikah,—and others of the tribe, Amr emigrated northwards. The little party, thus preserved from the Yemenian deluge, was destined by Allah to become the forefathers of the Auxiliaries of his chosen Prophet. All the children of Amr dispersed into different parts of Arabia. His eldest son, Salabah bin Amr, chose El Hejaz, settled at El Medinah, then in the hands of the impious Beni Israel, and became the father of the Aus

locusts! No event is more celebrated in the history of pagan Arabia than this, or more trustworthy, despite the exaggeration of the details — the dyke is said to have been 4 miles long by 4 broad — and the fantastic marvels which are said to have accompanied its bursting. The ruins have lately been visited by M. Arnaud, a French traveller, who communicated his discovery to the French Asiatic Society in 1845.

* Ma el Sama, "the water (or 'the splendor') of heaven," is, generally speaking, a feminine name amongst the pagan Arabs; possibly it is here intended as a matronymic.

and Khazraj. In course of time, the new comers were made by Allah an instrument of vengeance against the disobedient Jews. Of the latter people the two tribes Kurayzah and Nazir claimed certain feudal rights (not unknown to Europe) upon all occasions of Arab marriages. The Aus and the Khazraj, after enduring this indignity for a time, at length had recourse to one of their kinsmen, who, when the family dispersed, had settled in Syria. Abu Jubaylah, thus summoned, marched an army to El Medinah, avenged the honor of his blood, and destroyed the power of the Jews, who from that moment became Mawali, or clients to the Arabs.

For a time the tribes of Aus and Khazraj, freed from the common enemy, lived in peace and harmony. At last they fell into feuds and fought with fratricidal strife, until the coming of the Prophet effected a reconciliation between them. This did not take place, however, before the Khazraj, at the battle of Buas (about A. D. 615), received a decided defeat from the Aus.

It is also related, to prove how El Medinah was predestined to a high fate, that nearly three centuries before the siege of the town by Abu Jubaylah, the Tobba el Ashgar* marched northward, at the requisition of the Aus and Khazraj tribes, in order to punish the Jews; or

* This expedition to El Medinah is mentioned by all the pre-Islamatic historians, but persons and dates are involved in the greatest confusion. Some authors mention two different expeditions by different Tobbas; others only one, attributing it differently, however, to two Tobbas,—Abu Karb in the 3rd century of the Christian era, and Tobba el Asghar, the last of that dynasty, who reigned, according to some, in A.D. 300, according to others in A.D. 448. M. C. de Perceval places the event about A.D. 206, and asserts that the Aus and Khazraj did not emigrate to El Medinah before A.D. 300.

The word Tobba or Tubba, I have been informed by some of the modern Arabs, is still used in the Himyaritic dialect of Arabic to signify "the Great" or "the Chief."

according to others, at the request of the Jews to revenge them upon the Aus and Khazraj. After capturing the town, he left one of his sons to govern it, and marched on to conquer Syria and El Irak. Suddenly informed that the people of El Medinah had treacherously murdered their new prince, the exasperated Tobba returned and attacked the place, and when his horse was killed under him, he swore that he would never decamp before razing it to the ground. Whereupon two Jewish priests, Kaab and Assayd, went over to him and informed him that it was not in the power of man to destroy the town, it being preserved by Allah, as their books proved, for the refuge of his Prophet, the descendant of Ishmael.* The Tobba Judaized. Taking 400 of the priests with him he departed from El Medinah, performed pilgrimage to the Kaabah of Meccah, which he invested with a splendid covering†, and, after erecting a house for the expected Prophet, he returned to his capital in Yemen, where he abolished idolatry by the ordeal of fire. He treated his priestly guests with particular attention, and on his death-bed he wrote the following tetrastich: —

> "I testify of Ahmed that he of a truth
> Is a prophet from Allah, the maker of souls.
> Be my age extended into his age,
> I would be to him a Wazir and a cousin."

Then sealing the paper he committed it to the charge of the High Priest, with a solemn injunction to deliver

* Nothing is more remarkable in the annals of the Arabs than their efforts to prove the Ishmaelitic descent of Mohammed; at the same time no historic question is more open to doubt.

† If this be true it proves that the Jews of El Hejaz had in those days a superstitious reverence for the Kaabah; otherwise the Tobba, after conforming to the law of Moses, would not have shown it this mark of respect. Moreover there is a legend that the same Rabbis dissuaded the Tobba from plundering the sacred place when he was treacherously advised so to do by the Beni Hudayl Arabs.

the letter, should an opportunity offer, into the hands of the great Prophet; and that if the day be distant, the missive should be handed down from generation to generation till it reached the person to whom it was addressed. The house founded by him at El Medinah was committed to a priest of whose descendants was Abu Ayyub the Ansari, the first person over whose threshold the Prophet passed when he ended the flight. Abu Ayyub had also charge of the Tobba's letter, so that it arrived at its destination.

El Medinah was ever well inclined to Mohammed.* In the early part of his career, the emissaries of a tribe called the Beni Abd el Ashhal came from that town to Meccah, in order to make a treaty with the Kuraysh, and the Prophet seized the opportunity of preaching El Islam to them. His words were seconded by Ayyas bin Maaz, a youth of the tribe, and opposed by the chiefs of the embassy, who, however, returned home without pledging themselves to either party.† Shortly afterwards a body of the Aus and the Khasraj came to the pilgrimage of Meccah; when the Prophet began preaching to them, they recognised the person so long expected by the Jews, and swore to him an oath which is called in Moslem history the "First Fealty of the Steep."‡ After the six individuals who had thus pledged themselves returned to their native city, the event being duly bruited abroad

* It is curious that Abdullah, Mohammed's father, died and was buried at El Medinah, and that his mother Aminah's tomb is at Abwa, on the Medinah road. Here, too, his great-grandfather Hashim married Salma el Mutadalliyah, before him espoused to Uhayhah, of the Aus tribe. Shaybah, generally called Abd el Muttalib, the Prophet's grandfather, was the son of Salma, and was bred at El Medinah.

† Ayyas bin Maaz died, it is said, a Moslem.

‡ "Bayat el Akabat eluia!" It is so called because this oath was sworn at a place called El Akabah (the Mountain road), near Muna. A Mosque was afterwards built there to commemorate the event.

caused such an effect that when the next pilgrimage season came, twelve, or according to others forty persons, led by Asad bin Zararah, accompanied the original converts, and in the same place swore the "Second Fealty of the Steep." The Prophet dismissed them in company with one Musab bin Umayr, a Meccan, charged to teach them the Koran and their religious duties, which in those times consisted only of prayer and the profession of unity. They arrived at El Medinah on a Friday, and this was the first day on which the city witnessed the public devotions of the Moslems. After some persecutions Musab had the fortune to convert a chief of the Aus, and who was also a cousin of Asad bin Zararah, one Saad bin Maaz, whose opposition had been of the fiercest. He persuaded his tribe, the Beni Abd el Ashhal, to break their idols and openly to profess El Islam. The next season, Musab having made many converts, some say seventy, others three hundred, marched from El Medinah to Meccah for the pilgrimage, and there induced his followers to meet the Prophet at midnight upon the steep near Muna. Mohammed preached to them their duties towards Allah and himself, especially insisting upon the necessity of warring down infidelity. They pleaded ancient treaties with the Jews of El Medinah, and showed apprehension lest the Prophet, after bringing them into disgrace with their fellows, should desert them and return to the faith of his kinsmen the Kuraysh. Mohammed smiling comforted them with the assurance that he was with them, body and soul, for ever. Upon this they asked him what would be their reward if slain. The Prophet replied "Gardens 'neath which the streams flow" — that is to say, Paradise. Then, in spite of the advice of El Abbas, Mohammed's uncle, who was loud in his denunciations, they bade the preacher stretch out his hand, and upon it swore the oath known as the "Great

Fealty of the Steep." After comforting them with an Ayat, or Koranic verse, which promised heaven to them, Mohammed divided his followers into twelve parties, and placing a chief at the head of each*, dismissed them to their homes. He rejected the offer made by one of the party — namely, to slay all the idolaters present at the pilgrimage — saying that Allah had favored him with no such order. For the same reason he refused their invitation to visit El Medinah, which was the principal object of their mission, and he then took an affectionate leave of them.

Two months and a half after the events above detailed, Mohammed received the inspired tidings that El Medinah of the Hejaz was his predestined asylum. In anticipation of the order, for as yet the time had not been revealed, he sent forward his friends, among whom were Omar, Talhah, and Hamzah, retaining with him Abubekr † and Ali. The particulars of the Flight, that eventful accident to El Islam, are too well known to require mention here, besides which they belong rather to the category of general than of Medinite history.

Mohammed was escorted into El Medinah by one Buraydat el Aslami and eighty men of the same tribe, who had been offered by the Kuraysh 100 camels for the cap-

* Some Moslem writers suppose that Mohammed singled out twelve men as apostles, and called them Nakil, in imitation of the example of our Saviour. Other Moslems ignore both the fact and the intention. M. C. De Perceval gives the names of these Nakils in vol. iii. p. 8.

† Orthodox Moslems do not fail to quote this circumstance in honor of the first Caliph, upon whom moreover they bestow the title of "Friend of the Cave." The Shiahs, on the other hand, hating Abubekr, see in it a symptom of treachery, and declare that the Prophet feared to let the "Old Hyena," as they opprobriously term the venerable successor, out of his sight for fear lest he should act as a spy to the Kuraysh.

The voice of history and of common sense is against the Shiahs. M. C. De Perceval justly remarks, that Abubekr and Omar were men truly worthy of their great predecessor.

ture of the fugitives. But Buraydat, after listening to their terms, accidentally entered into conversation with Mohammed, and no sooner did he hear the name of his interlocutor, than he professed the faith of El Islam. He then prepared for the Prophet a standard by attaching his turban to a spear, and anxiously inquired what house was to be honored by the presence of Allah's chosen servant. "Whichever," replied Mohammed, "this she-camel* is ordered to show me." At the last halting-place, he accidently met some of his disciples returning from a trading voyage to Syria; they dressed him and his companion Abubekr in white clothing, which it is said caused the people of Kuba to pay a mistaken reverence to the latter. The Moslems of El Medinah were in the habit of repairing every morning to the heights near the city, looking out for the Prophet, and when the sun waxed hot they returned home. One day, about noon, a Jew, who discovered the return from afar, suddenly warned the nearest party of Ansar, or Auxiliaries of El Medinah, that the fugitive was come. They snatched up their arms and hurried from their houses to meet him. Mohammed's she-camel advanced to the centre of the then flourishing town of Kuba. There she suddenly knelt upon a place that is now consecrated ground, and was at that time an open space, belonging, it is said, to Ayyub the Ansari, who had a house here near the abodes of the Beni Amr bin Auf. This

* This animal's name, according to some was El Kaswa ("the tips of whose ears are cropped"); according to others El Jadaa ("one mutilated in the ear, hand, nose, or lip"). The Prophet bought her for 800 dirhams, on the day before his flight, from Abubekr, who had fattened two fine animals of his own breeding. The camel was offered as a gift, but Mohammed insisted upon paying its price, because, say the Moslem casuists, he being engaged in the work of God would receive no aid from man. According to M. C. de Perceval, the Prophet preached from the back of El Kaswa the celebrated pilgrimage-sermon at Arafat on the 8th March, A. D. 632.

event hapened on the first day of the week, the twelfth of the month Rabia el Awwal*, in the first year of the Flight: for which reason Monday, which also witnessed the birth, the mission, and the death of the Prophet, is an auspicious day to El Islam.

After halting two days in the house of Kulsum bin Hadmah at Kuba, and there laying the foundation of the first Mosque, the Prophet was joined by Ali, who had remained at Meccah, for the purpose of returning certain trusts and deposits committed to Mohammed's charge. He waited three days longer: on Friday morning (the 16th Rabia El Awwal, A. H. 1—2nd July, A. D. 622), about sunrise, he mounted his she-camel, and, accompanied by a throng of armed Ansar on foot and on horseback, he took the way to the city. At the hour of public prayer†, he halted in the wady or valley near Kuba, upon the spot where the Masjid el Jumah now stands, performed his devotions, and preached an eloquent sermon. He then remounted. Numbers pressed forward to offer him hospitality; he blessed them, and bade them stand out of the way, declaring that El Kaswa would halt of her own accord at the predestined spot. He then advanced to where the Prophet's pulpit now stands. There the she-camel

* The Prophet is generally supposed to have started from Meccah on the 1st of the same month, on a Friday or a Monday. This discrepancy probably arises from the fact that Mohammed fled his house in Meccah on a Friday, passed three days in the cave on Jebel Saur, and finally left it for El Medinah on Monday, which therefore, according to Moslem divines, was the first day of the "Hijrah." But the æra now commences on the 1st of the previous Muharram, an arrangement made seventeen years after the date of the flight by Omar the Caliph, with the concurrence of Ali.

† The distance from Kuba to El Medinah is little more than three miles, for which six hours—Friday prayers being about noon—may be considered an inordinately long time. But our author might urge as a reason that the multitude of people upon a narrow road rendered the Prophet's advance a slow one, and some historians relate that he spent several hours in conversation with the Beni Salim.

knelt, and the rider exclaimed, as one inspired, "This is our place, if Almighty Allah please!" Then, descending from El Kaswa, he recited, "O Lord, cause me to alight a good alighting, and thou art the best of those who cause to alight!" Presently the camel rose unaided, advanced a few steps, and then, according to some, returning, sat down upon her former seat; according to others, she knelt at the door of Abu Ayyub el Ansari, whose adode in those days was the nearest to the halting-place. The descendant of the Jewish High Priest in the time of the Tobbas, with the Prophet's permission, took the baggage off the camel, and carried it into his house. Then ensued great rejoicings. The Abyssinians came and played with their spears. The maidens of the Beni Najjar tribe sang and beat their kettle-drums. And all the wives of the Ansar celebrated with shrill cries of joy the auspicious event; whilst the males, young and old, freemen and slaves, shouted with effusion, "Allah's Messenger is come! Allah's Messenger is here!"

Mohammed caused Abu Ayyub and his wife to remove into the upper story, contenting himself with the humbler lower rooms. This was done for the greater convenience of receiving visitors without troubling the family; but the master of the house was thereby rendered uncomfortable in mind. His various remarks about the Prophet's diet and domestic habits, especially his avoiding leeks, onions, and garlic*, are gravely chronicled by Moslem authors.

After spending seven months, more or less, at the house of Abu Ayyub, Mohammed, now surrounded by his wives and family, built close to the Mosque, huts for their reception. The ground was sold to him by Sahal and Suhayl,

* Mohammed never would eat these strong smelling vegetables on account of his converse with the angels, even as modern "Spiritualists" refuse to smoke tobacco; at the same time he allowed his followers to do so, except when appearing in his presence, entering a Mosque, or joining in public prayers.

two orphans of the Beni Najjar*, a noble family of the Khazraj. Some time afterwards one Harisat bin el Numan presented to the Prophet all his houses in the vicinity of the temple. In those days the habitations of the Arabs were made of a framework of Jerid or palm sticks, covered over with a cloth of camel's hair, a curtain of similar stuff forming the door. The more splendid had walls of unbaked brick, and date-leaf roofs plastered over with mud or clay. Of this description were the abodes of Mohammed's family. Most of them were built on the N. and E. of the Mosque, which had open ground on the western side; and the doors looked towards the place of prayer. In course of time, all, except Abubekr † and Ali, were ordered to close their doors, and even Omar was refused the favour of having a window opening into the temple.

Presently the Jews of El Medinah, offended by the conduct of Abdullah bin Salam, their most learned priest and a descendant from Joseph, who had become a convert to the Moslem dispensation, began to plot against Mohammed.‡ They were headed by Hajj bin Akhtah, and his brother Yasir bin Akhtah, and were joined by many of the Aus and the Khazraj. The events that followed this combination of the Munafikun, or Hypocrites, under their chief, Abdullah, belong to the domain of Arabian history.§

* The name of the tribe literally means "sons of a carpenter;" hence the error of the learned and violent Humphrey Prideaux, corrected by Sale.

† Some say that Abubekr had no abode near the Mosque. But it is generally agreed upon, that he had many houses, one in El Bakia, another in the higher parts of El Medinah, and among them a hut on the spot between the present gates called Salam and Rahmah.

‡ It is clear from the fact above stated, that in those days the Jews of Arabia were in a state of excitement, hourly expecting the advent of their Messiah, and that Mohammed believed himself to be the person appointed to complete the law of Moses.

§ In many minor details the above differs from the received accounts of Pre-islamitic and early Mohammedan history. Let the blame be borne by the learned Shaykh Abd el Hakk el Muhaddis of Delhi, and his compila-

Mohammed spent the last ten years of his life at El Medinah. He died on Monday, some say at nine A.M., others at noon, the twelfth of Rabia el Awwal in the eleventh year of the Hijrah. When his family and companions debated where he should be buried Ali advised El Medinah, and Abubekr, Ayisha's chamber, quoting a saying of the deceased that prophets and martyrs are always interred where they happen to die. The Prophet was buried, it is said, under the bed where he had given up the ghost, by Ali and the two sons of Abbas, who dug the grave. With the life of Mohammed the interest of El Medinah ceases, or rather is concentrated in the history of its temple. Since then the city has passed through the hands of the Caliphs, the Sherifs of Meccah, the Sultans of Constantinople, the Wahhabis, and the Egyptians. It has now reverted to the Sultan, whose government is beginning to believe that in these days, when religious prestige is of little value, the great Khan's title, "Servant of the Holy Shrines," is purchased at too high a price. As has before been observed, the Turks now struggle for existence in El Hejaz with a soldiery ever in arrears, and officers unequal to the task of managing an unruly people. The pensions are but partly paid*, and they are not likely

tion, the "Jazb el Kulúb ila Diyar el Mahbúb (the "Drawing of Hearts towards the Holy Parts"). From the multitude of versions at last comes correctness.

* A Firman from the Porte, dated 13th February, 1841, provides for the paying of these pensions regularly. "It being customary to send every year from Egypt provisions in kind to the two holy cities, the provisions and other articles, whatever they may be, which have up to this time been sent to this place, shall continue to be sent thither." Formerly, the Holy Land had immense property in Egypt, and indeed in all parts of El Islam. About thirty years ago, Mohammed Ali Pacha bought up all the Wakf (church property), agreeing to pay for its produce, which he rated at five piastres the ardebb, when it was worth three times as much. Even that was not regularly paid. The Sultan has taken advantage of the present crisis to put down Wakf in Turkey. The Holy Land therefore will gradu-

to increase with years. It is probably a mere consideration of interest that prevents the people rising en masse, and reasserting the liberties of their country. And I have heard from authentic sources that the Wahhabis look forward to the day when a fresh crusade will enable them to purge the land of its abominations in the shape of silver and gold.

The Masjid el Nabi, or Prophet's Mosque, is the second in El Islam in point of seniority, and the same, or according to others the first in dignity, ranking with the Kaabah itself. It is erected around the spot where the she-camel, El Kaswa, knelt down by the order of Heaven. At that time the land was a palm grove and a Mirbad, or place where dates are dried. Mohammed, ordered to erect a place of worship there, sent for the youths to whom it belonged and certain Ansar, or Auxiliaries, their guardians; the ground was offered to him in free gift, but he insisted upon purchasing it, paying more than its value. Having caused the soil to be levelled and the trees to be felled, he laid the foundation of the first Mosque. In those times of primitive simplicity its walls were made of rough stone and unbaked bricks, and trunks of date-trees supported a palm-stick roof, concerning which the Archangel Gabriel delivered an order that it should not be higher than seven cubits, the elevation of Moses's temple. All ornament was strictly forbidden. The Ansar, or men of El Medinah, and the Muhajirin, or Fugitives from Meccah, carried the building materials in their arms from the cemetery

ally lose all its land and house property, and will soon be compelled to depend entirely upon the presents of the pilgrims, and the Sadakah, or alms, which are still sent to it by the pious Moslems of distant regions. As might be supposed, both the Meccans and the Madani loudly bewail their hard fates, and by no means approve of the Ikram, the modern succedaneum for extensive and regularly paid revenues. At a future time, I shall recur to this subject.

El Bakia, near the well of Ayyub, north of the spot where Ibrahim's Mosque now stands, and the Prophet was to be seen aiding them in their labours, and reciting for their encouragement,

"O Allah! there is no good but the good of futurity,
Then have mercy upon my Ansar and Muhajirin!"

The length of this Mosque was fifty-four cubits from north to south, and sixty-three in breadth, and it was hemmed in by houses on all sides save the western. Till the seventeenth month of the new æra the congregation faced towards the northern wall. After that time a fresh revelation turned them in the direction of Meccah—southwards: on which occasion the Archangel Gabriel descended and miraculously opened through the hills and wilds a view of the Kaabah, that there might be no difficulty in ascertaining its true position.

After the capture of Khaybar in A. H. 7, the Prophet and his first three successors restored the Mosque, but Moslem historians do not consider this a second foundation. Mohammed laid the first brick, and Abu Hurayrah declares that he saw him carry heaps of building material piled up to his breast. The Caliphs, each in the turn of his succession, placed a brick close to that laid by the Prophet, and aided him in raising the walls. El Tabrani relates that one of the Ansar had a house adjacent which Mohammed wished to make part of the place of prayer; the proprietor was offered in exchange for it a home in Paradise, which he gently rejected, pleading poverty. His excuse was admitted, and Osman, after purchasing the place for 10,000 dirhams, gave it to the Prophet on the long credit originally offered. This Mosque was a square of 100 cubits. Like the former building it had three doors: one on the south side, where the Mihrab el Nabawi, or the "Prophet's niche," now is; another in the place of the present Bab el Rahmah, and the third at

the Bab Osman, now called the Gate of Gabriel. Instead of a Mihrab or prayer niche*, a large block of stone directed the congregation; at first it was placed against the northern wall of the Mosque, and it was removed to the southern when Meccah became the Kiblah. In the beginning the Prophet, whilst preaching the Khutbah or Friday sermon, leaned when fatigued against a post.† The Mambar ‡, or pulpit, was the invention of a Medinah man of the Beni Najjar. It was a wooden frame, two cubits long by one broad, with three steps, each one span high; on the topmost of these the Prophet sat when he

* The prayer-niche and the minaret both date their existence from the days of El Walid, the builder of the third Mosque. At this age of their empire, the Moslems had travelled far and had seen art in various lands; it is therefore not without a shadow of reason that the *Hindoos* charge them with having borrowed their two favourite symbols, and transformed them into an arch and a tower.

† The Ustawanat el Hannanah, or "weeping-post." See Chapter XVI.

‡ As usual, there are doubts about the invention of this article. It was covered with cloth by the Caliph Osman, or, as others say, by El Muawiyah, who, deterred by a solar eclipse from carrying out his project of removing it to Damascus, placed it upon a new framework, elevated six steps above the ground. El Mahdi wished to raise the Mambar six steps higher, but was forbidden so to do by the Imam Malik. The Abbasides changed the pulpit, and converted the Prophet's original seat into combs, which were preserved as relics. Some historians declare that the original Mambar was burnt with the Mosque in A. H. 654. In Ibn Jubayr's time (A. H. 580), it was customary for visitors to place their right hands upon a bit of old wood inserted into one of the pillars of the pulpit; this was supposed to be a remnant of the "weeping-post." Every Sultan added some ornament to the Mambar, and at one time it was made of white marble, covered over with a dome of the "eight metals." It is now a handsome structure, apparently of wood, painted and gilt of the usual elegant form, which has been compared by some travellers with the suggesta of Roman Catholic churches.

I have been explicit about this pulpit, hoping that, next time the knotty question of Apostolic seats comes upon the tapis, our popular authors will not confound a Curule chair with a Moslem Mambar. Of the latter article, Lane (Mod. Egyptians, chap. 3.) gave a sketch in the "Interior of a Mosque."

required rest. The pulpit assumed its present form about A. H. 90, during the artistic reign of El Walid.

In this Mosque Mohammed spent the greater part of the day* with his companions, conversing, instructing, and comforting the poor. Hard by were the abodes of his wives, his family, and his principal friends. Here he prayed, hearkening to the Azan, or devotion-call, from the roof. Here he received worldly envoys and embassies, and the heavenly messages conveyed by the Archangel Gabriel. And within a few yards of the hallowed spot, he died, and found, it is supposed, a grave.

The theatre of events so important to El Islam could not be allowed — especially as no divine decree forbade the change — to remain in its pristine lowliness. The first Caliph contented himself with merely restoring some of the palm pillars, which had fallen to the ground: Omar, the second successor, surrounded the Hujrah, or Ayisha's chamber, in which the Prophet was buried, with a mud wall; and in A. H. 17, he enlarged the Mosque to 140 cubits by 120, taking in ground on all sides except the eastern, where stood the abodes of the "Mothers of the Moslems."† Outside the northern wall he erected a Suffah, called El Batha — a raised bench of wood, earth, or stone, upon which the people might recreate themselves with conversation and quoting poetry, for the Mosque was now becoming a place of peculiar reverence to men.‡

* The Prophet is said to have had a dwelling-house in the Ambariyah, or the western quarter of the Munakhah suburb, and here, according to some, he lodged Mariyah, the Coptic girl. As pilgrims do not usually visit the place, and nothing of the original building can be now remaining, I did not trouble myself about it.

† Meaning the Prophet's fifteen wives. It was this title after the Koranic order (chap. 33. v. 53.) which rendered their widowhood eternal; no Arab would willingly marry a woman whom he has called mother or sister.

‡ Authors mention a place outside the northern wall called El Suffah, which was assigned by Mohammed as a habitation to houseless believers;

The second Masjid was erected A.H. 29, by the third Caliph, Osman, who regardless of the clamors of the people, overthrew the old one and extended the building greatly towards the north, and a little towards the west; but he did not remove the eastern limit on account of the private houses. He made the roof of Indian teak*, and erected walls of hewn and carved stone. These innovations caused some excitement, which he allayed by quoting a tradition of the Prophet, with one of which he appears perpetually to have been prepared. The saying in question was, according to some, "Were this my Mosque extended to Safa†, it verily would still be my Mosque;" according to others, "Were the Prophet's Mosque extended to Zu'l Halifah‡, it would still be his." But Osman's skill in the quotation of tradition did not prevent the new building being in part a cause of his death. It was finished on the 1st Muharram, A.H. 30.

At length, El Islam, grown splendid and powerful, determined to surpass other nations in the magnificence of its public buildings. In A. H. 88, El Walid§ the First, twelfth Caliph of the Beni Ummayah race, after building the noble "Jami el Ammawiyah" (cathedral of the Ommiades) at Damascus, determined to display his liberality

from which circumstance these paupers derived the title of Ashab el Suffah, "Companions of the Sofa."

* So I translate the Arabicised word "Sáj."

† A hill in Meccah.

‡ A place about five miles from El Medinah, on the Meccan way. See Chap. XIV.

§ It is to this monarch that the Saracenic mosque-architecture mainly owes its present form. As will be seen, he had every advantage of borrowing from Christian, Persian, and even Indian art. From the first he took the dome, from the second the cloister—it might have been naturalised in Arabia before his time—and possibly from the third the minaret and the prayer-niche. The latter appears to be a peculiarly Hindu feature in sacred buildings, intended to contain the idol, and to support the lamps, flowers, and other offerings placed before it.

at El Medinah. The governor of the place, Umar bin Abd-el-Aziz, was directed to buy for 7000 Dinars all the hovels of raw brick that hedged in the eastern side of the old Mosque. They were inhabited by descendants of the Prophet and of the early Caliphs, and in more than one case, the ejection of the holy tenantry was effected with considerable difficulty. Some of the women — ever the most obstinate on such occasions — refused to take money, and Umar was forced to the objectionable measure of turning them out of doors with exposed faces* in full day. The Greek Emperor, applied to by the magnificent Caliph, sent immense presents, silver lamp chains, valuable curiosities†, forty loads of small cut stones for pietra-dura, and a sum of 80,000 Dinars, or, as others say, 40,000 Miskals of gold. He also despatched forty Coptic and forty Greek artists to carve the marble pillars and the casings of the walls, and to superintend the gilding and the mosaic work. One of these Christians was beheaded for sculpturing a hog on the Kiblah wall, and another, in an attempt to defile the roof, fell to the ground, and his brains were dashed out. The remainder apostatized, but this did not prevent the older Arabs murmuring that their Mosque had been turned into a Kanisah.‡ The Hujrah, or chamber, where, by Mohammed's permission, Azrael, the Angel of Death, separated his soul from his body, whilst

* The reader will remember that in the sixth year of the Hijrah, after Mohammed's marriage with Zaynab, his wives were secluded behind the Hijab, Pardeh, or curtain. A verse of the Koran directed the Moslems to converse with them behind this veil. Hence the general practice of El Islam: now it is considered highly disgraceful in any Moslem to make a Moslemah expose her face, and she will frequently found a threat upon the prejudice. A battle has been prevented by this means, and occasionally an insurrection has been caused by it.

† Amongst which some authors enumerate the goblet and the mirror of Kisra.

‡ A Christian church.

his head was lying in the lap of Ayisha, his favourite wife, was now for the first time taken into the Mosque. The raw-brick enceinte* which surrounded the three graves was exchanged for one of carved stone, enclosed by an outer precinct with a narrow passage between.† These double walls were either without a door, or had only a small blocked-up wicket on the northern side, and from that day (A. H. 90), no one, says El Samanhudi, has been able to approach the sepulchre.‡ A minaret was erected at each corner of the Mosque.§ The building was enlarged to 200 cubits by 167, and was finished in A. H. 91. When El Walid, the Caliph, visited it in state, he inquired of his lieutenant why greater magnificence had not been displayed in the erection; upon which Umar informed him, to his astonishment, that the walls alone had cost 45,000 Dinars.‖

* The outer wall, built by El Walid, remained till A. H. 550, when Jemal el Din of Isfahan, Wazir to Nur el Din Shahid Mahmud bin Zangi, supplied its place by a grating of open sandal woodwork, or, as others say, of iron. About the same time, Sayyid Abu 'l Hayja sent from Egypt a sheet of white brocade, embroidered in red silk with the chapter Y. S., in order to cover the inner wall. This was mounted on the accession of El Mustazi Billah, the Caliph, after which it became the custom for every Sultan to renew the offering. And in A. H. 688, Kalaun of Egypt built the outer network of brass as it now is, and surmounted it with the Green Dome.

† The inner wall, erected by El Walid, seems to have resisted the fire which in A. H. 654 burnt the Mosque to the ground. Also, in A. H. 886, when the building was consumed by lightning, the Hujrah was spared by the devouring element.

‡ After the Prophet's death and burial, Ayisha continued to occupy the same room, without even a curtain between her and the tomb. At last, vexed by the crowds of visitors, she partitioned off the hallowed spot with a wall. She visited the grave unveiled as long as her father Abubekr only was placed behind the Prophet; but when Omar's corpse was added, she always covered her face.

§ One of these, the minaret at the Bab-el-Salam, was soon afterwards overthrown by El Walid's brother Sulayman, because it shaded the house of Merwan, where he lodged during his visit to El Medinah in the cold season.

‖ The Dinar (denarius) was a gold piece, a ducat, a sequin.

The fourth Mosque was erected in A. H. 191, by El Mehdi, third prince of the Beni Abbas or Baghdad Caliphs —celebrated in history only for spending enormous sums upon a pilgrimage. He enlarged the building by adding ten handsome pillars of carved marble, with gilt capitals, on the northern side. In A. H. 202, El Maamun made further additions to this Mosque. It was from El Mehdi's Masjid that El Hakim b'amr Illah, the third Fatimite Caliph of Egypt, and the deity of the Druse sect, determined to steal the bodies of the Prophet and his two companions. About A. H. 412, he sent emissaries to El Medinah: the attempt, however, failed, and the would-be violators of the tomb lost their lives. It is generally supposed that El Hakim's object was to transfer the Visitation to his own capital; but in one so manifestly insane it is difficult to discover the spring of action. Two Christians, habited like Maghrabi pilgrims, in A. H. 550, dug a mine from a neighbouring house into the temple. They were discovered, beheaded, and burned to ashes. In relating these events the Moslem historians mix up many foolish preternaturalisms with credible matter. At last, to prevent a recurrence of such sacrilegious attempts, El Malik el Adil Nur el Din of the Baharite Mamluk Sultans, or, according to others, Sultan Nur el Din Shahid Mahmud bin Zangi, who, warned by a vision of the Prophet, had started for El Medinah only in time to discover the two Christians, surrounded the holy place with a deep trench filled with molten lead. By this means Abubekr and Omar, who had run considerable risks of their own, have ever since been enabled to occupy their last homes undisturbed.

In A. H. 654, the fifth Mosque was erected in consequence of a fire, which some authors attribute to a volcano that broke out close to the town in terrible eruption *;

* I purpose to touch upon this event in a future chapter, when describing my route from El Medinah to Meccah.

others, with more fanaticism and less probability, to the schismatic Beni Husayn, then the guardians of the tomb. On this occasion the Hujrah was saved, together with the old and venerable copies of the Koran there deposited, especially the Cufic MSS., written by Osman, the third Caliph. The piety of three sovereigns, El Mustasim (last Caliph of Baghdad), El Muzaffar Shems el Din Yusuf, chief of Yemen, and El Zahir Beybars, Baharite Sultan of Egypt, completed the work in A. H. 688. This building was enlarged and beautified by the princes of Egypt, and lasted upwards of 200 years.

The sixth Mosque was built, almost as it now stands, by Kaid Bey, nineteenth Sultan of the Circassian Mamluk kings of Egypt, in A. H. 888. El Mustasim's mosque had been struck by lightning during a storm; thirteen men were killed at prayers, and the destroying element spared nothing but the interior of the Hujrah.* The railing and dome were restored; niches and a pulpit were sent from Cairo, and the gates and minarets were distributed as they are now. Not content with this, Kaid Bey established "Wakf" (bequests) and pensions, and introduced order among the attendants on the tomb. In the tenth century, Sultan Sulayman the Magnificent paved with fine white marble the Rauzah or garden, which Kaid Bey, not daring to alter, had left of earth, and erected the fine minaret that bears his name. During the dominion of the later Sultans, and of Mohammed Ali, a few trifling presents, of lamps, carpets, wax candles and chandeliers, and a few immaterial alterations, have been made. The present head of El Islam is, as I have before said, rebuilding

* "On this occasion," says El Samanhudi, quoted by Burckhardt, "the interior of the Hujrah was cleared, and three deep graves were found in the inside, full of rubbish, but the author of this history, who himself entered it, saw no traces of tombs." Yet in another place he, an eye-witness, had declared that the coffin containing the dust of Mohammed was cased with silver.

one of the minarets and the northern colonnade of the temple.

Such is the history of the Mosque's prosperity.

During the siege of El Medinah by the Wahhabis *, the principal people seized and divided amongst themselves the treasures of the tomb, which must have been considerable. When the town surrendered, Saud, accompanied by his principal officers, entered the Hujrah, but, terrified by dreams, he did not penetrate behind the curtain, or attempt to see the tomb. He plundered, however, the treasures in the passage, the "Kaukab el Durri,"† and the ornaments sent as presents from every part of El Islam. Part of these he sold to Ghalib, Sherif of Meccah, it is said for 150,000 Riyals; the rest he carried with him to Daraiyah, his capital.‡ An accident prevented any further desecration of the building. The greedy Wahhabis, allured by the appearance of the golden or gilt globes and crescents surmounting the green dome, attempted to throw down the latter. Two of their number, it is said, were killed by falling from the slippery roof §, and the rest, struck by superstitious fears, abandoned the work of destruction. They injured, however, the prosperity of the place by taxing the inhabitants, by inter-

* Burckhardt has given a full account of this event in his history of the Wahhabis.

† See Chapter XVI.

‡ My predecessor estimates the whole treasury in those days to have been worth 300,000 Riyals,—a small sum, if we consider the length of time during which it was accumulating. The chiefs of the town appropriated 1 cwt. of golden vessels, worth at most 50,000 dollars, and Saud sold part of the plunder to Ghalib for 100,000 (I was told one-third more), reserving for himself about the same amount of pearls and corals. Burckhardt supposes that the governors of El Medinah, who were often independent chiefs, and sometimes guardians of the tombs, made occasional draughts upon the generosity of the Faithful.

§ I inquired in vain about the substance that covered the dome. Some told me it was tinfoil; others supposed it to be revetted with green tiles.

rupting the annual remittances, and by forbidding visitors to approach it. They are spoken of with abhorrence by the people, who quote a peculiarly bad trait in their characters, namely, that in return for any small religious assistance of prayer or recitation, they were in the habit of giving a few grains of gunpowder, or something equally valuable, instead of "stone-dollars."*

When Abdullah, son of Saud, had concluded in A. D. 1815 a treaty of peace with Tussun Pacha, the Egyptian General, the latter bought back from the townspeople, for 10,000 Riyals, all the golden vessels that had not been melted down, and restored the treasure to its original place. This I have heard denied; at the same time it rests upon credible evidence. Amongst orientals the events of the last generation are usually speaking imperfectly remembered, and the Olema are well acquainted with the history of vicissitudes which took place 1200 years ago, when profoundly ignorant of what their grandfathers witnessed. Many incredible tales also I heard concerning the present wealth of the El Medinah Mosque: this must be expected when the exaggeration is considered likely to confer honor upon the exaggerator.

The establishment attached to the El Medina Mosque is greatly altered since Burckhardt's time†, the result of the increasing influence of the Turkish half-breeds. It is still extensive, because in the first place the principle of divided labor is a favorite amongst orientals, and secondly because the sons of the holy cities do naturally desire to extract as much as they can from the sons of other cities with the least amount of work. The substance of the

* The Bedouin calls a sound dollar "Kirsh Hajar," or Riyal Hajar, a "stone-dollar."

† At the same time his account is still carefully copied by our popular and general authors, who it is presumed could easily become better informed.

following account was given to me by Umar Effendi, and I compared it with the information of others upon whom I could rely.

The principal of the Mosque, or Shaykh el Haram, is no longer a eunuch.* The present is a Turkish Pacha, Usman, appointed from Constantinople with a salary of about 30,000 piasters a month. His Naib or deputy is a black eunuch, the chief of the Aghawat †, upon a pay of 5000 piasters. The present principal of this college is one Tayfur Agha, a slave of Esma Sultanah, sister to the late Sultan Mahmud. The chief treasurer is called the Mudir el Haram; he keeps an eye upon the Khaznadar or treasurer, a eunuch whose salary is 2000 piasters. The Mustaslim is the chief of the Khatibs, or writers who settle the accounts of the Mosque; his pay is 1500, and under him is a Nakib or assistant upon 1000 piasters. There are three Shaykhs of the eunuchs, who receive from 700 to 1000 piasters a month each. The eunuchs, about 120 in number, are divided into three orders. The

* The Persians in remote times, as we learn from Herodotus (lib. 6.), were waited upon by eunuchs, and some attribute to them the invention. Ammianus Marcellinus (lib. 14.) ascribes the origin to Semiramis. In El Islam, the employment of such persons about the mosque is a "Bidaah" or custom unknown in the time of the Prophet. It is said to have arisen from the following three considerations: These people are concentrated in their professions: They must see and touch strange women at the shrines; and, The shrines are "Haram," or sacred, having adyta which are kept secret from the prying eyes of men, and, therefore, should be served by eunuchs. It is strange that the Roman Catholic church, as well as the Moslem Mosque, should have admitted such an abomination.

† One of these gentry, if called "Tawashi,"—his *generic* name,—would certainly insult a stranger. The polite form of address to one of them is "Agha"—Master—in the plural, "Aghawat." In partibus, they exact the greatest respect from men, and the title of the Eunuch of the Tomb is worth a considerable sum to them. The eunuchs of El Medinah are more numerous and better paid than those of Meccah: they are generally the slaves of rich men at Constantinople, and prefer this city on account of its climate.

Bawwabin, or porters, open the doors of the Mosque. The Khubziyah sweep the purer parts of the temple, and the lowest order, popularly called "Battalin," clean away all impurities, beat those found sleeping, and act as beadles, a duty here which involves considerable use of the cane. These men receive as perquisites presents from each visitor when they offer him the usual congratulation, and for other small favours, such as permitting strangers to light the lamps *, or to sweep the floor. Their pay varies from 250 to 500 piasters a month: they are looked upon as honorable men, and are generally speaking married, some of them indulging in three or four wives, which would have aroused Juvenal's bile. The Agha's character is curious and exceptional as his outward conformation. Disconnected with humanity, he is cruel, fierce, brave, and capable of any villany. His frame is unnaturally long and lean, especially the arms and legs, with high shoulders, protruding joints, and a face by contrast extraordinarily large; he is unusually expert in the use of weapons, and rides to admiration, his hoarse thick voice investing him with all the circumstance of command.

Besides the eunuchs there are a number of free servants, called Farrashin, attached to the Mosque; almost all the middle and lower class of citizens belong to the order. They are divided into parties of thirty each, and are changed every week, those on duty receiving a Ghazi, or twenty-two piasters, for their services. Their business is to dust, and spread the carpets, put oil and wicks into the lamps which the eunuchs let down from the ceiling, and, generally speaking, do nothing.

Finally, the menial establishment of the Mosque con-

* The "Sons of the City," however, are always allowed to do such service gratis; if, indeed, they are not paid for it.

sists of a Shaykh el Sakka (chief of the water carriers), under whom are from forty-five to fifty men who sprinkle the floors, water the garden, and, for a consideration, supply a cupful of brackish liquid to visitors.

The literary establishment is even more extensive than the executive and the menial. There is a Kazi, or chief judge sent every year from Constantinople. After twelve months at El Medinah he passes on to Meccah, and returns home after a similar term of service in the second Holy city. Under him are three Muftis *, of the Hanafi, the Shafei, and the Maliki schools; — the fourth, or Hanbali, is not represented here or at Cairo †; — each of these officers receives as pay about 250 piasters a month. The Ruasa ‡, as the Muezzins here call themselves, are extensively represented; there are forty-eight or forty-nine of the lowest order, presided over by six Kubar or Masters, and these again are under the Shaykh el Ruasa, who alone has the privilege of calling to prayers from the Raisiyah minaret. The Shaykh receives 150 piasters, the chiefs about 100, and the common criers sixty; there are forty-five Khatibs, who preach and pray before the congregation on Fridays for 120 piasters a month; they are under the Shaykh el Khutaba. About the same sum is given to seventy-five Imams, who recite the five ordinary

* Others told me that there were only two Muftis at El Medinah, namely, those of the Hanafi and Shafei schools. If this be true, it proves the insignificance of the followers of Malik, which personage, like others, is less known in his own town than elsewhere.

† The Hanbali school is nowhere common except in Nejd, and the lands eastward as far as El Hasa. At present it labours under a sort of imputation, being supposed to have thrown out a bad offshoot, the Wahhabis.

‡ "Ruasa" is the plural of Rais, a chief or president. It is the term generally applied in Arabia to the captain of a vessel, and in El Yemen it often means a barber,—in virtue, I presume, of its root—Ras, the head.

prayers of every day in the Mosque; the Shaykh el Aimmat is their superior.*

Almost all the citizens of El Medinah who have not some official charge about the temple qualify themselves to act as Muzawwirs. They begin as boys to learn the formula of prayer, and the conducting of visitors, and partly by begging, partly by boldness, they often pick up a tolerable livelihood at an early age. The Muzawwir will often receive strangers into his house, as was done to me, and direct their devotions during the whole time of their stay. For this he requires a sum of money proportioned to his guests' circumstances, but this fee does not end the connexion. If the Muzawwir visit the home of his Zair, he expects to be treated with the utmost hospitality, and to depart with a handsome present. A religious visitor will often transmit to his cicerone at Meccah and at El Medinah yearly sums to purchase for himself a mass at the Kaabah and the Prophet's Tomb. The remittance is usually wrapped up in paper, and placed in a sealed leathern bag, somewhat like a portfolio, upon which is worked the name of the person entitled to receive it. It is then placed in charge either of a trustworthy pilgrim, or of the public treasurer, who accompanies the principal caravans.

I could procure no exact information about the amount of money forwarded every year from Constantinople and Cairo to El Medinah; the only point upon which men seemed to agree was that they were defrauded of half their dues. When the Sadaka and Aukaf (the alms and bequests) arrive at the town, they are committed by the Surrah, or financier of the caravan, to the Muftis, the

* Some say that the Egyptian distinction between the Imam Khatib and the Imam Ratib does not obtain at El Medinah.

chief of the Khatibs, and the Kazi's clerk. These officers form a committee, and after reckoning the total of the families entitled to pensions, divide the money amongst them, according to the number in each household, and the rank of the pensioners. They are divided into five orders.

The Olema, or learned, and the Mudarrisin, who profess, lecture, or teach adults in the Haram.

The Imams and Khatibs.

The descendants of the Prophet.

The Fukaha, poor divines, who teach boys to read the Koran:—pedagogues, gerund-grinders.

The Awam, or nobile vulgus of the Holy City, including the Ahali, or burghers of the town, and the Mujawirin, or those settled in the place.

Umar Effendi belonged to the second order, and he informed me that his share varied from three to fifteen Riyals per annum.

# CHAP. XVIII.

## EL MEDINAH.

It is equally difficult to define politically or geographically, the limits of El Hejaz. Whilst some authors (as Abulfeda*,) fix its northern frontier at Aylah and the Desert, making Yemen its southern limit, others include in it only the tract of land lying between Meccah and El Medinah. As the country has no natural boundaries, and its political limits change with every generation, perhaps the best distribution of its frontier would be that which includes all the properly called Holy Land, making Yambu the northern and Jeddah the southern extremes, while a line drawn through El Medinah, Suwayrkiyah, and Jebel Kora, the mountain of Taif, might represent its eastern boundary. Thus El Hejaz would be an irregular parallelogram, about 250 miles in length, with a maximum breadth of 150 miles. Two meanings are assigned to the name of this region; according to most authorities, it means the "Separator," the "Barrier," between Nejd and Tehamah, or, according to others, between Yemen and Syria; according to others, the "colligated," (by mountains). It is to be observed that the people of the country, especially the Bedouins, distinguish the lowlands from

* To the east he limits El Hejaz by Yemamah, Nejd, and the Syrian desert, and to the west by the Red Sea. The Greeks, not without reason, included it in their Arabia Petræa. Niebuhr places the southern boundary at Hali, a little town south of Kunfudah (Gonfoda). Captain Head (Journey from India to Europe) makes the village El Kasr, opposite the Island of Kotambul, the limit of El Hejaz to the south.

the high regions by different names; the former are called Tehamat el Hejaz — the sea-coast of El Hejaz, as we should say in India, "below the Ghauts;" the latter is known peculiarly as El Hejaz.

Medinat el Nabi, the Prophet's City, or, as it is usually called for brevity, El Medinah, *the* City, is situated on the borders of Nejd, upon the vast plateau of high land which forms central Arabia. The limits of the sanctuary called the Hudud el Haram, as defined by the Prophet, may still serve to mark out the city's plain. Northwards, at a distance of about three miles, is Jebel Ohod, or, according to others, Jebel Saur, a hill somewhat beyond Ohod; these are the last ribs of the vast primitive and granitic chine that, extending from Lebanon to near Aden, and from Aden again to Muscat, fringes the Arabian trapezium. To the S.W. the plain is bounded by ridges of scoriaceous basalt, and by a buttress of rock called Jebel Ayr, like Ohod, about three miles distant from the town. Westward, according to some authors, is the Mosque Zu'l Halifah. On the east there are no natural landmarks, or even artificial, like the "Alamayn" at Meccah; an imaginary line, therefore, is drawn, forming an irregular circle, of which the town is the centre, with a diameter of from ten to twelve miles. Such is the sanctuary.* Geo-

* Within the sanctuary all Muharramat, or sins, are forbidden; but the several schools advocate different degrees of strictness. The Imam Malik, for instance, allows no latrinæ nearer to El Medinah than Jebel Ayr, a distance of about three miles. He also forbids slaying wild animals, but at the same time he specifies no punishment for the offence. Some do not allow the felling of trees, alleging that the Prophet enjoined their preservation as an ornament to the city, and a pleasure to visitors. El Khattabi, on the contrary, permits people to cut wood, and this is certainly the general practice. All authors strenuously forbid within the boundaries slaying man (except invaders, infidels, and the sacrilegious), drinking spirits, and leading an immoral life.

As regards the dignity of the sanctuary, there is but one opinion; a number of Hadis testify to its honor, praise its people, and threaten dreadful

graphically considered, the plain is bounded, on the east, by a thin line of low dark hills, traversed by the Darb el Sharki, or the "Eastern road," through Nejd to Meccah: southwards, the plateau is open, and almost perfectly level as far as the eye can see.

El Medinah dates its origin doubtless from ancient times, and the cause of its prosperity is evident in the abundant supply of a necessary generally scarce in Arabia. The formation of the plateau is in some places salt sand, but usually a white chalk, and a loamy clay, which even by the roughest manipulation makes tolerable bricks. Lime also abounds. The town is situated upon a gently shelving part of the plain, the lowest portion of which, to judge from the water-shed, is at the southern base of Mount Ohod, hence called El Safilah, and the highest at the Awali, or plains about Kuba, and the East. The southern and south-eastern walls of the suburb are sometimes carried away by violent "Sayl," or torrents, which, after rain, sweep down from the western as well as from the eastern highlands. The water-shed is toward some lowlands in the northern and western hills, a little beyond Mount Ohod, and called El Ghabbah. This basin receives

things to those who injure it or them. It is certain that on the last day, the Prophet will intercede for, and aid, all those who die and are buried, at El Medinah. Therefore, the Imam Malik made but one pilgrimage to Meccah, fearing to leave his bones in any other cemetery but El Bakia. There is, however, much debate concerning the comparative sanctity of El Medinah and Meccah. Some say Mohammed preferred the former, blessing it as Abraham did Meccah. Moreover, as a tradition declares that every man's body is drawn from the dust of the ground in which he is buried, El Medinah, it is evident, had the honor of supplying materials for the Prophet's person. Others, like Omar, were uncertain in favour of which city to decide. Others openly assert the pre-eminence of Meccah; the general consensus of El Islam preferring El Medinah to Meccah, save only the Bayt Allah in the latter city. This last is a juste-milieu view, by no means in favor with the inhabitants of either place. In the meanwhile the Meccans claim unlimited superiority over the Madani; the Madani over the Meccans.

the drainage of the mountains and the plain, according to some absorbing it, according to others collecting it till of sufficient volume to flow off to the sea. Water is abundant, though rarely of good quality. In the days of the Prophet, the Madani consumed the produce of wells, seven of which are still celebrated by the people.* Historians relate that Omar, the second Caliph, provided the town with drinking-water from the northern parts of the plains by means of an aqueduct. The modern city is supplied by a source called the Ayn el Zarka or Azure spring†, which arises some say at the foot of Mount Ayr, others, with greater probability, in the date-groves of Kuba. Its waters were first brought to El Medinah by Marwan, governor in El Muawiyah's day. It now flows down a subterraneous canal, about 30 feet below the surface; in some places the water is exposed to the air, and steps lead to it for the convenience of the inhabitants — this was the work of Sultan Sulayman the Magnificent. After passing through the town it turns to the N. W.—its course being marked by a line of circular walls breast high, like the Kariz of

* These seven wells will be noticed in Chapter XIX.

† I translate El Zarka "azure," although Sir G. Wilkinson remarks, apropos of the Bahr el Azrak, generally translated by us the "Blue Nile," that, "when the Arabs wish to say dark or jet black, they use the word "Azrak." It is true that Azrak is often applied to indeterminate dark hues, but "Aswad," not Azrak, is the opposite to Abyaz, "white." Moreover, El Zarka in the feminine is applied to women with light blue eyes; this would be no distinctive appellation if it signified black eyes, the almost universal color. Zarka of Yemamah is the name of a celebrated heroine in Arab story, and the curious reader, who wishes to see how much the West is indebted to the East, even for the materials of legend, will do well to peruse her short history in Major Price's "Essay," or M. C. de Perceval's "Essai," &c., vol. i. p. 101. Both of these writers, however, assert that Zarka's eyes, when cut out, were found to contain fibres blackened by the use of Kohl, and attribute to her the invention of this pigment. I have often heard the legend from the Arabs, who declare that she painted her eyes with "Ismid," a yellow metal, of what kind I have never been able to determine, although its name is everywhere known.

Afghanistan, placed at unequal distances, and resembling wells; then it loses itself in the Nakhil or palm-groves. During my stay at El Medinah, I always drank this water, which appeared to me, as the citizens declared it to be, sweet and wholesome.* There are many wells in the town, as water is found at about 20 feet below the surface of the soil, but few of them produce anything fit for drinking, some being salt, and others bitter. As usual in the hilly countries of the East, the wide beds and Fiumaras, even in the dry season, will supply the travellers for a day or two with an abundance of water, filtrated through, and, in some cases, flowing beneath the sand.

The climate of the plain is celebrated for a long and comparatively speaking rigorous winter; a popular saying records the opinion of the Prophet "that he who patiently endures the cold of El Medinah and the heat of Meccah, merits a reward in Paradise." Ice is not seen in the town, but may frequently be met with, it is said, on Jebel Ohod; fires are lighted in the houses during winter, and palsies attack those who at this season imprudently bathe in cold water. The fair complexions of the people prove that this account of the wintry rigors is not exaggerated. Chilly and violent winds from the eastern desert are much dreaded, and though Ohod screens the town on the N. and N. E. a gap in the mountains to the N. W. fills the air at times with raw and comfortless blasts. The rains begin in October, and last with considerable intervals through the winter; the clouds, gathered by the hill-tops and the trees near the town, discharge themselves with violence, and at the equinoxes thunder-storms are common. At such times

* Burckhardt confounds the Ayn el Zarka with the Bir el Khatim, or Kuba well, of whose produce the surplus only mixes with it, and he complains loudly of the "detestable water of Medinah." But he was ill at the time, otherwise he would not have condemned it so strongly after eulogising the salt-bitter produce of the Meccan Zem Zem.

the Barr el Munakhah, or the open space between the town and the suburbs, is a sheet of water, and the land about the south and the south-eastern wall of the faubourg a pool. Rain, however, is not considered unhealthy here, and the people, unlike the Meccans and the Cairenes, expect it with pleasure, because it improves their date-trees and fruit plantations.* In winter it usually rains at night, in spring during the morning, and in summer about evening time. This is the case throughout El Hejaz, as explained by the poet Lebid in these lines, where he describes the desolate site of an old encampment:—

"It (the place) hath been fertilised by the first spring-showers of the constellations, and hath been swept by
The incessant torrents of the thunder-clouds, falling in heavy and in gentle rains,
From each night-cloud, and heavily dropping morning-cloud,
And the even-cloud, whose crashings are re-echoed from around."

And the European reader will observe that the Arabs generally reckon three seasons, including our autumn in their summer. The hot weather at El Medinah appeared to me as extreme as the wintry cold is described to be, but the air was dry, and the open plain prevented the faint and stagnant sultriness which distinguishes Meccah. Moreover, though the afternoons are close, the nights and the mornings were cool and dewy. At this season of the year the citizens sleep on the house-tops, or on the ground outside their doors. Strangers must follow this example with circumspection; the open air is safe in the Desert, but in cities it causes, to the unaccustomed, violent colds and febrile affections.

I collected the following notes upon the diseases and

* The people of Nejd, as Wallin informs us, believe that the more the palms are watered, the more syrup will the fruit produce; they, therefore, inundate the ground as often as possible. At El Jauf, where the date is peculiarly good, the trees are watered regularly every third or fourth day.

medical treatment of the northern Hejaz. El Medinah has been visited four times by the Rih el Asfar*, or Cholera Morbus, which is said to have committed great ravages, sometimes carrying off whole households. In the Rahmat el Kabirah, the "Great Mercy," as the worst attack is piously called, whenever a man vomited, he was abandoned to his fate; before that, he was treated with mint, lime-juice, and copious draughts of coffee. It is still the boast of El Medinah that the Taun, or plague, has never passed her frontier.† The Judari, or small-pox, appears to be indigenous to the countries bordering upon the Red Sea; we read of it there in the earliest works of the Arabs‡, and even to the present day, it sometimes sweeps through Arabia and the Somali country with desolating violence. In the town of El Medinah it is fatal to children, many of whom, however, are in these days inoculated§: amongst the Bedouins old men die of it, but adults

* Properly meaning the Yellow Wind; the antiquity of the word and its origin are still disputed.

† Burckhardt (Travels in Arabia, vol. 2.) informs us, that in A.D. 1815, when Meccah, Yambu, and Jeddah, suffered severely from the plague, El Medinah and the open country between the two seaports escaped.

‡ Conjecture, however, goes a little too far when it discovers small-pox in the Tayr Ababil, the "swallow birds," which, according to the Koran, destroyed the host of Abrahat el Ashram. Major Price (Essay) may be right in making Ababil the plural of Abilah, a vesicle; but it appears to me that the former is an Arabic and the latter a Persian word, which have no connexion whatever. M. C. de Perceval, quoting the Sirat el Rasul, which says, that at that time small-pox first appeared in Arabia, ascribes the destruction of the host of Yemen to an epidemic and a violent tempest. The strangest part of the story is, that although it occurred at Meccah, about two months before Mohammed's birth, and, therefore, within the memory of many living at the time, the Prophet alludes to it in the Koran as a miracle.

§ In Yemen, we are told by Niebuhr, a rude form of inoculation — the mother pricking the child's arm with a thorn — has been known from time immemorial. My Medinah friends assured me that only during the last generation, this practice has been introduced amongst the Bedouins of El Hejaz.

are rarely victims, either in the city or in the desert. The nurse closes up the room during the day, and carefully excludes the night-air, believing that, as the disease is "hot," a breath of wind would kill the patient. During the hours of darkness, a lighted candle or lamp is always placed by the side of the bed, or the sufferer would die of madness, brought on by evil spirits or fright. Sheep's-wool is burnt in the sick-room, as death would follow the inhaling of any perfume. The only remedy I have heard of is pounded Kohl (antimony) drunk in water, and the same is drawn along the breadth of the eyelid, to prevent blindness. The diet is Adas (lentils)*, and a peculiar kind of date, called Tamr el Birni. On the 21st day the patient is washed with salt and tepid water. Ophthalmia is rare.† In the summer, quotidian and tertian fevers

* This grain is cheaper than rice on the banks of the Nile — a fact which enlightened England, now paying a hundred times its value for "Revalenta Arabica," apparently ignores.

† Herodotus (Euterpe) has two allusions to eye disease, which seems to have afflicted the Egyptians from the most ancient times. Sesostris the Great died stone-blind; his successor lost his sight for ten years, and the Hermaic books had reason to devote a whole volume to ophthalmic disease. But in the old days of idolatry, the hygienic and prophylactic practices alluded to by Herodotus, the greater cleanliness of the people, and the attention paid to the canals and drainage, probably prevented this malarious disease becoming the scourge which it is now.

The similarity of the soil and the climate of Egypt to that of Upper Sindh, and the prevalence of the complaint in both countries, assist us in investigating the predisposing causes. These are, the nitrous and pungent nature of the soil — what the old Greek calls "acrid matter exuding from the earth,"— and the sudden transition from extreme dryness to excessive damp checking the invisible perspiration of the circumorbital parts, and flying to an organ which is already weakened by the fierce glare of the sun, and the fine dust raised by the Khamsin or the Chaliho. Glare and dust alone seldom cause eye disease. Every one knows that ophthalmia is unknown in the desert, and the people of El Hejaz, who live in an atmosphere of blaze and sand, seldom lose their sight.

The Egyptian usually catches ophthalmia in his childhood. It begins

(Hummah Salis) are not uncommon, and if accompanied by vomitings, they are frequently fatal. The attack

with simple conjunctivitis, caused by constitutional predisposition, exposure, diet, and allowing the eye to be covered with swarms of flies. He neglects the early symptoms, and cares the less for being a Cyclops, as the infirmity will most probably exempt him from military service. Presently the sane organ becomes affected sympathetically. As before, simple disease of the conjunctiva passes into purulent ophthalmia. The man, after waiting a while, will go to the doctor and show a large cicatrix in each eye, the result of an ulcerated cornea. Physic can do nothing for him; he remains blind for life. He is now provided for, either by living with his friends, who seldom refuse him a loaf of bread, or, if industriously inclined, by begging, by acting Muezzin, or by engaging himself as "Yemeniyah," or chaunter, at funerals. His children are thus predisposed to the paternal complaint, and gradually the race becomes tender-eyed. Most travellers have observed that imported African slaves seldom become blind either in Egypt or in Sindh.

Few Englishmen settled in Egypt lose their sight, except it be medical men, who cannot afford time to nurse the early symptoms. The use of coffee and of water as beverages has much to do with this. In the days of hard drinking our Egyptian army suffered severely, and the Austrian army in Tuscany showed how often blindness is caused by importing northern habits into southern countries. Many Europeans in Egypt wash their eyes with cold water, especially after walking, and some use once a day a mildly astringent or cooling wash, as Goulard's lotion or vinegar and water. They avoid letting flies settle upon their eyes, and are of opinion that the evening dews are prejudicial, and that sleeping with open windows lays the foundation of disease. Generally when leaving a hot room, especially a Nile-boat cabin, for the cold damp night air, the more prudent are careful to bathe and wipe the eyes and forehead as a preparation for change of atmosphere.

During my short practice in Egypt I found the greatest advantage from the employment of counter-irritants,—blisters and Pommade Emétisé,—applied to the temples and behind the ears. Native practitioners greatly err by confining their patients in dark rooms, thereby injuring the general health and laying the foundation of chronic disease. They are ignorant that, unless the optic nerve be affected, the stimulus of light is beneficial to the eye. And the people by their dress favor the effects of glare and dust. The Tarbush, no longer surrounded as of old by a huge turban, is the least efficient of protectors, and the comparative rarity of ophthalmic disease among the women, who wear veils, proves that exposure is one of its co-efficient causes.

generally begins with the Naffazah, or cold fit, and is followed by El Hummah, the hot stage. The principal remedies are cooling drinks, such as Sikanjebin (oxymel) and syrups. After the fever the face and body frequently swell, and indurated lumps appear in the legs and stomach. There are also low fevers, called simply Hummah; they are usually treated by burning charms in the patient's room. Jaundice and bilious complaints are common, and the former is popularly cured in a peculiar way. The sick man looks into a pot full of water, whilst the exorciser, reciting a certain spell, draws the heads of two needles from the patient's ears along his eyes, down his face, lastly dipping them into water, which at once becomes yellow. Others have "Mirayat," magic mirrors*, on which the

* This invention dates from the most ancient times, and both in the East and the West has been used by the weird brotherhood to produce the appearances of the absent and the dead, to discover treasure, to detect thieves, to cure disease, and to learn the secrets of the unknown world. The Hindus called it Anjan, and formed it by applying lamp-black, made of a certain root, and mixed with oil to the palm of a footling child, male or female. The Greeks used oil poured into a boy's hand. Cornelius Agrippa had a crystal mirror, which material also served the Counts de St. Germain and Cagliostro. Dr. Dee's "show-stone" was a bit of cannel coal. The modern Sindhians know the art by the name of Gahno or Vinyano; there, as in southern Persia, ink is rubbed upon the seer's thumb-nail. The people of northern Africa are considered skilful in this science, and I have a Maghrabi magic formula for inking the hand of a "boy, a black slave girl, a virgin, or a pregnant woman," which differs materially from those generally known. The modern Egyptians call it Zarb el Mandal, and there is scarcely a man in Cairo who does not know something about it. In selecting subjects to hold the ink, they observe the right hand, and reject all who have not what is called in palmistry the "Linea media naturalis" straight and deeply cut. Even the barbarous Finns look into a glass of brandy, and the natives of Australia gaze at a kind of shining stone. Lady Blessington's crystal ball is fresh in the memory of the present generation, and most men have heard of Electro-Biology and the Cairo magician.

Upon this latter subject, a vexed one, I must venture a few remarks. In the first account of the magician by Mr. Lane, we have a fair and dispassionate recital of certain magical, mystical, or mesmeric phenomena, which

patient looks, and loses the complaint. Dysenteries frequently occur in the fruit season, when the greedy Arabs devour all manner of unripe peaches, grapes, and pomegranates. The popular treatment is by the actual cautery; the scientific affect the use of drastics and astringent simples, and the Bizr el Kutn, (cotton-seed,) toasted, pounded, and drunk in warm water. Almost every one here, as in Egypt, suffers more or less from hæmorrhoids; they are treated by dietetics—eggs and leeks—and by a variety of drugs, Myrobalans, Lisan-el-Hamal, (Arnoglossum,) &c. But the patient looks with horror at the

"excited considerable curiosity and interest throughout the civilised world." As usual in such matters, the civilised world was wholly ignorant of what was going on at home; otherwise, in London, Paris, and New York, they might have found dozens studying the science. But a few years before, Dr. Herklots had described the same practice in India, filling three goodly pages; but he called his work "Qanoon-i-Islam," and, consequently, despite its excellences, it fell still-born from the press. Lady H. Stanhope frequently declared "the spell by which the face of an absent person is thrown upon a mirror to be within the reach of the humblest and most contemptible of magicians;" but the civilised world did not care to believe a prophetess. All, however, were aroused by Mr. Lane's discovery, and determined to decide the question by the ordeal of reason.

Accordingly, in A. D. 1844, Mr. Lane, aided by Lord Nugent and others, discovered that a "coarse and stupid fraud" had been perpetrated upon him by Usman Effendi, the Scotchman. In 1845, Sir G. Wilkinson remarks of this rationalism, "The explanation lately offered, that Usman Effendi was in collusion with the magician, is neither fair on him nor satisfactory, as he was not present when those cases occurred which were made so much of in Europe," and he proposes "leading questions and accidents" as the word of the riddle. Eothen attributes the whole affair to "shots," as schoolboys call them, and ranks success under the head of Paley's "tentative miracles." A writer in the Quarterly explains them by suggesting the probability of divers (impossible) optical combinations, and, lest the part of belief should have been left unrepresented, Miss Martineau was enabled to see clear signs of mesmeric action, and by the decisive experiment of self, discovered the magic to be an "affair of mesmerism." Melancholy to relate, after all this philosophy, the herd of travellers at Cairo is still divided in opinion about the magician, some holding his performance to be "all humbug," others darkly hinting that "there may be something in it."

scissors and knife, so that they seldom succeed in obtaining a radical cure. The Filaria Medinensis, locally called "Farantit," is no longer common at the place which gave it its European name. At Yambu, however, the people suffer much from the Vena appearing in the legs. The complaint is treated here as in India and Abyssinia: when the tumour bursts, and the worm shows, it is extracted by being gradually wound round a splinter of wood. Hydrophobia is rare, and the people have many superstitions about it. They suppose that a bit of meat falls from the sky, and that the dog who eats it becomes mad. I was assured by respectable persons, that when a man is bitten, they shut him up with food, in a solitary chamber, for four days, and that if at the end of that time he still howls like a dog, they expel the Ghul (Devil) from him, by pouring over him boiling water mixed with ashes—a certain cure I can easily believe. The only description of leprosy known in El Hejaz is that called "Baras:" it appears in white patches on the skin, seldom attacks any but the poorer classes, and is considered incurable. Wounds are treated by Marham, or ointments, especially the Balesan, or Balsam of Meccah; a cloth is tied round the limb, and not removed till the wound heals, which, amongst this people of simple life, generally takes place by first intention. Ulcers are common in El Hejaz, as indeed all over Arabia. We read of them in ancient times. In A. D. 504, the poet and warrior, Amr el Kays, died of this dreadful disease, and it is related that when Mohammed Abu Si Mohammed, in A. H. 132, conquered Yemen with an army from El Hejaz, he found the people suffering from sloughing and mortifying sores, so terrible to look upon that he ordered the sufferers to be burnt alive. Fortunately for the patients, the conqueror died suddenly before his inhuman mandate was executed.

These sores here, as in Yemen*, are worst when upon the shin bones; they then eat deep into the leg, and the patient dies of fever and gangrene. They are treated on first appearance by the actual cautery, and when practicable, by cutting off the joint; the drugs popularly applied are Tutiya (tutty) and verdigris. There is no cure but rest, a generous diet, and change of air.

By the above short account it will be seen that the Arabs are no longer the most skilful physicians in the world. They have, however, one great advantage in their practice, and are sensible enough to make free use of it. As the children of almost all respectable citizens are brought up in the Desert, the camp becomes to them a native village. In all cases of severe wounds or chronic diseases, the patient is ordered off to the black tents, where he lives as a Bedouin, drinking camels' milk, a diet for the first three or four days highly cathartic, and doing nothing. This has been the practice from time immemorial in Arabia, whereas Europe is only beginning to systematise the adhibition of air, exercise, and simple living. And even now we are obliged to veil it under the garb of charlatanry — to call it a "milk-cure" in Switzerland, a "water-cure" in Silesia, a "grape-cure" in France, a "hunger-cure" in Germany, and other sensible names which act as dust in the public eyes.

El Medinah consists of three parts, — a town, a fort, and a suburb little smaller than the body of the place. The town itself is about one-third larger than Suez, or nearly half the size of Meccah. It is a walled enclosure forming an irregular oval with four gates. The Bab el Shami, or "Syrian Gate," in the north-west side of the

* They distinguish, however, between the Hejaz "Nasur" and the "Jurh el Yemani," or the "Yemen Ulcer."

enceinte leads towards Jebel Ohod, Hamzah's burial-place and the mountains. In the eastern wall, the Bab el Jumah, or Friday Gate, opens upon the Nejd road and the cemetery, El Bakia. Between the Shami and the Jumah gates, towards the north, is the Bab el Ziyafah (of Hospitality); and westwards the Bab el Misri (Egyptian) opens upon the plain called the Barr el Munakhah. The eastern and the Egyptian gates are fine massive buildings, with double towers close together, painted with broad bands of red, yellow, and other colours, not unlike that old entrance of the Cairo citadel which opens upon the Rumayliyah plain.* In their shady and well-watered interiors, soldiers find room to keep guard, camel-men dispute, and numerous idlers congregate, to enjoy the luxuries of coolness and companionship. Beyond this gate, in the street leading to the Mosque, is the great bazar. Outside it lie the Suk el Khuzayriyah, or green-grocers' market, and the Suk el Habbabah, or the grain bazar, with a fair sprinkling of coffee-houses. These markets are long masses of palm-leaf huts, blackened in the sun and wind, of a mean and squalid appearance, detracting greatly from the appearance of the gate. Amongst them there is a little domed and whitewashed building, which I was told is a Sabil or public fountain. In the days of the Prophet the town was not walled. Even in El Edrisi's time (twelfth cent.), and as late as Bartema's (eighteenth cent.), the fortifications were walls of earth, built by order of Kasin el Daulat el Ghori, who repopulated the town and provided for its inhabitants. Now, the enceinte is in excellent condition. The walls are well built of granite and lava blocks, in regular layers, cemented with lime; they are provided with "Mazghal"

* They may be compared to the gateway towers of the old Norman castles—Arques, for instance.

(or Matras) long loopholes, and Shararif or trefoil-shaped crenelles: in order to secure a flanking fire, semicircular towers, also loopholed and crenellated, are disposed in the curtain at short and irregular intervals. Inside, the streets are what they always should be in these torrid lands, deep, dark, and narrow, in few places paved — a thing to be deprecated — and generally covered with black earth well watered and trodden to hardness. The most considerable lines radiate towards the Mosque. There are few public buildings. The principal Wakalahs are four in number; one is the Wakalat Bab Salam near the Haram, another the Wakalat Jabarti, and two are inside the Misri gate; they all belong to Arab citizens. These caravanserais are principally used as stores, rarely for dwelling places like those of Cairo; travellers, therefore, must hire houses at a considerable expense, or pitch tents to the detriment of health and to their extreme discomfort. The other public buildings are a few mean coffee-houses and an excellent bath in the Harat Zarawan inside the town: it is far superior to the unclean establishments of Cairo, and borrows something of the luxury of Stamboul. The houses are well built for the East, flat-roofed and double-storied; the materials generally used are a basaltic scoria, burnt brick and palm wood. The best of them enclose spacious court-yards and small gardens with wells, where water basins and date trees gladden the owners' eyes. The latticed balconies, first seen by the European traveller at Alexandria, are here common, and the windows are mere apertures in the wall, garnished, as usual in Arab cities, with a shutter of planking. El Medinah fell rapidly under the Wahhabis, but after their retreat, it soon rose again, and now it is probably as comfortable and flourishing a little city as any to be found in the East. It contains between fifty and sixty streets, including the

alleys and culs de sac. There is about the same number of Harat or quarters; but I have nothing to relate of them save their names. Within the town few houses are in a dilapidated condition. The best authorities estimate the number of habitations at about 1500 within the enceinte, and those in the suburb at 1000. I consider both accounts exaggerated; the former might contain 800, and the Munakhah perhaps 500; at the same time I must confess not to have counted them, and Captain Sadlier (in A.D. 1819) declares that the Turks, who had just made a kind of census, reckoned 6000 houses and a population of 8000 souls. Assuming the population to be 16,000 (Burckhardt raises it as high as 20,000), of which 9000 occupy the city, and 7000 the suburbs and fort, this would give little more than twelve inhabitants to each house, a fair estimate for an Arab town, where the abodes are large and slaves abound.*

The castle joins on to the N. W. angle of the city enceinte, and the wall of its eastern outwork is pierced for a communication between the Munakhah Suburb, through a court strewed with guns and warlike apparatus, and the Bab el Shami, or the Syrian Gate. Having been refused entrance into the fort, I can describe only its exterior.

* I afterwards received the following information from Mr. Charles Cole, H. B. M. vice-consul at Jeddah, a gentleman well acquainted with Arabia, and having access to official information.

"The population of El Medinah is from 16,000 to 18,000, and the Nizam troops in garrison 400. Meccah contains about 45,000 inhabitants, Yambu from 6000 to 7000, Jeddah about 2500 (this I think is too low), and Taif 8000. Most of the troops are stationed at Meccah and Jeddah. In El Hejaz there is a total force of five battalions, each of which ought to contain 800 men; they may amount to 3500, with 500 artillery, and 4500 irregulars, though the muster rolls bear 6000. The government pays in paper for all supplies, (even water for the troops,) and the paper sells at the rate of forty piastres per cent."

The outer wall resembles that of the city, only its towers are more solid, and the curtain appears better calculated for work. Inside, a donjon, built upon a rock, bears proudly enough the banner of the Crescent and the Star; its whitewashed walls make it a conspicuous object, and guns pointed in all directions, especially upon the town, project from their embrasures. The castle is said to contain wells, bomb proofs, provisions, and munitions of war; if so, it must be a kind of Gibraltar to the Bedouins and the Wahhabis. The garrison consisted of a Nisf Urtah*, or half battalion (400 men) of Nizam infantry, commanded by a Pacha; his authority also extends to a Sanjak, or about 500 Kurdish and Albanian Bashi Buzuks, whose duty it is to escort caravans, to convey treasures, and to be shot at in the Passes. The Madani, who, as usual with Orientals, take a personal pride in their castle, speak of it with much exaggeration. Commanded by a high line of rocks on the N.W., and built as it is without in most places moat, glacis, earthwork, or outworks, a few shells and a single battery of siege guns would soon render it untenable. In ancient times it has more than once been held by a party at feud with the town, for whose mimic battles the Barr el Munakhah was a fitting field. Northward from the fort, on the road to Ohod, but still within fire, is a long many-windowed building, formerly Daud Pacha's palace. In my time it had been bought by Abbas Pacha of Egypt.

The suburbs lie to the S. and W. of the town. Southwards they are separated from the enceinte by a wide road, called the Darb el Jenazah, the Road of Biers, so called because the corpses of certain schismatics, who may

* The Urtah or battalion here varies from 800 to 1000 men. Of these four form one Alai or regiment, and thirty-six Alai an Urdu or camp. This word Urdu, pronounced "Ordoo," is the origin of our "horde."

not pass through the city, are carried this way to their peculiar cemetery near the Bab el Jumah, or Eastern Gate. Westwards, between El Medinah and its faubourg, lies the plain of El Munakhah, about three quarters of a mile long, by 300 yards broad. The straggling suburbs occupy more ground than the city; fronting the enceinte they are without walls; towards the west, where open country lies, they are enclosed by mud or raw brick ramparts, with little round towers, all falling to decay. A number of small gates lead from the suburb into the country. The only large one, a poor copy of the Bab el Nasr at Cairo, is the Ambari or western entrance, through which we passed into El Medinah. The suburb contains no buildings of any consequence, except the Khaskiyah, or official residence of the Muhafiz (governor), a plain building near the Barr el Munakhah, and the Khamsah Masajid, or the Five Mosques, which every Zair is expected to visit. They are

The Prophet's Mosque in the Munakhah.

Abubekr's near the Ayn el Zarka.

Ali's Mosque in the Zukak el Tayyar of the Munakhah. Some authors call this the "Musalla el Eed," because the Prophet here prayed the Festival Prayer.

Omar's Mosque, near the Bab Kuba of the Munakhah, and close to the little torrent called El Sayh.

Belal's Mosque, celebrated in books; I did not see it, and some Madani assured me that it no longer exists.

A description of one of these buildings will suffice, for they are all similar. Mohammed's Mosque in the Munakhah stands upon a spot formerly occupied, some say, by the Jami Ghamamah. Others believe it to be founded upon the Musalla el Nabi, a place where the Prophet recited the first Festival prayers after his arrival at El Medinah, and used frequently to pray, and to address

those of his followers who lived far from the Haram.* It is a trim modern building of cut stone and lime in regular layers, of parallelogrammic shape, surmounted by one large and four smaller cupolas. These are all white-washed, and the principal is capped with a large crescent, or rather a trident rising from a series of gilt globes: the other domes crown the several corners. The minaret is of the usual Turkish shape, with a conical roof, and a single gallery for the Muezzin. An Acacia tree or two on the eastern side, and behind it a wall-like line of mud-houses, finish the coup-d'œil; the interior of this building is as simple as the exterior. And here I may remark that the Arabs have little idea of splendor, either in their public or in their private architecture. Whatever strikes the traveller's eye in El Hejaz is always either an importation or the work of foreign artists. This arises from the simple tastes of the people, combined, doubtless, with their notable thriftiness. If strangers will build for them, they argue, why should they build for themselves? Moreover, they have scant inducement to lavish money upon grand edifices. Whenever a disturbance takes place, domestic or from without, the principal buildings are sure to suffer. And the climate is inimical to their enduring. Both ground and air at Meccah, as well as at El Medinah, are damp and nitrous in winter, in summer dry and torrid: the lime is poor; palm-timber soon decays; even foreign wood-work suffers, and a few years suffice to level the proudest pile with the dust.

The suburbs to the S. of El Medinah are a collection of walled villages, with plantations and gardens between. They are laid out in the form, called here as in Egypt,

* One of the traditions, "Between my house and my place of prayers is a Garden of the Gardens of Paradise," has led divines to measure the distance: it is said to be 1000 cubits from the Bab Salam of the Haram to this Musalla.

Hosh—court-yards, with single-storied buildings opening into them. These enclosures contain the cattle of the inhabitants; they have strong wooden doors, shut at night to prevent "lifting," and are capable of being stoutly defended. The inhabitants of the suburb are for the most part Bedouin settlers, and a race of schismatics who will be noticed in another chapter. Beyond these suburbs, to the S., as well as to the N. and N. E., lie gardens and extensive plantations of palm-trees.

## CHAP. XIX.

### A RIDE TO THE MOSQUE OF KUBA.

THE principal places of pious visitation in the vicinity of El Medinah, are the Mosques of Kuba, the Cemetery El Bakia, and the martyr Hamzah's tomb, at the foot of Mount Ohod. These the Zair is directed by all the Olema to visit, and on the holy ground to pray Allah for a blessing upon himself, and upon his brethren of the faith.

Early one Saturday morning, I started for Kuba with a motley crowd of devotees. Shaykh Hamid, my Muzawwir, was by my side, mounted upon an ass more miserable than I had yet seen. The boy Mohammed had procured for me a Meccan dromedary, with splendid trappings, a saddle with burnished metal peaks before and behind, covered with a huge sheepskin dyed crimson, and girthed over fine saddle-bags, whose enormous tassels hung almost to the ground. The youth himself, being too grand to ride a donkey, and unable to borrow a horse, preferred walking. He was proud as a peacock, being habited in a style somewhat resembling the plume of that gorgeous bird, in the coat of many colours — yellow, red, and golden flowers, apparently sewed on a field of bright green silk — which cost me so dear in the Haram. He was armed, as indeed all of us were, in readiness for the Bedouins, and he anxiously awaited opportunities of discharging his pistol. Our course lay from Shaykh Hamid's house in the Munakkah, along and up the Fiumara, "El

Sayh," and through the Bab Kuba, a little gate in the suburb wall, where, by the bye, my mounted companion was nearly trampled down by a rush of half wild camels. Outside the town, in this direction, southward, is a plain of clay, mixed with chalk, and here and there with sand, whence protrude blocks and little ridges of basalt. As far as Kuba, and the Harrah ridge to the west, the earth is sweet and makes excellent gugglets.* Immediately outside the gate I saw a kiln, where they were burning tolerable bricks. Shortly after leaving the suburb, an Indian, who joined our party upon the road, pointed out on the left of the way what he declared was the place of the celebrated Khandak, or Moat, the Torres Vedras of Arabian History.†

Presently the Nakhil, or palm plantations, began. Nothing lovelier to the eye, weary with hot red glare, than the rich green waving crops and cool shade — for hours I could have sat and looked at it, requiring no other occupation — the "food of vision," as the Arabs call it, and "pure water to the parched throat." The air was soft and balmy, a perfumed breeze, strange luxury in El Hejaz, wandered amongst the date fronds; there were fresh flowers and bright foliage, in fact, at midsummer, every beautiful feature of spring. Nothing more delightful to the ear than the warbling of the small birds, that sweet

* The Baradiyah or gugglets of El Medinah are large and heavy, of a reddish grey colour, and celebrated for cooling water, a property not possessed by those of Meccan fabric.

† I afterwards found reason to doubt this location. Ibn Jubayr (12th century) places it an arrow-shot from the westward wall of El Medinah, and seems to have seen it. M. C. de Perceval states, I know not upon whose authority, that it was dug to protect the north-west, the north, and the north-eastern sides of the town: this is rendered highly improbable by the features of the ground. The learned are generally agreed that all traces of the moat had disappeared before our 15th century.

familiar sound, the splashing of tiny cascades from the wells into the wooden troughs, and the musical song of the water-wheels. Travellers — young travellers — in the East talk of the "dismal grating," the "mournful monotony," and the "melancholy creaking of these dismal machines." To the veteran wanderer their sound is delightful from association, reminding him of green fields, cool water-courses, hospitable villagers, and plentiful crops. The expatriated Nubian, for instance, listens to the water-wheel with as deep emotion as the Ranz des Vaches ever excited in the hearts of Switzer mercenary at Naples, or "Lochaber no more," among a regiment of Highlanders in the West Indies.

The date-trees of El Medinah merit their celebrity. Their stately columnar stems, here, seem higher than in other lands, and their lower fronds are allowed to tremble in the breeze without mutilation.* These enormous palms were loaded with ripening fruit, and the clusters, carefully tied up, must often have weighed upwards of eighty pounds. They hung down between the lower branches by a bright yellow stem, as thick as a man's ancle. Books enumerate 139 varieties of trees; of these between sixty and seventy are well-known, and each is distinguished, as usual among Arabs, by its peculiar name. The best kind is El Shelebi; it is packed in skins, or in flat round boxes covered with paper, somewhat in the manner of French prunes, and sent as presents to the remotest parts of the Moslem world.† The fruit is about

* In Egypt the lower branches of the date are lopped off about Christmas time to increase the flavour of the fruit; and the people believe that without this "Taklim" as it is called, the tree would die. In Upper Egypt, however, as at El Medinah, the fronds are left untouched.

† The visitor from El Medinah would be badly received by the women of his family, if he did not present them on his return with a few boxes of dates, some strings of the same fruit, and skins full of henna powder. Even

two inches long, with a small stone, and what appeared to me a peculiar aromatic flavour and smell; it is seldom eaten by the citizens on account of the price, which varies from two to ten piastres the pound. The tree, moreover, is rare, and said to be not so productive as the other species. The Ajwah* is eaten, but not sold, because a tradition of the Prophet declares, that whoso breaketh his fast every day with six or seven of the Ajwah-date need fear neither poison, nor magic. The third kind, El Hilwah, also a large date, derives a name from its exceeding sweetness: of this tree the Moslems relate that the Prophet planted a stone, which in a few minutes grew up and bore fruit. Next comes El Birni, of which was said, "It causeth sickness to depart, and there is no sickness in it." The Wahshi on one occasion bent its head, and salamed to Mohammed as he ate its fruit, for which reason even now its lofty tuft turns earthwards. The Sayhani is so called, because when the founder of El Islam, holding Ali's hand, happened to pass beneath, it cried, "This is Mohammed the Prince of Prophets, and this is Ali the Prince of the Pious, and the progenitor of the immaculate Imams." Of course the descendants of so intelligent a vegetable hold high rank in the kingdom of palms, and the vulgar were in the habit of eating the Sayhani and of throwing the stones about the Haram. The Khuzayriyah is called so, because it preserves its green colour, even when perfectly ripe; it is dried and preserved as a curiosity. The Jebeli is that most usually eaten:

the Olema allow such articles to be carried away, although they strictly forbid keepsakes of earth or stone.

* This fruit must not be confounded with the enucleated conserve of dates, which in Arabia, as in Egypt, is known by the name of Ajwah. The Arabs infinitely despise the stuff sold at Alexandria and Cairo, declaring that it is fit only for cows. The Ajwah of the Oasis, particularly of Siwah, is of excellent quality.

the poorest kinds are the Laun and the Hilayah, costing from 4 to 7 piastres per mudd.*

I cannot say that the dates of El Medinah are finer than those of Meccah, although it be highly heretical to hold such tenet. The produce of the former city was the favorite food of the Prophet, who invariably broke his fast with this food: a circumstance which invests it with a certain degree of relic-sanctity. The citizens delight in speaking of dates as an Irishman does of potatoes, with a manner of familiar fondness: they eat them for medicine as well as food; "Rutab," or wet dates, being held to be the most saving. It is doubtless the most savoury of remedies. The fruit is prepared in a great variety of ways: perhaps the most favorite dish is a broil with clarified butter, extremely distasteful to the European palate. The date is also left upon the tree to dry, and then called "Balah:" this is eaten at dessert as the "Nukliyat"—the "quatre mendiants" of Persia. Amongst peculiar preparations must be mentioned the Kulladat el Sham.† The unripe fruit is dipped in boiling water to preserve its gamboge color, strung upon a thick thread and hung out in the air to dry. These strings are worn all over El Hejaz as necklaces by children, who seldom fail to munch the

* At El Medinah

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 12 Dirhams | (drams) | make | 1 Wukkiyah (ounce). |
| 20 Wukkiyah | | ,, | 1 Ratl (pound). |
| 33 Wukkiyah and 3 (drams) | | ,, | 1 Wukkah (less than 2 lbs.). |
| 4 Wukkah | | ,, | 1 Mudd. |
| 24 Mudd | | ,, | 1 Ardebb. |

This Ratl or pound is the larger one applied to particular articles of commerce—such as meat, vegetables, and clarified butter; coffee, rice, soap, &c. are sold by the smaller Ratl of Meccah, equal to 140 dirhams. In Egypt the Ratl is 144 Dirhams or 12 Wukkiyahs, about 1 lb. 2 oz. and 8 dwts. troy.

† "Necklace of Syria." I was told they derive this name from the place where they are made. "El Safra," on the Meccah road, being also called El Sham.

ornament when not in fear of slappings; and they are sent as presents to distant countries.

January and February are the time for the masculation* of the palm. The "Nakhwali," as he is called, opens the female flower, and having inserted the inverted male flowers, binds them together: this operation is performed, as in Egypt, upon each cluster.† The fruit is ripe about the middle of May, and the gathering of it forms the Arabs' "vendemmia." The people make merry the more readily because their favorite fruit is liable to a variety of accidents: droughts injure the tree, locusts destroy the produce, and the date crop, like most productions which men are imprudent enough to adopt singly as the staff of life, is subject to failure. One of the reasons for the excellence of Medinah dates is the quantity of water they obtain: each garden or field has its well, and even in the hottest weather the Persian wheel floods the soil every third day. It has been observed that the date-tree can live in dry and barren spots; but it loves the beds of streams and places where moisture is procurable. The palms scattered over the other parts of the plain, and depending solely upon rain water, produce less fruit, and that too of an inferior quality.

Verdure is not usually wholesome in Arabia, yet invalids leave the close atmosphere of El Medinah to seek health under the cool shades of Kuba. The gardens are divided by what might almost be called lanes, long narrow lines with tall reed fences on both sides. The graceful branches of the Tamarisk, pearled with manna, and cottoned over with dew, and the broad leaves of the castor plant, glistening in

* This is a translation of the Arab word "Tazkir," which is certainly more appropriate than our "caprification" applied to dates.

† The male tree is known by its sterility. In some countries only the fecundating pollen is scattered over the female flower, and this doubtless must have been nature's method of impregnating the date.

the sun, protected us from the morning rays. The ground on both sides of the way was sunken, the earth being disposed in heaps at the foot of the fences, an arrangement which facilitates irrigation, by giving a fall to the water, and in some cases affords a richer soil than the surface. This part of the Medinah plain, however, being higher than the rest, is less subject to the disease of salt and nitre. On the way here and there the earth crumbles and looks dark under the dew of morning, but nowhere has it broken out into that glittering efflorescence which notes the last stage of the attack. The fields and gardens are divided into small oblongs separated from one another by little ridges of mould which form diminutive water-courses. Of the cereals there are luxuriant maize, wheat, and barley, but the latter two are in small quantities. Here and there patches of "Barsim," or Egyptian clover, glitter brightly in the sun. The principal vegetables are Badanjan (Egg plant), the Bamiyah (a kind of esculent hibiscus, called Bhendi in India), and Mulukhiyah (Corchoris olitorius), a mucilaginous spinage common throughout this part of the East. These three are eaten by citizens of every rank; they are in fact the greens and the potatoes of Arabia. I remarked also onions and leeks in fair quantities, a few beds of carrots and beans, some Fijl (radishes), Lift (turnips), gourds, cucumbers, and similar plants. Fruit trees abound. There are five descriptions of vines, the best of which is El Sherifi, a long white grape of a flavour somewhat resembling the produce of Tuscany.* Next to it, and very similar, is El Birni. The Hejazi is a round fruit, sweet, but insipid, which is also the reproach of the Sawadi, or black grapes. And lastly, the Raziki is a small white

* The resemblance is probably produced by the similarity of treatment. At El Medinah, as in Italy, the vine is "married" to some tall tree, which, selfish as a husband, appropriates to itself the best of everything,—sun, breeze, and rain.

fruit, with a diminutive stone. The Nebek, or Jujube, is here a fine large tree with a dark green leaf, roundish and polished like the olive; it is armed with a short, curved, and sharp thorn*, and bears a pale straw-colored berry, about the size of a gooseberry, with red streaks on the side next the sun. Little can be said in favor of the fruit, which has been compared successively by disappointed "Lotus eaters"† to a bad plum, an unripe cherry, and an insipid apple. It is, however, a favorite with the people of El Medinah, who have reckoned many varieties of the fruit: Hindi (Indian), Baladi ("native"), Tamri (date-like), &c. There are a few peaches, hard like the Egyptian, and almost tasteless, fit only for stewing, but greedily eaten in a half-ripe state, large coarse bananas, lime trees, a few water melons, figs, and apples, but neither apricots nor pears.‡ There are three kinds of pomegranates: the best is the Shami (Syrian); it is red outside, very sweet, and costs one piastre; the Turki is large, and of a white color; and the Misri has a greenish rind, and a somewhat sub-acid and harsh flavour: the latter are sold four times as cheap as the best. I never saw in the East, except at Meccah, a finer fruit than the Shami: almost stoneless, like those of Muscat, they are delicately perfumed, and as large as an infant's head. El Medinah is celebrated, like Taif, for its "Rubb Rumman," a thick pomegranate syrup,

* This thorn (the Rhamnus Nabeca, or Zizyphus Spina Christi) is supposed to be that which crowned our Saviour's head. There are Mimosas in Syria; but no tree, save the fabled Zakkum, could produce the terrible apparatus with which certain French painters of the modern school have attempted to heighten the terrors of the scene.

† For what reason I am entirely unable to guess, our dictionaries translate the word Sidr (the literary name of the tree that bears the Nebek) "Lote-tree." No wonder that believers in "Homeric writ" feel their anger aroused by so poor a realisation of the beautiful myth.

‡ The only pears in El Hejaz, I believe, are to be found at Taif, to which place they were transplanted from Egypt.

drunk with water during the hot weather, and esteemed cooling and wholesome.

After threading our way through the gardens, an operation requiring less time than to describe them, we saw, peeping through the groves, Kuba's simple minaret. Then we came in sight of a confused heap of huts and dwelling-houses, chapels and towers with trees between, and foul lanes, heaps of rubbish, and barking dogs, — the usual material of a Hejazi village. Having dismounted, we gave our animals in charge of a dozen infant Bedouins, the produce of the peasant gardeners, who shouted "Bakhshish" the moment they saw us. To this they were urged by their mothers, and I willingly parted with a few paras for the purpose of establishing an intercourse with fellow-creatures so fearfully and wonderfully resembling the tail-less baboon. Their bodies, unlike those of Egyptian children, were slim * and straight, but their ribs stood out with a curious distinctness, the color of the skin was that oily lamp-black seen upon the face of a European sweep, and the elf-locks, thatching the cocoa-nut heads, had been stained by the sun, wind, and rain to that reddish-brown hue which Hindu romances have appropriated to their Rakshasas or demons. Each anatomy carried in his arms a stark-naked miniature of himself, fierce-looking babies with faces all eyes, and the strong little wretches were still able to extend the right hand and exert their lungs with direful clamor. Their mothers were fit progenitors for such progeny: long, gaunt, with emaciated limbs, wall-sided, high-shouldered, and straight-backed, with pendulous bosoms, spider-like arms, and splay feet. Their long elf-locks, wrinkled faces, and high cheek-bones, their lips darker than the epidermis, hollow

* Travellers always remark the curious pot-bellied children on the banks of the Nile. This conformation is admired by the Egyptians, who consider it a sign of strength, and a promise of fine growth.

staring eyes, sparkling as if to light up the extreme ugliness around, and voices screaming as if in a perennial rage, invested them with all the "charms of Sycorax." These "Houris of Zetannum" were habited in long night-gowns dyed blue to conceal want of washing, and the squalid children had about a yard of the same material wrapped round their waist for all toilette. This is not an overdrawn portrait of the farmer race of Arabs, the most despised by their fellow-countrymen, and the most hard-favored, morally as well as physically, of all the breed.

Before entering the Mosque of El Kuba* it will be necessary to call to mind some passages of its past history. When the Prophet's she-camel, El Kaswa, as he was approaching El Medinah after the flight from Meccah, knelt down here, he desired his companions to mount the animal. Abubekr and Omar† did so; still she sat upon the ground, but when Ali obeyed the order, she arose. The Prophet bade him loose her halter, for she was directed by Allah, and the Mosque walls were built upon the line over which she trod. It was the first place of public prayer in El Islam. Mohammed laid the first brick, and with an "Anzah" or iron-shod javelin, marked out the direction of prayer‡, each of his successors followed his example. According to most historians, the land belonged to Abu Ayyub

* I believe Kuba to be about three miles S. S. E. of El Medinah; but El Idrisi, Ibn Haukal, and Ibn Jubayr, all agree in saying two miles.

† Osman, the fourth companion, was absent at this time, not having returned from the first or Little Flight to Abyssinia.

‡ Some believe that in this Mosque the direction of prayer was altered from Jerusalem to Meccah, and they declare, as will presently be seen, that the Archangel Gabriel himself pointed out the new line. M. C. De Perceval forgets his usual accuracy when he asserts "le Mihrab de la Mosquée de Médine, qui fut d'abord placé au Nord, fut transféré au Midi: et la Mosquée prit le nom de Masjid-el-Kiblatayn, Mosquée des deux Kiblah." In the first place, the Mihrab is the invention of a later date, about ninety years; and, secondly, the title of El Kiblatayn is never given to the Mosque of El Medinah.

the Ansari; for which reason the "Bayt Ayyub," his descendants, still perform the service of the Mosque, keep the key, and share with the Bawwabs or porters the alms and fees here offered by the Faithful. Others declared that the ground was the property of one Linah, a woman who was in the habit of tethering her ass there.* The Prophet used to visit it every Saturday† on foot, and always made a point of praying the dawn-prayer there on the 17th Ramazan.‡ A number of traditions testify to its dignity: of these two are especially significant. The first assures all Moslems that a prayer at Kuba is equal to a Lesser Pilgrimage at Meccah in religious efficacy; and the second declares that such devotion is more acceptable to the Deity than prostrations at the Bayt el Mukaddas (Jerusalem). Moreover sundry miracles took place here, and a verset of the Koran descended from heaven. For which reasons the Mosque was much respected by Omar, who, once finding it empty, swept it himself with a broom of thorns, and expressed his wonder at the lukewarmness of Moslem piety. It was originally a square building of very small size; Osman enlarged it in the direction of the minaret, making it sixty-six cubits each way. It is no longer "mean and decayed" as in Burckhardt's time: the Sultan Abd el Hamid, father of Mahmud, erected a neat structure of cut stone, whose

* This degrading report caused certain hypocrites to build a kind of rival chapel called the Mosque Zarar. It was burnt to the ground shortly after its erection, and all known of it is, that it stood near Kuba.

† Some say on Monday, probably because on that day Mohammed alighted at Kuba. But the present practice of El Islam, handed down from generation to generation, is to visit it on the Saturday.

‡ There is on this day at Kuba a regular Ziyarat or visitation. The people pray in the Haram of El Medinah, after which they repair to the Kuba Mosque, and go through the ceremonies which in religious efficacy equal an Umrah or lesser pilgrimage. In books I have read that the 15th of Ramazan is the proper day

crenelles make it look more like a place of defence than of prayer. It has, however, no pretensions to grandeur. The minaret is of the Turkish shape. To the south a small and narrow Riwak, or raised hypo-style, with unpretending columns, looks out northwards upon a little open area simply sanded over; and this is the whole building.

The large Mastabah or stone bench at the entrance of the Mosque, was crowded with sitting people: we therefore lost no time, after ablution and the Niyat ("the Intention") peculiar to this visitation, in ascending the steps, in pulling off our slippers, and in entering the sacred building. We stood upon the Musalla el Nabi (the Prophet's place of prayer)*: after Shaykh Nur and Hamid had forcibly cleared that auspicious spot of a devout Indian, and had spread a rug upon the dirty matting, we performed a two-bow prayer, in front of a pillar into which a diminutive marble Mihrab or niche had been inserted by way of memento. Then came the Dua, or supplication, which was as follows:

"O Allah! bless and preserve, and increase, and perpetuate, and benefit, and be propitious to, our lord Mohammed, and to his family, and to his companions, and be thou their Preserver! O Allah! this is the Mosque Kuba, and the place of the Prophet's prayers. O Allah! pardon our sins, and veil our faults, and place not over us one who feareth not thee, and who pitieth not us, and pardon us, and the true believers, men and women, the quick of them and the dead; for verily thou, O Lord, art the hearer, the near to us, the answerer of our supplications." After which we recited the Testification and the Fatihah, and we drew our palms as usual down our faces.

* This is believed to be the spot where the Prophet performed his first Rukat, or prayer-bow.

We then moved away to the south-eastern corner of the edifice, and stood before a Mihrab in the southern wall. It is called "Takat el Kashf" or "Niche of Disclosure," by those who believe that as the Prophet was standing undecided about the direction of Meccah, the Archangel Gabriel removed all obstructions to his vision. There again we went through the two-bow prayer, the Supplication, the Testification, and the Fatihah, under difficulties, for people crowded us excessively. During our devotions, I vainly attempted to decypher a Cufic inscription fixed in the wall above and on the right of the Mihrab, — my regret, however, at this failure was transitory, the character not being of an ancient date. Then we left the Riwak, and despite the morning sun which shone fiercely with a sickly heat, we went to the open area where stands the "Mabrak el Nakah," or the "Place of kneeling of the she Dromedary."* This, the exact spot where El Kaswa sat down, is covered with a diminutive dome of cut stone, supported by four stone pillars: the building is about eight feet high and a little less in length and breadth. It has the appearance of being modern. On the floor, which was raised by steps above the level of the ground, lay, as usual, a bit of dirty matting, upon which we again went through the ceremonies above detailed.

Then issuing from the canopy into the sun, a little outside the Riwak and close to the Mabrak, we prayed upon the "Makan el Ayat,"† or the "Place of Signs." Here was revealed to Mohammed a passage in the Koran

* "Mabrak" is the locative noun from the triliteral root "Baraka — he blessed, or he (the camel) knelt upon the ground." Perhaps this philological connection may have determined Mohammed to consider the kneeling of the dromedary a sign that *Allah* had blessed the spot.

† "Ayat" here means a verset of the Koran. Some authors apply the above-quoted lines to the Prophet's Mosque at El Medinah exclusively, others to both buildings.

especially alluding to the purity of the place and of the people of Kuba, "a temple founded in purity from its first day;" and again; "there men live who love to be cleansed, and verily Allah delights in the clean." The Prophet exclaimed in admiration, "O ye sons of Amr! what have ye done to deserve all this praise and beneficence?" when the people offered him an explanation of their personal cleanliness which I do not care to repeat. The temple of Kuba from that day took a fresh title—Masjid el Takwa, or the "Mosque of Piety."

Having finished our prayers and ceremonies at the Mosque of Piety, we fought our way out through a crowd of importunate beggars, and turning a few paces to the left, halted near a small chapel adjoining the south-west angle of the larger temple. We there stood at a grated window in the western wall, and recited a supplication looking the while most reverently at a dark dwarf archway under which the Lady Fatimah used to sit grinding grain in a hand mill. The Mosque in consequence bears the name of Sittna Fatimah. A surly-looking Khadim, or guardian, stood at the door demanding a dollar in the most authoritative Arab tone—we therefore did not enter. At El Medinah and at Meccah the traveller's hand must be perpetually in his pouch: no stranger in Paris or London is more surely or more severely taken in. Already I began to fear that my eighty pounds would not suffice for all the expenses of sight-seeing, and the apprehension was justified by the sequel. My only friend was the boy Mohammed, who displayed a fiery economy that brought him into considerable disrepute with his countrymen. They saw with emotion that he was preaching parsimony to me solely that I might have more money to spend at Meccah under his auspices. This being palpably the case, I threw all the blame of penuriousness upon the young Machiavel's shoulders, and resolved, as he had taken charge of my

finances at El Medinah, so at Meccah to administer them myself.

After praying at the window, to the great disgust of the Khadim, who openly asserted that we were "low fellows," we passed through some lanes lined with beggars and Bedouin children, till we came to a third little Mosque situated due south of the larger one. This is called the Masjid Arafat, and is erected upon a mound also named Tall Arafat, because on one occasion the Prophet, being unable to visit the Holy mountain at the pilgrimage season, stood there, saw through the intervening space, and in spirit performed the ceremony. Here also we looked into a window instead of opening the door with a silver key, and the mesquin appearance of all within prevented my regretting the necessity of economy. In India or Sindh every village would have a better mosque. Our last visit was to a fourth chapel, the Masjid Ali, so termed because the Prophet's son-in-law had a house upon this spot.* After praying there — and terribly hot the little hole was! — we repaired to the last place of visitation at Kuba — a large deep well called the Bir El Aris, in a garden to the west of the Mosque of Piety, with a little oratory adjoining it. A Persian wheel was going drowsily round, and the cool water fell into a tiny pool, whence it whirled and bubbled away in childish mimicry of a river. The music sounded sweet in my ears, I stubbornly refused to do any more praying — though Shaykh Hamid, for form's sake, reiterated, with parental emphasis, "how very wrong it was," — and sat down, as the Prophet himself did not disdain to do, with the resolution of enjoying on the brink of the well a few moments of unwonted "Kayf." The heat was overpowering, though it was only nine

* Ibn Jubayr informs us that Abubekr, Ayisha, and Omar had habitations at Kuba.

o'clock, the sound of the stream was soothing, that water wheel was creaking a lullaby, and the limes and pomegranates, gently rustling, shed voluptuous fragrance through the morning air. I fell asleep — and wondrous the contrast! — dreamed that I was once more standing

"By the wall whereon hangeth the crucified vine,"

looking upon the valley of the Lianne, with its glaucous seas and grey skies, and banks here and there white with snow.

The Bir el Aris*, so called after a Jew of El Medinah, is one which the Prophet delighted to visit. He would sit upon its brink with his bare legs hanging over the side, and his companions used to imitate his example. This practice caused a sad disaster; in the sixth year of his caliphate, Osman, according to Abulfeda and Yakut, dropped from his finger Mohammed's seal ring, which, engraved in three lines with "Mohammed — Apostle — (of) Allah," had served to seal the letters sent to neighboring kings, and had descended to the first three successors.† The precious article was not recovered after three days' search, and the well was thenceforward called Bir el Khatim — of the Seal Ring. It is also called the Bir el Taflat — of Saliva‡ — because the Prophet honored

* Some authors mention a second Bir El Aris, belonging in part to the Caliph Osman.

According to Yakut, "Aris" is the Hebrew or Syriac word for a peasant: he quotes the plural form Arísún and Arárisah.

† Others assert, with less probability, that the article in question was lost by one Maakah, a favorite of Osman. As that ill-fated Caliph's troubles began at the time of this accident, the ring is generally compared to Solomon's. Our popular authors, who assert that Mohammed himself lost the ring, are greatly in error.

‡ According to some authors, Mohammed drew a bucket of water, drank part of the contents, spat into the rest, and poured it back into the well, which instantly became sweet. Ibn Jubayr applies the epithet Bir El Taflat peculiarly to the Aris well: many other authors are not so exact.

it by expectoration, which, by the bye, he seems to have done to almost all the wells in El Medinah. The effect of the operation upon the Bir el Aris, say the historians, was to sweeten the water, which before was salt. Their testimony, however, did not prevent my detecting a pronounced medicinal taste in the luke-warm draught drawn for me by Shaykh Hamid. In Mohammed's day the total number of wells is recorded to have been twenty: most of them have long since disappeared; but there still remain seven, whose waters were drunk by the Prophet, and which, in consequence, the Zair is directed to visit.* They are known by the classical title of Saba Abar, or the seven wells, and their names are included in this couplet,

"Aris and Ghars, and Rumah and Buzaat
And Busat, with Bayruha and Ihn." †

* The pious perform the Lesser Ablution upon the brink of the seven wells, and drink of the remnant of the water in "Tabarruk" or to secure the blessing of God.

† Some alter the 3rd, the 5th, and the 7th names to Bir el Nabi, a well in the Kuba gardens, Bir el Ghurbal, and Bir el Fukayyir, where the Prophet, together with Salman the Persian and others of his companions, planted date trees.

The Bir el Aris has already been described.

The Bir el Ghars, Gharas or Ghurs, so called, it is said, from the place where it was sunk, about ½ a mile N.E. of the Kuba Mosque, is a large well with an abundance of water. Mohammed used to perform ablution on its brink, and directed Ali to wash his corpse with seven skins full of the water.

The Bir Rumah is a large well with a spring at the bottom, dug in the Wady el Akik, to the north of the Mosque El Kiblatayn. It is called "Kalib Mazni" (the old well of Mazni), in this tradition; "The best of old wells is the old well of Mazni." And ancient it must be if the legend say true, that when Abu Karb besieged El Medinah (A. D. 495), he was relieved of sickness by drinking its produce. Some assert that it afforded the only sweet water in El Medinah when the Prophet arrived there. The town becoming crowded by an influx of visitors, this water was sold by its owner, a man of the Beni Ghaffar tribe, or according to others, by one Mazni a Jew. Osman at last bought it by paying upwards of 100 camels.

The Bir Buzaat, or Bizaat, or Bisaat, is in the Nakhil or palm plantations

After my sleep, which was allowed to last until a pipe or two of Latakia had gone round the party, we remounted our animals. On the left of the village returning towards El Medinah, my companions pointed out to me a garden, called El Madshuniyah. It contains a quarry of the yellow loam or bole-earth, called by the Arabs Tafl, the Persians Gil i Sarshui and the Sindhians Met[u]. It is used as soap in many parts of the East, and, mixed with oil, it is supposed to cool the body, and to render the skin fresh and supple. It is related that the Prophet cured a Bedouin of the Beni Haris tribe of fever by washing him with a pot of Tafl dissolved in water, and hence the earth of El Medinah derived its healing fame. As far as I could learn from the Madani, this clay is no longer valued by them, either medicinally or cosmetically; the only use they could mention was its being eaten by the fair sex, when in the peculiar state described by "chlorosis."

outside the Bab el Shami or north-western gate of El Medinah on the right of the road leading to Ohod. Whoever washes in its waters three times shall be healed.

The Bir Busat is near the Bakia cemetery, on the left of the road leading to Kuba. The Prophet used to bathe in the water, and declared it healthy to the skin.

The Bir Bayruha, under whose trees the Prophet was fond of sitting, lies outside the Bab Dar el Ziyafah, leading to Mount Ohod. The Kamus gives the word "Bayruha upon the measure of Fayluha." Some authorities upon the subject of Ziyarat, write Bayruha, "Bir Ha,"—the well of Ha, and variously suppose "Ha" to be the name of a man, a woman, or a place. Yakut mentions other pronunciations: "Barihá," "Baríhá," "Bayrihá," &c.

The Bir Ihn is in a large garden E. of Kuba. Little is said in books about this well, and the people of El Medinah do not know the name.

## CHAP. XX.

### THE VISITATION OF HAMZAH'S TOMB.

On the morning of Sunday, the twenty-third Zu'l Kaadah (28th August, 1853), arrived the great Caravan from El Sham or Damascus.* It is popularly called Hajj El Shami, the "Damascus pilgrimage," as the Egyptian Cafila is El Misri, or the Cairo pilgrimage. It is the main stream which carries off all the small currents that at this season of general movement flow from central Asia towards the great centre of the Islamitic world, and in 1853 amounted to about 7000 souls. It was anxiously expected by the people for several reasons. In the first place, it brought with it a new curtain for the Prophet's Hujrah, the old one being in a tattered condition; secondly, it had charge of the annual stipends and pensions of the citizens; and thirdly, many families expected members returning under its escort to their homes. The popular anxiety was greatly increased by the disordered state of the country round about; and, moreover, the great caravan had been one day late, generally arriving on the morning of the 22nd Zu'l Kaadah.

During the night three of Shaykh Hamid's brothers, who had entered as Muzawwirs with the Hajj, came suddenly to the house: they leaped off their camels, and lost not a moment in going through the usual scene of kissing,

* This city derives its name, the "Great Gate of Pilgrimage," and the "Key of the Prophet's Tomb" from its being the gathering-place of this caravan.

embracing, and weeping bitterly for joy. I arose in the morning, and looked out from the windows of the Majlis: the Barr el Munakhah, from a dusty waste dotted with a few Bedouins and hair tents, had assumed all the various shapes and the colors of a kaleidescope. The eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details, in all parts totally different from one another, thrown confusedly together in one small field; and, however jaded with sight-seeing, it dwelt with delight upon the vivacity, the variety, and the intense picturesqueness of the scene. In one night had sprung up a town of tents of every size, color, and shape,—round, square and oblong,—open and closed,—from the shawl-lined and gilt-topped pavilion of the Pacha, with all the luxurious appurtenances of the Harem, to its neighbour the little dirty green "rowtie" of the tobacco-seller. They were pitched in admirable order: here ranged in a long line, where a street was required; there packed in dense masses, where thoroughfares were unnecessary. But how describe the utter confusion in the crowding, the bustling, and the vast variety and volume of sound? Huge white Syrian dromedaries, compared with which those of El Hejaz appeared mere pony-camels, jingling large bells, and bearing Shugdufs* like miniature green tents, swaying and tossing upon their backs; gorgeous Takhtrawan, or litters carried between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedouins bestriding naked-backed "Daluls,"† and clinging like apes to the hairy

* The Syrian Shugduf differs entirely from that of El Hejaz. It is composed of two solid wooden cots about four feet in length, slung along the camel's sides and covered over with cloth, in the shape of a tent. They are nearly twice as heavy as the Hejazi litter, and yet a Syrian camel-man would as surely refuse to put one of the latter upon his beast's back, as the Hejazi to carry a Syrian litter.

† This is the Arabic modern word, synonymous with the Egyptian Hajin, namely, a she dromedary. The word "Nakah," at present popular in El Hejaz, means a she dromedary kept for breeding as well as riding.

humps; Arnaut, Turkish, and Kurd Irregular Cavalry, fiercer looking in their mirth than Roman peasants in their rage; fainting Persian pilgrims, forcing their stubborn dromedaries to kneel, or dismounted grumbling from jaded donkeys; Kahwajis, sherbet sellers, and ambulant tobacconists crying their goods; country-people driving flocks of sheep and goats with infinite clamor through lines of horses fiercely snorting and rearing; towns-people seeking their friends; returned travellers exchanging affectionate salutes; devout Hajis jolting one another, running under the legs of camels, and tumbling over the tents' ropes in their hurry to reach the Haram; cannon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water-carriers and fruit vendors fighting over their bargains; boys bullying heretics with loud screams; a well-mounted party of fine old Arab Shaykhs of Hamidah clan, preceded by their varlets, performing the Arzah or war dance,—compared with which the Pyrenean bear's performance is grace itself,—firing their duck-guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their bright-colored rags floating in the wind, tossing their long spears tufted with ostrich feathers high in the air, reckless where they fall; servants seeking their masters, and masters their tents with vain cries of Ya Mohammed*; grandees riding mules or stalking on foot, preceded by their crowd-beaters, shouting to clear the way;—here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against one another;—there the low moaning of some poor wretch that is seeking a shady corner to die in:—add a thick dust which blurs the outlines like a London fog, with a flaming sun that draws sparkles of fire from the burnished weapons of the crowd,

* One might as sensibly cry out "John" in an English theatre.

and the brass balls of tent and litter; and—I doubt, gentle reader, that even the length, the jar, and the confusion of this description is adequate to its subject, or that any "word-painting" of mine can convey a just idea of the scene.

This was the day appointed for our visiting the martyrs of Ohod. After praying the dawn-prayers as directed at the Haram, we mounted our donkeys, and, armed with pistols and knives, set out from the city. Our party was large. Saad the Devil had offered to accompany us, and the bustle around kept him in the best of humours; Umar Effendi was also there, quiet-looking and humble as usual, leading his ass to avoid the trouble of dismounting every second minute.* I had the boy Mohammed and my "slave," and Shaykh Hamid was attended by half a dozen relations. To avoid the crush of the Barr el Munakhah, we made a détour westwards, over the bridge and down the course of the torrent-bed "el Sayh." We then passed along the southern wall of the castle, traversed its eastern outwork, and issued from the Bab el Shami. During the greater part of the time we were struggling through a living tide; and among dromedaries and chargers a donkey is by no means a pleasant monture. With some difficulty, but without any more serious accident than a fall or two, we found ourselves in the space beyond and northward of the city. This also was covered with travellers and tents, amongst which, on an eminence to the left of the road, rose conspicuous the bright green pavilion of the Emir El Hajj, the commandant of the Caravan.† Hard by, half

* Respectable men in El Hejaz, when they meet friends, acquaintances, or superiors, consider it only polite to dismount from a donkey.

† The title of the Pacha who has the privilege of conducting the Caravan. It is a lucrative as well as an honorable employment, for the Emir enjoys the droit d'aubaine, becoming heir to the personal property of all pilgrims who die in the holy cities or on the line of march. And no Persian,

its height surrounded by a Kanat or tent wall, stood the Syrian or Sultan's Mahmal, all glittering with green and gilding and gold, and around it were pitched the handsome habitations of the principal officers and grandees of the pilgrimage. On the right hand lay extensive palm plantations, and on the left, strewed over the plain, were signs of wells and tanks, built to supply the Hajj with water. We pass two small buildings,—one the Kubbat El Sabak, or Dome of Precedence, where the Prophet's warrior friends used to display their horsemanship; the second the Makan, or burial-place of Sayyidna Zaki el Din, one of Mohammed's multitudinous descendants. Then we fall into a plain, resembling that of Kuba, but less fertile. While we are jogging over it, a few words concerning Mount Ohod may not be misplaced.

A popular distich says,

> "Verily there is healing to the eye that looks
> Unto Ohod and the two Harrahs* near."

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even of the poorest, would think of undertaking a pilgrimage by this line of country, without having at least 80*l.* in ready money with him.

The first person who bore the title of Emir el Hajj was Abubekr, who in the 9th year of the Hijrah led 300 Moslems from El Medinah to the Meccah pilgrimage. On this occasion idolaters and infidels were for the first time expelled the Holy City.

* "Harrah" from Harr (heat) is the generic name of lava, porous basalt, scoriæ, greenstone, schiste, and others supposed to be of igneous origin. It is also used to denote a ridge or hill of such formation. One Harrah has already been mentioned in Chapter XV. The second is on the road to Ohod. There is a third Harrah, called El Wakin or El Zahrah, about one mile eastward of El Medinah. Here the Prophet wept, predicting that the best men of his faith would be foully slain. The prophecy was fulfilled in the days of Yezid, when the people of El Medinah filled their assembly with slippers and turbans to show that on account of his abominations they had cast off their allegiance as a garment. The "Accursed" sent an aged sinner, Muslim bin Akbah el Marai, who, though a cripple, defeated the Madani in a battle called the "Affair of the Ridge," slaying of them 10,000 citizens, 1700 learned and great men, 700 teachers of the Koran, and 97 Karashi nobles. This happened in the month of Z'ul Hijjah, A.H.

And of this holy hill the Prophet declared, "Ohod is a mountain which loves us and which we love: it is upon the gate of Heaven";* adding, "and Ayr † is a place which hates us and which we hate: it is upon the gate of Hell." The former sheltered Mohammed in the time of danger, therefore, on Resurrection Day it will be raised to Paradise: whereas Jebel Ayr, its neighbour, having been so ill-judged as to refuse the Prophet water on an occasion while he thirsted, will be cast incontinently into Hell. Moslem divines, be it observed, ascribe to Mohammed miraculous authority over animals, vegetables, and minerals, as well as over men, angels, and jinns. Hence the speaking wolf, the weeping post, the oil-stone, and the love and hate of these two mountains. It is probably one of the many remains of ancient paganism pulled down and afterwards used to build up the edifice of El Islam. According to the old Persians, the sphere hath an active soul. Some

63. For three days the city was plundered, the streets ran blood, dogs ate human flesh in the Mosque, and no less than 1000 women were insulted. It was long before El Medinah recovered from this fatal blow, which old Muslim declared would open to him the gates of Paradise.

The occurrence is now forgotten at El Medinah, though it will live in history. The people know not the place, and even the books are doubtful whether this Harrah be not upon the spot where the Khandak or moat was.

* Meaning that on the day of resurrection it shall be so treated. Many, however, suppose Ohod to be one of the four hills of Paradise. The other three, according to El Tabrani from Amr bin Auf, are Sinai, Lebanon, and Mt. Warkan on the Meccan road. Others suppose Ohod to be one of the six mountains which afforded materials for the Kaabah, viz. Abu Kubays, Sinai, Kuds (at Jerusalem), Warkan and Radhwah near Yambu. Also it is said that when the Lord conversed with Moses on Sinai, the mountain burst into six pieces, three of which flew to El Medinah, Ohod, Warkan and Radhwah, and three to Meccah, Hira (now popularly called Jebel Nur), Sabir (the old name for Jebel Muna), and Saur.

† "Ayr" means a "wild ass," whereas Ohod is derived from Ahad, "one,"—so called because fated to be the place of victory to those who worship *one* God. The very names, say Moslem divines, make it abundantly evident that even as the men of El Medinah were of two parties, friendly and hostile to the Prophet, so were these mountains.

sects of Hindus believe "mother earth," upon whose bosom we little parasites crawl, to be a living being. This was a dogma also amongst the ancient Egyptians, who denoted it by a peculiar symbol,—the globe with human legs. Hence the "Makrokosmos" of the plagiaristic Greeks, the animal on a large scale, whose diminutive was the "Mikrokosmos"—man. "Tota natûra," repeats Malpighi, "existit in minimis." Amongst the Romans, Tellus or Terra was a female deity, anthropomorphised according to their syncretic system, which furnished with strange gods their Pantheon, but forgot to append the scroll explaining the inner sense of the symbol. And some modern philosophers, Kepler, Blackmore, and others, have not scrupled to own their belief in a doctrine which as long as "Life" is a mere word on man's tongue, can neither be disproved nor proved. The Mohammedans, as usual, exaggerate the dogma,—a Hadis related by Abu Hurayrah casts on the day of judgment the sun and the moon into hell fire.

Jebel Ohod owes its present reputation to a cave which sheltered the Prophet when pursued by his enemies*, to certain springs of which he drank†, and especially to its being the scene of a battle celebrated in El Islam. On Saturday, the 11th Shawwal, in the 3rd year of the Hijrah (26th January A. D. 625) Mohammed with 700 men engaged 3000 infidels under the command of Abu Sufiyan, ran great personal danger, and lost his uncle Hamzah, the "Lord of Martyrs." On the topmost pinnacle, also, is the Kubbat Harun, the dome erected over Aaron's remains. It is now, I was told, in a ruinous condition, and

* This cave is a place of visitation, but I did not go there, as it is on the northern flank of the hill, and all assured me that it contained nothing worth seeing. Many ignore it altogether.

† Ohod, it is said, sent forth in the Prophet's day 360 springs, of which 10 or 12 now remain.

is placed upon the "pinnacle of seven hills"* in a position somewhat like that of certain buildings on St. Angelo in the bay of Naples. Alluding to the toil of reaching it, the Madani quote a facetious rhyme inscribed upon the wall by one of their number who had wasted his breath:—

> "Malun ibn Malun
> Man talaa Kubbat Harun!"

Anglicè, "The man must be a ruffian who climbs up to Aaron's Dome." Devout Moslems visit Ohod every Thursday morning after the dawn devotions in the Haram, pray for the Shuhada of Ohod, and, after going through the ceremonies, return to the Haram in time for mid-day worship. On the 12th of Rajab, Zairs come out in large bodies from the city, encamp here for three or four days, pass the time in feasting, jollity, and devotion, as usual at saints' festivals and pilgrimages in general.

After half an hour's ride we came to the Mustarah or resting place, so called because the Prophet sat here for a few minutes on his way to the battle of Ohod. It is a newly-built square enclosure of dwarf whitewashed walls, within which devotees pray. On the outside fronting El Medinah is a seat like a chair of rough stones. Here I was placed by my Muzawwir, who recited an insignificant supplication to be repeated after him. At its end with the Fatihah and accompaniments, we remounted our asses and resumed our way. Travelling onwards, we came in sight of the second Harrah or ridge. It lies to the right and left of the road, and resembles lines of lava, but I had not on opportunity to examine it narrowly.† Then we

* Meaning that the visitor must ascend several smaller eminences. The time occupied is from eight to nine hours, but I should not advise my successor to attempt it in the hot weather.

† When engaged in such a holy errand as this, to have ridden away for the purpose of inspecting a line of black stone, would have been certain to arouse the suspicions of an Arab. Either, he would argue, you recognise

reached the gardens of Ohod, which reflect in miniature those of Kuba, and presently we arrived at what explained the presence of verdure and vegetable life, — a deep Fiumara full of loose sand and large stones denoting an impetuous stream. It flows along the southern base of Ohod, said to be part of the Medinah plain, and collects the drainage of the high lands to the S. and S. E. The bed becomes impassable after rain, and sometimes the torrents overflow the neighbouring gardens. By the direction of this Fiumara I judged that it must supply the Ghabbah or "basin" in the hills north of the plain. Good authorities, however, informed me that a large volume of water will not stand there, but flows down the beds that wind through the Ghauts westward of El Medinah and falls into the sea near the harbour of Wijh. To the south of the Fiumara is a village on an eminence, containing some large brick houses now in a ruinous state; these are the villas of opulent and religious citizens who visited the place for change of air, recreation, and worship at Hamzah's tomb. Our donkeys sank fetlock-deep in the loose sand of the torrent-bed. Then reaching the northern side and ascending a gentle slope, we found ourselves upon the battle-field.

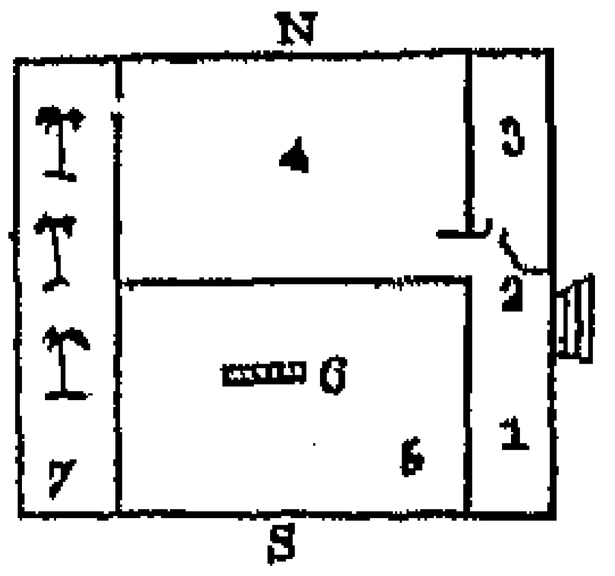
This spot, so celebrated in the annals of El Islam, is a shelving strip of land, close to the southern base of Mount Ohod. The army of the Infidels advanced from the Fiumara in crescent shape, with Abu Sufiyan, the general, and his idols in the centre. It is distant about three miles from El Medinah, in a northerly direction.* All the

the place of some treasure described in your books, or you are a magician seeking a talisman.

* Most Arab authors place Ohod about two miles N. of El Medinah. El Idrisi calls it the nearest hill, and calculates the distance at 6000 paces. Golius gives two leagues to Ohod and Ayr, which is much too far. In our popular accounts, "Mohammed posted himself *upon* the hill of Ohod, about *six* miles from El Medinah," are two mistakes.

visitor sees is hard gravelly ground, covered with little heaps of various colored granite, red sandstone, and bits of porphyry, to denote the different places where the martyrs fell, and were buried.* Seen from this point, there is something appalling in the look of the Holy Mountain. Its seared and jagged flanks rise like masses of iron from the plain, and the crevice into which the Moslem host retired, when the disobedience of the archers in hastening to plunder enabled Khalid bin Walid to fall upon Mohammed's rear, is the only break in the grim wall. Reeking with heat, its surface produces not one green shrub or stunted tree; not a bird or beast appeared upon its inhospitable sides, and the bright blue sky glaring above its bald and sullen brow, made it look only the more repulsive. I was glad to turn my eyes away from it.

To the left of the road N. of the Fiumara, and leading to the mountains, stands Hamzah's Mosque, which, like the Haram of El Medinah, is a mausoleum as well as a fane. It is a small square strongly-built edifice of hewn stone, with a dome covering the solitary hypostyle to the south, and the usual minaret. The westward wing is a Zawiyah or oratory†, frequented by the celebrated Sufi and Saint, Mohammed el Samman, the "clarified butter-seller," one of whose blood, the reader will remember, stood by my side in the person of Shaykh Hamid. On the eastern side of the building a half wing projects, and opens to the south, with a small door upon a Mustabah or stone bench five or




1. Mastabah.
2. Entrance.
3. Passage leading to Minaret.
4. Hypæthra.
5. Hypostyle.
6. Hamzah's Tomb.
7. The Zawiyah and palm trees.

* They are said to be seventy, but the heaps appeared to me at least three times more numerous.

† A Zawiyah in northern Africa resembles the Takiyeh of India, Persia, and Egypt, being a monastery for dervishes who reside there singly or in numbers. A Mosque, and sometimes, according to the excellent practice of El Islam, a school, are attached to it.

six feet high, which completes the square of the edifice. On the right of the road opposite Hamzah's Mosque, is a large erection, now in ruins, containing a deep hole leading to a well, and huge platforms for the accommodation of travellers, and beyond, towards the mountains, are the small edifices presently to be described.

Some Turkish women were sitting veiled upon the shady platform opposite the Martyrs' Mosque. At a little distance their husbands, and the servants holding horses and asses, lay upon the ground, and a large crowd of Bedouins, boys, girls, and old women, had gathered around to beg, draw water, and sell dry dates. They were awaiting the guardian, who had not yet acknowledged the summons. After half an hour's vain patience, we determined to proceed with the ceremonies. Ascending by its steps the Mastabah subtending half the eastern wall, Shaykh Hamid placed me so as to front the tomb. There, standing in the burning sun, we repeated the following prayer: "Peace be upon thee, O our lord Hamzah! O paternal uncle of Allah's messenger! O paternal uncle of Allah's Prophet! Peace be upon thee, O paternal uncle of Mustafa! Peace be upon thee, O Prince of the Martyrs! O Prince of the Happy! Peace be upon thee, O Lion of Allah! O Lion of his Prophet!"

After which, we asked Hamzah and his companions to lend us their aid, in obtaining for us and ours pardon, worldly prosperity, and future happiness. Scarcely had we finished when, mounted on a high-trotting dromedary, appeared the emissary of Mohammed Khalifah, descendant of El Abbas, who keeps the key of the Mosque, and receives the fees and donations of the devout. It was to be opened for the Turkish pilgrims. I waited to see the interior. The Arab drew forth from his pouch, with abundant solemnity, a bunch of curiously made keys, and sharply directed me to stand away from and out of sight

of the door. When I obeyed, grumblingly, he began to rattle the locks, and to snap the padlocks, opening them slowly, shaking them, and making as much noise as possible. The reason of the precaution—it sounded like poetry if not sense—is this. It is believed that the souls of martyrs, leaving the habitations of their senseless clay*, are fond of sitting together in spiritual converse, and profane eye must not fall upon the scene. What grand pictures these imaginative Arabs see! Conceive the majestic figures of the saints—for the soul with Mohammedans is like the old European spirit, a something immaterial in the shape of the body—with long grey beards, earnest faces, and solemn eyes, reposing beneath the palms, and discussing events now buried in the darkness of a thousand years.

I would fain be hard upon this superstition, but shame prevents. When in Nottingham, eggs may not be carried out after sunset; when Ireland hears Banshees, or apparitional old women, with streaming hair, and dressed in blue mantles; when Scotland sees a shroud about a person, showing his approaching death; when France has her loup-garous, revenants, and poules du Vendredi Saint (*i. e.* hens hatched on Good Friday supposed to change color every year): as long as the Holy Coat cures devotees at Trèves, Madonnas wink at Rimini, San Gennaro melts at Naples, and Addolorate and Estatiche make converts to hysteria at Rome—whilst the Virgin manifests herself to children on the Alps, whilst Germany sends forth Psy-

* Some historians relate that forty-six years after the battle of Ohod, the tombs were laid bare by a torrent, when the corpses appeared in their winding-sheets as if buried the day before. Some had their hands upon their death wounds, from which fresh blood trickled when the pressure was forcibly removed. In opposition to this Moslem theory, we have that of the modern Greeks, namely, that if the body be not decomposed within a year, it shows that the soul is not where it should be.

chography, whilst Europe, the civilised, the enlightened, the sceptical, dotes over such puerilities as clairvoyance and table-turning; and whilst even hard-headed America believes in "mediums," in "snail-telegraphs," and "spirit-rappings,"—I must hold the men of El Medinah to be as wise, and their superstition to be as respectable as others.

But the realities of Hamzah's Mosque have little to recommend them. The building is like that of Kuba, only smaller, and the hypostyle is hung with oil lamps and ostrich eggs, the usual paltry furniture of an Arab mausoleum. On the walls are a few modern inscriptions and framed poetry, written in a caligraphic hand. Beneath the Riwak lies Hamzah, under a mass of black basaltic stone*, resembling that of Aden, only more porous and scoriaceous, convex at the top, like a heap of earth, without the Kiswah†, or cover of a saint's tomb, and railed round with wooden bars. At his head, or westward, lies Abdullah bin Jaysh, a name little known to fame, under a plain whitewashed tomb, also convex; and in the courtyard is a similar pile, erected over the remains of Shammas bin Usman, another obscure companion.‡ We then passed through a door in the northern part of the western wall, and saw a diminutive palm plantation and a well. After which we left the Mosque, and I was under the "fatal necessity" of paying a dollar for the honor of entering it. But the guardian promised that the chapters Y. S. and El Ikhlas should be recited for my benefit—the latter

* In Ibn Jubayr's time the tomb was red.

† In the common tombs of martyrs, saints, and holy men, *this covering* is usually of green cloth, with long white letters sewn upon it. I forgot to ask whether it was temporarily absent from Hamzah's grave.

‡ All these erections are new. In Burckhardt's time they were mere heaps of earth, with a few loose stones placed around them. I do not know what has become of the third martyr, said to have been interred near Hamzah. Possibly some day he may reappear: meanwhile the people of El Medinah are so wealthy in saints, that they can well afford to lose sight of one.

forty times—and if their efficacy be one-twentieth part of what men say it is, the reader cannot quote against me a certain popular proverb, concerning an order of men easily parted from their money.

Issuing from the Mosque, we advanced a few paces towards the mountain. On our left we passed by—at a respectful distance, for the Turkish Hajis cried out that their women were engaged in ablution—a large Sehrij or tank, built of cut stone with steps, and intended to detain the overflowing waters of the torrent. The next place we prayed at was a small square, enclosed with dwarf whitewashed walls, containing a few graves denoted by ovals of loose stones thinly spread upon the ground. This is primitive Arab simplicity. The Bedouins still mark the places of their dead with four stones planted at the head, the feet, and the sides; in the centre the earth is either heaped up Musannam (*i. e.* like the hump of a camel), or more generally left Musattah—level. I therefore suppose that the latter was the original shape of the Prophet's tomb. Within the enclosure certain martyrs of the holy army were buried. After praying there, we repaired to a small building still nearer to the foot of the mountain. It is the usual cupola springing from four square walls, not in the best preservation. Here the Prophet prayed, and it is called the Kubbat el Sanaya, "Dome of the Front Teeth," from the following circumstance. Five Infidels were bound by oath to slay Mohammed at the battle of Ohod: one of these, Ibn Kumayyah, threw so many stones, and with such good will that two rings of the Prophet's helmet were driven into his cheek, and blood poured from his brow down his mustachios, which he wiped with a cloak to prevent the drops falling to the ground. Then Utbah bin Abi Wakkas hurled a stone at him, which, splitting his lower lip,

knocked out one of his front teeth.* On the left of the Mihrab, inserted low down in the wall, is a square stone, upon which Shaykh Hamid showed me the impression of a tooth †: he kissed it with peculiar reverence, and so did I. But the boy Mohammed being by me objurgated — for I remarked in him a jaunty demeanour combined with neglectfulness of ceremonies — saluted it sulkily, muttering the while hints about the holiness of his birth-place exempting him from the trouble of stooping. Already he had appeared at the Haram without his Jubbah, and with ungirt loins,—in waistcoat and shirt sleeves. Moreover he had conducted himself indecorously by nudging Shaykh Hamid's sides during divine service. Feeling that the youth's "moral man" was, like his physical, under my charge, and determined to arrest a course of conduct which must have ended in obtaining for me, the master, the reputation of a "son of Belial," I insisted upon his joining us in the customary two-bow prayers. And Saad the Devil taking my side of the question with his usual alacrity when a disturbance was in prospect, the youth found it necessary to yield. After this little scene, Shaykh Hamid pointed out a sprawling inscription blessing the companions of the Prophet. The unhappy Abubekr's name had been half effaced by some fanatic Shiah, a circumstance which seemed to arouse all the evil in my companions' nature, and looking close at the wall I found a line of Persian verse to this effect:

"I am weary of my life (Umr), because it bears the name of Umar." ‡

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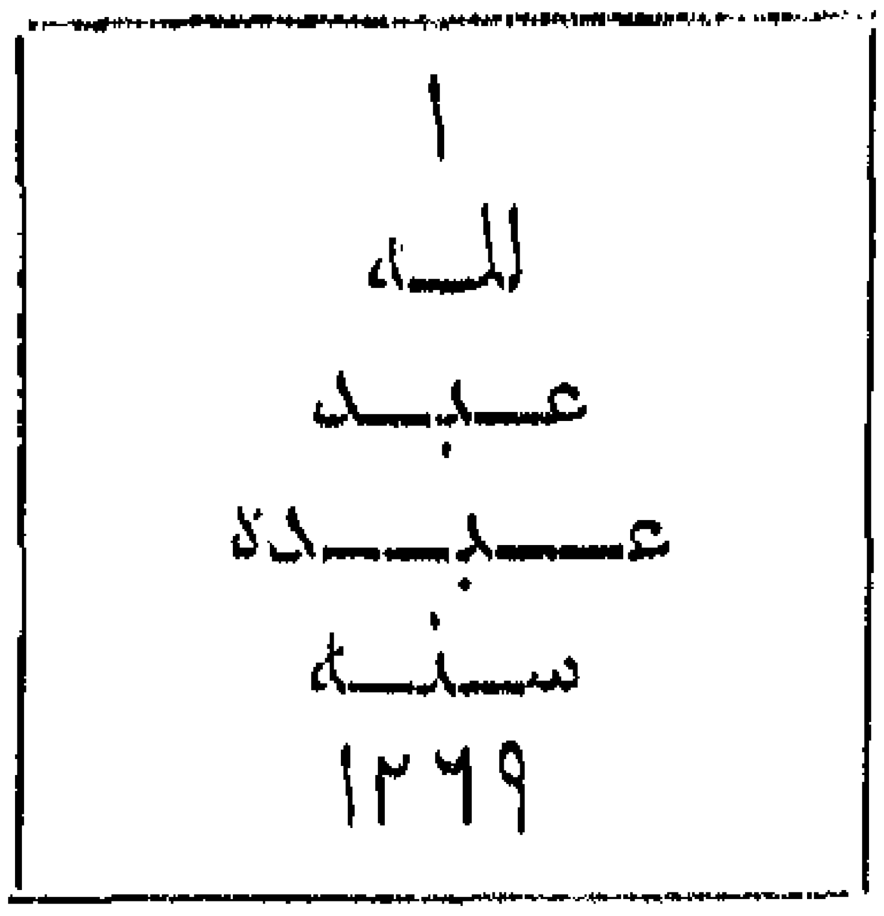
* Formerly in this place was shown a slab with the mark of a man's head—like St. Peter's at Rome—where the Prophet had rested. Now it seems to have disappeared, and the tooth has succeeded to its honors.

† Some historians say that four teeth were knocked out by this stone. This appears an exaggeration.

‡ In the Persian character the word Umr, life, and Umar, the name of the hated caliph, are written exactly in the same way; which explains the pun.

We English wanderers are beginning to be shamed out of our habit of scribbling names and nonsense in noted spots. Yet the practice is both classical and oriental. The Greeks and Persians left their marks everywhere, as Egypt shows, and the paws of the Sphinx bear scratches which, being interpreted, are found to be the same manner of trash as that written upon the remains of Thebes in A. D. 1853. And Easterns appear never to enter a building with a white wall without inditing upon it platitudes in verse and prose. Influenced by these considerations, I drew forth a pencil and inscribed in the Kubbat el Sanaya,




"Abdullah, the servant of Allah."
(A.H. 1269.)

Issuing from the dome we turned a few paces to the left, passed northwards, and thus blessed the Martyrs of Ohod:

"Peace be upon ye, O Martyrs! Peace be upon ye, O blessed! ye pious! ye pure! who fought upon Allah's path the good fight, who worshipped your Lord until He brought you to certainty.* Peace be upon you of whom Allah said (viz. in the Koran) 'Verily repute not them slain on God's path (*i. e.* warring with Infidels); nay, rather they are alive, and there is no fear upon them, nor are they sorrowful!' Peace be upon ye, O Martyrs

* That is to say, "to the hour of death."

of Ohod! one and all, and the mercy of Allah and his blessings."

Then again we moved a few paces forward and went through a similar ceremony, supposing ourselves to be in the cave that sheltered the Prophet. After which, returning towards the torrent-bed by the way we came, we stood a small distance from a cupola called Kubbat el Masra. It resembles that of the "Front-teeth," and notes, as its name proves, the place where the gallant Hamzah fell by the spear of Wahshi the slave.* We faced towards

* When Jubayr bin Mutim was marching to Ohod, according to the Rauzet el Safa, in revenge for the death of his uncle Taymah, he offered manumission to his slave Wahshi, who was noted for the use of the Abyssinian spear, if he slew Hamzah. The slave sat in ambush behind a rock, and when the hero had despatched one Sibaa bin Abd el Ayiz, of Meccah, he threw a javelin which pierced his navel and came out at his back. The wounded man advanced towards his assassin, who escaped. Hamzah then fell, and his friends coming up, found him dead. Wahshi waited till he saw an opportunity, drew the javelin from the body, and mutilated it, in order to present trophies to the ferocious Hinda (mother of Muawiyah), whose father, Utbah, had been slain by Hamzah. The amazon insisted upon seeing the corpse: having presented her necklace and bracelets to Wahshi, she supplied their place with the nose, the ears, and other parts of the dead hero. After mangling the body in a disgusting manner, she ended by tearing open the stomach and biting the liver, whence she was called "Akkalat el Akbad." When Mohammed saw the state of his father's brother, he was sadly moved. Presently comforted by the inspirations brought by Gabriel, he cried, "It is written among the people of the seven Heavens, Hamzah, son of Muttalib, is the Lion of Allah, and the Lion of his Prophet," and ordered him to be shrouded, and prayed over him, beginning, says the Jazb el Kulub, with seventy repetitions of "Allah Akbar." Ali had brought in his shield some water for Mohammed, from a Mayras, or stone trough, which stood near the scene of action (M. C. de Perceval translates it "un creux de rocher formant un bassin naturel"). But the Prophet refused to drink it, and washed with it the blood from the face of him "martyred by the side of the Mahras." It was of the Moslems slain at Ohod, according to Abu Daud, the Prophet declared that their souls should be carried in the crops of green birds, that they might drink of the waters and taste the fruits of Paradise, and nestle beneath the golden lamps that hang from the celestial ceiling. He also forbade, on this occasion, the still popular practice of mutilating an enemy's corpse.

it and finished the ceremonies of this Ziyarat by a Supplication, the Testification, and the Fatihah.

In the evening I went with my friends to the Haram. The minaret galleries were hung with lamps, and the inside of the temple was illuminated. It was crowded with Hajis, amongst whom were many women, a circumstance which struck me from its being unusual.* Some pious pilgrims, who had duly paid for the privilege, were perched upon ladders trimming wax candles of vast dimensions, others were laying up for themselves rewards in Paradise, by performing the same office to the lamps; many were going through the ceremonies of Ziyarat, and not a few were sitting in different parts of the Mosque apparently overwhelmed with emotion. The boys and the beggars were inspired with fresh energy, the Aghawat were gruffer and surlier than I had ever seen them, and the young men about town walked and talked with a freer and an easier demeanour than usual. My old friends the Persians — there were about 1200 of them in the Hajj caravan — attracted my attention. The doorkeepers stopped them with curses as they were about to enter, and all claimed from each the sum of five piastres, whilst other Moslems are allowed to enter the Mosque free. Unhappy men! they had lost all the Shiraz swagger, their mustachios drooped pitiably, their eyes would not look any one in the face, and not a head bore a cap stuck upon it crookedly. Whenever an "Ajami," whatever might be his rank, stood in the way of an Arab or a Turk, he was rudely thrust aside, with abuse muttered loud enough to be heard by all around. All eyes followed them as they went through the ceremonies of Ziyarat, especially as they

* The Prophet preferred women and young boys to pray privately, and in some parts of El Islam they are not allowed to join a congregation. At El Medinah, however, it is no longer, as in Burckhardt's time, "thought very indecorous in women to enter the Mosque."

approached the tombs of Abubekr and Omar, — which every man is bound to defile if he can, — and the supposed place of Fatimah's burial. Here they stood in parties, after praying before the Prophet's window: one read from a book the pathetic tale of the Lady's life, sorrows, and mourning death, whilst the others listened to him with breathless attention. Sometimes their emotion was too strong to be repressed. "Ay Fatimah! Ay Mazlumah! Way! way! — O Fatimah! O thou injured one! Alas! alas!"—burst involuntarily from their lips, despite the danger of such exclamations, tears trickled down their hairy cheeks, and their brawny bosoms heaved with sobs. A strange sight it was to see rugged fellows, mountaineers perhaps, or the fierce Iliyat of the plains, sometimes weeping silently like children, sometimes shrieking like hysteric girls, and utterly careless to conceal a grief so coarse and grisly, at the same time so true and real, that we knew not how to behold it. Then the Satanic scowls with which they passed by or pretended to pray at the hated Omar's tomb! With what curses their hearts are belying those mouths full of blessings! How they are internally canonising Fayruz*, and praying for his eternal happiness in the presence of the murdered man! Sticks and stones, however, and not unfrequently the knife and the sabre, have taught them the hard lesson of disciplining their feelings, and nothing but a furious contraction of the brow, a roll of the eye, intensely vicious, and a twitching of the muscles about the region of the mouth, denotes the wild storm of wrath within. They generally, too, manage to discharge some part of their passion in words. "Hail Omar thou hog!" exclaims some fanatic Madani as he passes by the heretic — a demand more outraging than requiring a red-hot, black-north Protestant to bless the

* The Persian slave who stabbed Omar in the Mosque.

Pope. "O Allah! *hell* him!" meekly responds the Persian, changing the benediction to a curse most intelligible to, and most delicious in, his fellows' ears.*

I found an evening hour in the steamy heat of the Haram equal to half a dozen afternoons; and left it resolved never to revisit it till the Hajj departed from El Medinah. It was only prudent not to see much of the Ajamis; and as I did so somewhat ostentatiously, my companions discovered that the Hajj Abdullah, having slain many of those heretics in some war or other, was avoiding them to escape retaliation. In proof of my generalistic qualities, the rolling down of the water jar upon the heads of the Maghribi pilgrims in the "Golden Thread" was quoted, and all offered to fight for me à l'outrance. I took care not to contradict the report.

* I have heard of a Persian being beaten to death, because instead of saying "Peace be with thee, Ya Omar," he insisted upon saying "Peace be with thee, Ya Humar (O ass!)" A favorite trick is to change Razi Allahu anhu — May Allah be satisfied with him! — to Razi Allahu An. This last word is not to be found in Richardson, but any "Luti" from Shiraz or Isfahan can make it intelligible to the curious linguist.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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